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MORNINGS IN SPRING;

OR

RETROSPECTIONS,

BIOGRAPHICAL, CRITICAL,
AND HISTORICAL.

94257

BY

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" How sweet in morning hours,
When vernal airs stir the fresh-blowing flowers,
The light that shines reflected from the past!"

ROGERS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

MDCCCXXVIII.

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LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

CONTENTS

OF

VOL. II.

No.		Page
XIII.	Chaucer, Dunbar, and Burns compared .	1
XIV.	On the character of Ossian, as drawn by the Irish bards, Miss Brooke's Reliques of Irish poetry . . .	37
XV.	The Cliffords of Craven, continued .	65
XVI.	The same, continued . .	101
XVII.	Biographical sketch of the Rev. Richard Hole, with critical remarks on his Arthur, a poetical romance . .	132
XVIII.	The same, continued . .	157
XIX.	The same, concluded . .	197
XX.	The Cliffords of Craven, continued .	237
XXI.	The same, concluded . .	282
XXII.	Milton and Galileo—Their interview at Arcetri in Tuscany.—Vision of Galileo.—Sonnet.—Collins's fragment, entitled "The Bell of Arragon," completed .	313

MORNINGS IN SPRING.

No. XIII.

Call up HIM that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold.

MILTON.

And sage DUNBAR. The bard has run his race,
But glitters still the Golden Terge on high.

DYER.

And BURNS, whose happy style,
Whose manner-painting strains
Recall the days,
When tender joys, with pleasing smile,
Blest our young ways.

TELFORD.

IT has been beautifully observed by Warton, in his History of English Poetry, that CHAUCER may be resembled to "a genial day in an English *Spring*. A brilliant sun enlivens the face of nature with an unusual lustre: the sudden appearance of cloudless skies, and the unexpected warmth of a tepid atmosphere, after the gloom and the inclemencies of a

tedious winter, fill our hearts with the visionary prospect of a speedy summer; and we fondly anticipate a long continuance of gentle gales and vernal serenity. But winter returns with redoubled horrors: the clouds condense more formidably than before; and those tender buds and early blossoms which were called forth by the transient gleam of a temporary sunshine are nipped by frosts, and torn by tempests."

Thus, "most of the poets," he adds, "that immediately succeeded Chaucer, seem rather relapsing into barbarism, than availing themselves of those striking ornaments which his judgment and imagination had disclosed. They appear to have been insensible to his vigour of versification, and his flights of fancy. It was not, indeed, likely that a poet should soon arise equal to Chaucer: and it must be remembered that the national distractions which ensued had no small share in obstructing the exercise of those studies which delight in peace and repose. His successors, however, approach him in no degree of proportion *."

This exquisite illustration is one amongst a series from the pen of the same critic, which has con-

* Vol. ii. 4to. edit. p. 51.

tributed to place the genius and character of the writings of Chaucer in their proper point of view. It had previously been supposed, from a too partial acquaintance with the works of our bard, that humour and delineation of character were the departments in which he could alone establish a claim to excellence; but it has been amply proved by the historian of our poetry, that to these provinces of his art were added the more peculiarly poetical ones which originate in a display not only of inventive and descriptive powers, but occasionally of those which unfold the emotions of pity and terror.

It will, therefore, be barely sufficient in this place to remind the reader, that whilst a vast majority of the Canterbury Tales and their Prologues exhibit the richest vein of humorous characterization, an equal opulency is discoverable both in these and other parts of his works, in the serious and more elevated flights of fancy and of feeling. Thus, as faithful delineations of the beauties of nature, what can be more fresh and distinct than many of the landscapes which he has given us in the *Flower and Leaf*, the *Romaunt of the Rose*, and the *Complaint of the Black Knight?* How splendid, and, at the same time, how frequently terrific and sublime is

the imagery, and even the incidents, in the wild but powerfully written tales of *Palamon and Arcite*, and *Cambuscan*, and with what deep and commiserating sympathy do we hang over the pathetic narratives of *Troilus and Cresceda* and *Patient Griseldis!*

It is evident that a union of talents of this wide range must necessarily be of rare occurrence; nor can we wonder that a century should elapse before a poet in any high degree approaching the genius of Chaucer made his appearance in our island *.

* Amongst those who may be reckoned the immediate successors of Chaucer, *Lydgate* is without doubt entitled, on the score at least of descriptive and pathetic powers, to more notice than he has yet obtained. In universality of genius, and especially in the departments of humour and character-painting, he is immeasurably below his great predecessor; but there is a perspicuity in his diction, and a circumstantiality in his narration, which are sometimes truly pleasing, and he has given us several proofs of the exquisite tenderness of his heart. He has experienced, therefore, hard measure from Warton, when he declares him to have been "seldom pathetic," (Hist. of English Poetry, vol. ii. p 58); and still harder from Percy, Ritson, and Pinkerton, who have absolutely loaded him with contempt. It was reserved for Gray to do justice to this forgotten bard, who, though buried, as it were, beneath an immense mass of occasional, and therefore, in general, uninteresting verses, has every now and then a

Not, indeed, until DUNBAR arose in the sister kingdom, had we another instance of the combination

passage of truly redeeming power. Two instances of this kind are quoted by our great lyric poet, of which the second is beyond all praise, and shows how deeply the Monk of Bury could enter into the distresses of love and maternal fondness.

"Canace, condemned to death by Œolus her father, sends to her guilty brother Macareus the last testimony of her unhappy passion:

"Out of her swoone when she did abbraide,
Knowing no mean but death in her distresse,
To her brother full piteouslie she said,
'Cause of my sorrowe, roote of my heavinesse,
That whilom were the sourse of my gladnesse;
When both our joys by wille were so disposed,
Under one key our hearts to be inclosed —

"'This is mine end, I may it not astarte;
O brother mine! there is no more to saye;
Lowly beseeching with all mine whole hearte,
For to remember specially, I praye;
If it befall my littel sonne to dye,
That thou mayst after some mynd on us have,
Suffer us both be buried in one grave.

"'I hold him strictly twene my armè's twein,
Thou and nature laidè on me this charge;
He, guiltlesse, mustè with me suffer paine:
And sith thou art at freedome, and at large,
Let kindness oure love not so discharge,

of first-rate abilities for humour and comic painting, with an equally powerful command over the higher

But have a minde, wherever that thou be,
Once on a day upon my child and me.

" 'On thee and me dependeth the trespàce,
Touching our guilt and our great offence;
But, welaway! most angelik of face,
Oure childè, young in his pure innocence,
Shall agayn right suffer death's violence,
Tender of limbes, God wote, full guiltèless,
The goodly faire, that lieth here speechless.

" 'A mouth he has, but wordès hath he none;
Cannot complaine, alas! for none outrage,
Nor grutcheth not, but lies here all alone,
Still as a lambe, most meke of his visage.
What heart of stele could do to him damàge,
Or suffer him dye, beholding the manere,
And looke benigne of his twein eyen clere?'

"I stop here," says Gray, "not because there are not great beauties in the remainder of this epistle, but because Lydgate, in the three last stanzas of this extract, has touched the very heart-strings of compassion with so masterly a hand, as to merit a place among the greatest poets. The learned reader will see the resemblance they bear to one of the most admirable remnants of all antiquity, I mean the fragment of Simonides (unhappily it is but a fragment), preserved to us by Dionysius Halicarnassensis; and yet, I believe that no one will imagine that Lydgate had ever seen or heard of it. As to Ovid, from

regions of fiction and imagination. Than *The Thistle and the Rose*, and *The Golden Terge* of the Scottish bard, there cannot be two poems of similar length which exhibit greater warmth and luxuriancy of description, or greater skill in the invention and arrangement of the allegorical imagery. They certainly rival in opulence and strength of colouring the most highly finished allegorical pictures of his great master Chaucer, for such he ever acknowledged him to be; whilst, at the same time, in all that regards preservation of character, felicity of incident, and richness of humour, where, even in the Canterbury Tales, shall we find two pieces superior to *The Twa Married Women and the Widow*, and the *Freirs of Berwick?* The latter narrative, more especially, is conducted, both as to its fable and its characters, with a thorough knowledge of human nature, with the most minute fidelity in point of description, and with a pungency and originality of humour which has seldom, if ever, been surpassed.

whom Boccaccio might borrow many of his ideas in this story, it will be easily seen, upon comparison, how far our poet has surpassed him." MATHIAS'S WORKS OF GRAY, Vol. ii. p. 66, et seq.

To these four capital pieces, Dunbar has added a multitude of minor productions, chiefly of a lyrical cast, and which are not less remarkable for their ethic and satiric vigour, than for their frequent touches of moral sublimity and bold personification, blended too, as is often the case, with strokes of genuine pathos. Of this description, amongst many others, are the poems entitled "*The Daunce*," "*Lair is vain without Governance*," "*On the Warlds Instabilitie*," "*On Content*," "*No Treasure without Gladnesse*," and the "*Meditatioun, Written in Wynter.*" In depicting the passions or fiends who form the *Dramatis Personæ* in the Daunce, the poet has introduced several features of mingled sublimity and terror, not unworthy even of the genius of Shakspeare; as, for instance, in the prosopopœia of Anger:

> Then Ire came in with sturt and strife,
> His hand was ay upon his knife;

nor will the reader forbear to admire the sweet moral pathos which has given an undying charm to the beautiful stanzas on Winter.

If we now take a retrospect of our British poetry from the period of Dunbar to the commencement of the nineteenth century, excluding, however, the

drama as a separate and distinct province, and, of course, all consideration of the mighty and diversified genius of Shakspeare, where, it may be asked, shall we find such another concentration of varied talent, such a blending of satire, and humour, and characteristic delineation, with the higher faculties subservient to passion, imagination, and lofty description, as we have just pointed out in the instances of Chaucer and Dunbar?

Where, I will venture to reply, but in the person of BURNS? who it may safely be asserted has rivalled these poets in humour, description, and moral satire, and even surpassed them in the pathetic, the terrible, and the sublime.

Of the merits of a poet so well known, and so deservedly popular as is Robert Burns, it would, in the present day, be altogether superfluous to enter into any formal discussion; and for the purpose which I have in view, that of a brief comparison of his character and powers as a writer, with those which have been ascribed to Chaucer and Dunbar, little more is required than a classification, under a few distinct heads, of some of his best pieces, which, vividly recollected as they must be by nearly all,

will, without any further criticism, establish the parallel intended.

In the first place, then, as productions which exhibit a great and equal portion of pathos and descriptive power, I may mention the poems entitled "*A Winter Night*," "*Winter, a Dirge*," "*Despondency*," "*Man was made to mourn*," "*The Lament*," "*The Mountain Daisy*," and the major part of the songs. These latter, indeed, are, for their exquisite tenderness, and the beauty of their local scenery, perfectly unrivalled. In the higher province of the pathetic and sublime, who will refuse to award a very marked distinction to "*The Cotter's Saturday Night*," to "*The Vision*," "*Bruce to his Troops*," and "*The Song of Death*," effusions warm from the heart, and instinct with all the energy, sublimity, and feeling, which patriotism, religion, and domestic affection could supply.

Of that remarkable interunion of humour with the deeper emotions of the mind and heart, which I have noticed as so strongly characterizing the muse of Burns, numerous instances might be selected; but it will suffice, as examples of humour combined with tenderness, or moral satire, or vivid

powers of description, to call to our recollection the poems entitled "*The Death and Dying Words of poor Maillie*," "*The Auld Farmer's Salutation*," "*The Twa Dogs*," "*Halloween*," "*The Holy Fair*," and "*The Brigs of Ayr*;" and of the still rarer combination of humorous delineation with the terrible and sublime, no more striking illustrations can be required than the "*Address to the Deil*," and "*Tam O'Shanter*." Than the last, indeed, I know of no narrative which presents so masterly a display of contrasted talent; a transition so complete from scenery that would do honour to the pencil of Hogarth, to that which breathes the most awful and heart-harrowing terror.

Having drawn this parallel, in relation to the genius and talents of *Chaucer*, *Dunbar*, and *Burns*, in very general terms, I feel tempted, from its close affinity with the title of these volumes, to enter upon one topic of resemblance amongst these poets more at large, and that is, their peculiar attachment to, and fondness for describing, the *Mornings of Spring*. Chaucer appears, indeed, at no time more at home than when painting this beautiful period of the day and year, and his landscapes seem glowing as it were with all the dewy freshness of nature. He

tells us, in short, that nothing could withdraw him from his studies, from his beloved books, but the pleasures of a morning in May:

> ——— There is game none
> That from my bokis maketh me to goen,
> But it be seldom, on the holy day;
> Save certainly when that the month of May
> Is comen, and I hear the fowlis sing;
> And that the floweris 'ginnen for to spring,
> Farewell my book and my devotion.
>
> LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN.

We cannot, therefore, wonder at the frequent and minute descriptions which he has given us as the result of his early morning rambles at this interesting season. One of these, a perfect transcript from the living scene, I have much pleasure in selecting as a specimen:

> I rose anon, and thought I woulde goen
> Into the wood, to hear the birdis sing,
> When that the misty vapour was agone,
> And cleare and faire was the morrowing;
> The dew also, like silver in shining,
> Upon the leaves, as any baume sweet;
> Till fiery Titan with his peccant heat
>
> Had dried up the lusty liquor new,
> Upon the herbis in the greene mead;
> And that the flowers, of many diverse hue,

Upon their stalkes *gonin* * for to spread,
And for to splay out their leavis *in brede* †.
Again the sun, *gold-burned* ‡ in his sphere,
That down to them y-cast his beamis clear.

And by a river forth I gan costay §
Of water clear as beryl or chrystall,
Till, at the last, I found a little way
Toward a park, enclosed with a wall
In compass round, and by a gate small,
Whoso that would, he freely mighten gon
Into this park, y-walled with green stone.

And in I went to hear the birdis' song,
Which on the branches, both in plain and vale,
So loud y-sang, that all the wood y-rang,
Like as it should shiver in pieces smale;
And as me thoughten that the nightingale
With so great might her voice began out-wrest
Right as her heart for love would all to-brest.

The soil was plain and smooth, and wonder soft,
All over-spread with tapets that nature
Had made herself; covered eke aloft
With boughis green, the flowers for to cure,
That in their beauty they may long endure,
From all assault of Phœbus' fervent *fere* ||,
Which in his sphere so hot y-shone and clear.

The air attempre, and the smoothe wind
Of Zephyrus among the blossoms white,
So wholesome was, and nourishing by kind,

* Began. † Abroad. ‡ Gold-burnished.
§ To coast. || Fire.

That smalle buddis, and round blossoms lite,
In manner gan of her breath to delight,
To give us hope that there fruit shall y-take
Against autumn, ready for to shake.

There saw I growing eke the fresh haw-thorn
In white motley, that so sweet doth y-smell;
Ash, fir, and oak, with many a young acorn,
And many a tree mo than I now can tell;
And, me before, I saw a little well
That had his course, as I could well behold,
Under a hill, with quick streamis and cold.

The gravel goldn; the water pure as glass;
The bankis round the well environing,
And soft as velvet was the younge grass
That thereupon hastily came springing.
The suit of trees, abouten compassing,
Their shadow cast closing the well around,
And all the herbis growing on the ground.

COMPLAINT OF THE BLACK KNIGHT.

Beautifully and minutely descriptive as thes lines certainly are, they are surpassed in poetical spirit by the following address to May, from the Knight's Tale. Than the three opening couplets, indeed, I know of no passage in any poet which, for harmony of versification and splendour of imagery, is entitled to superior praise. Considering the era at which they appeared, we cannot but be astonished at their production.

The merry larke, messenger of the daie,
Saluteth in her song the morrow graie;
And firie Phœbus riseth up so bright,
That all the orient laugheth at the sight,
And with his stremis dryeth in the *greves* *
The silver droppis hanging in the leves.
And Arcite, that in the court *reall* †
With Theseus, his squier principall,
Is risen, and looketh on the mery daie,
And for to doen his observances to Maie,
Remembring on the poinct of his desire,
He on his courser, startlyng as the fire,
Is ridden into the fieldes him to plaie
Out of the court, were it a mile or tweie,
And to the grove of whyche I you tolde
By adventure, his way he gan holde;
To maken him a garlonde of the greves,
Were it of wodbind or hauthorn leves,
And loud he sung agenst the sonne shene,
"*Maie*, with all thy floures and thy grene,
Welcome be thou, faire freshe *Maie*."

In paraphrasing this admirable description, Dryden has very judiciously adhered almost to the very words and rhythm of the first two couplets of Chaucer, conscious that, great master as he was of rhyme, he could not improve them. The third couplet he has deviated from, and for the worse; but the inimitable

* Groves or bushes. † Royal.

spirit and freedom of Dryden's versification is nobly exemplified in his expansion of the elder poet's address to May, where he has converted the two lines of his original into a picture of the most exquisite grace and beauty. I need not crave a pardon for the introduction of such a copy by such an artist:

The morning-lark, the messenger of day,
Saluted with her song the morning gray;
And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,
That all the horizon laugh'd to see the joyous sight.
He with his tepid rays the rose renews,
And licks the dropping leaves, and dries the dews;
When Arcite left his bed, resolv'd to pay
Observance to the month of merry May:
Forth on his fiery steed betimes he rode,
That scarcely prints the turf on which he trod:
At ease he seem'd, and prancing o'er the plains,
Turn'd only to the grove his horse's reins,
The grove I nam'd before; and lighting there,
A woodbine garland sought to crown his hair;
Then turn'd his face against the rising day,
And rais'd his voice to welcome in the *May*.

For thee, sweet month, the groves green liv'ries wear:
If not the first, the fairest of the year:
For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flow'rs:
When thy short reign is past, the fev'rish sun
The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.

So may thy tender blossoms fear no blite,
Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite,
As thou shalt guide my wand'ring feet to find
The fragrant greens I seek, my brows to bind.

It would appear a difficult and a dangerous task to enter into competition with passages such as I have now given; yet, rich and appropriate as these Chaucerian pictures must be esteemed, they are rivalled, if not surpassed, by the *Mornings in Spring* of Dunbar. Both the "Golden Terge," and the "Thistle and the Rose," open with the most glowing and delicious representations of the dawning of a vernal day. In the first of these the poet is described as leaving his bed with the morning star, and watching for the rising of the sun, the effects of which on the landscape he has painted with a warmth and fidelity worthy of the pencil of Titian:

Right as the starre of day began to shyne,
When gone to bed was Vesper and Lucyne,
I raise, and by a *rosier** did me rest:
Upsprang the golden candle matutine,
With clear *depurit*† bemis chrystalline,
Gladding the mirry fowlis in their nest,
Or Phœbus was in purple cape *revest*‡.
Upsprang the lark, the heaven's menstrel *syne*§,
In May intill a morrow mirthfullest.

* Rose tree. † Purified. ‡ Dressed. § Then.

Full angel-like thir birdis sang their hours
Within their curtains green, within their bowers,
Apparell'd, white and red, with bloomis sweet:
Enamel'd was the field with all colours:
The pearled drops shook as in silver showers,
While all in balm did branch and levis *fleit* *:
Depart fra Phœbus did Aurora *greite* †:
Her chrystal tears I saw hang on the flowers,
Which he, for love, all drank up with his heit.

For mirth of May, with skippis and with hoppis,
The birdis sang upon the tender *croppis* ‡
With curious notes, as Venus chapel-clarks:
The roses red, now spreading of their *knoppis* §,
Were powder'd bright with heavenly beryl-droppis,
Through bemis red *lemyng* ‖ as ruby sparks;
The skyis rang with shouting of the larks;
The purple heaven owre skal'd in silver sloppis,
Owre gilt the treis, branches, leaves, and barks.

Down through the *rys* ¶ ane river ran with stremis
So lustily upon the *lykand* ** lemis
That all the lake as lamp did leme of light,
Which shadowed all about with twinkling glemis;
The *bewis* †† baithit were in second bemis
Through the reflex of Phœbus visage bright;
On every side the *ege* ‡‡ raise on hicht;
The bank was green, the sun was full of bemis,
The streamers clear as starres in frosty night.

* Float. † Weep. ‡ Branches § Buds.
‖ Shining. ¶ Trees. ** Pleasant.
†† Boughs. ‡‡ High-raised edges or banks.

The crystal air, the saphire firmament,
The ruby skyies of the red orient,
Kest * beryl beams on em'rald bewis gréen:
The rosy *garth* † depaynt and redolent,
With purple, azure, gold and *gowlis* ‡ gent,
Array'd was by Dame Flora the Queen,
So nobilly, that joy was for to sene;
The rock against the river resplendent
As low illuminate all the levis schene §.

What through the merry fowlis harmony,
And through the river's sound that ran me by,
On Flora's mantle I sleeped where I lay;
Where soon, unto my dreamis phantasy,
I saw approach, against the orient sky,
Ane sail, as blossom white upon the spray,
With mast of gold, bright as the star of day,
Which tended to the land full lustily
With swiftest motion through a crystal bay.

After a vision of considerable length, and incomparably rich in allegorical imagery, the poet is thus awakened from his slumber:

And as I did awake of this *swowning* ||,
The joyful fowlis merrily did sing
For mirth of Phœbus tender bemis schene:

* Cast. † Garden. ‡ Gules, the heraldic term for red.
§ The rock resplendent from the reflection of the river, illuminated, as with *low* or flame, all the bright leaves.
|| Dream.

Sweet was the vapours, soft the morrowing,
Wholesome the vale, depaint with flowers ying,
The air intemperate, sober and amene;
In white and red was all the earth besene,
Through Nature's noble fresh enameling
In mirthful May, of every moneth Queen.

If we now turn to the initiatory stanzas of the Thistle and the Rose, in which the bard fancies himself addressed in a dream by May, who urges him to write something in her honour, and to welcome the return of Spring, we shall find a picture of not less consummate elegance and beauty, and perhaps of still greater animation:

When March was with varying windis past,
And April had with her silver showers
Tane leave at Nature with ane orient blast,
And lusty May, that mother is of flowers,
Had made the birdis to begin their *hours* *,
Amang the tender odours red and white,
Whose harmony to hear it was delight;

In bed at morrow sleeping as I lay,
Methought Aurora with her crystal ene
In at the window looked by the day,
And *halsit* † me with visage pale and green;
On whose hand a lark sang, *fro the spleen* ‡,
"Awake, Lovers, out of your slumbering,
See how the lusty morrow doth upspring!"

* Orisons. † Hailed. ‡ With good will.

Methought fresh May before my bed upstude,
In weed depaint of mony diverse hue,
Sober, benign, and full of mansuetude,*
In bright attire of flouris forged new,
Heavenly of color, white, red, brown, and blue,
Balmy in dew, and gilt with Phœbus' bemys;
Quhyl all the house illumynit of her lemys.

Sluggard, she said, awake, anon, for shame,
And in my honour something thou go write:
The lark has done the merry day proclaim,
To raise up lovers with comfort and delight;
Yet nought increase thy courage to indite,
Whose heart sometime has glad and blissful been,
Sangis to make under the leavis green.

The poet and his conductress then enter a garden filled with flowers, and breathing odours redolent of paradise, when immediately

The purple sun, with tender bemys red,
In orient bright as angel did appear,
Through golden skyis putting up his head,
Quhois gilt tresses shone so wonder clear,
That all the world take comfort far and near.—

And, as the blissful son of *cherarchy**,
The fowlis sung through comfort of the light;
The birdis did with open voices cry,
"O Lovers, fo away thow dully night,
And welcome day that comforts every wight:
Hail May, hail Flora, hail Aurora schene,
Hail princess Nature, hail Venus, lovers queen!"

* Hierarchy.—Job, ch. xxxviii. v. 7. The morning stars singing together.

Picturesque and faithful to nature as these descriptions of Spring most assuredly are, rich in imagery, and glowing with poetic inspiration, yet has BURNS, by blending equal powers of delineation with emotions of the tenderest pathos, rendered his portraits of the same season, by this very charm of contrast, still more endearing and impressive. Frequent, indeed, as are his sketches of vernal scenery, there is scarcely one but what is thus commingled with the sweetest feelings of love and pity; and it is this happy and almost constant intermixture of minute description with sentiment and passion which has given to the poetry of Burns such a wide and ever-during dominion over the human heart. I shall now select from our Scottish bard a few specimens of this delightful union of imagery and pathos whilst painting the Mornings of Spring.

Now Spring has clad the grove in green,
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers;
The furrow'd waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers:
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of woe!

The trout within yon wimpling burn
Glides swift, a silver dart,

And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art:
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorch'd my fountains dry.—

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blythe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye;
As little reckt I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.—

The wretch whose doom is, "hope nae mair,"
What tongue his woes can tell:
Within whase bosom, save despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell.

The features attendant on this the most beautiful season of the year are yet further marked and extended in the following lines, which, like those that I have just quoted, make a powerful appeal to our sympathy.

Again rejoicing nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry plough-boy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks,
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And every thing is blest but I.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
And owre the moorlands whistles shrill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

I conclude these instances with a quotation from the "Lament of Mary Queen of Scots on the Approach of Spring," a poem equally estimable for the loveliness of its descriptive touches, and for the pensive strain and maternal tenderness which so sweetly characterise its stanzas.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea:
Now Phœbus cheers the chrystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis mild, wi' mony a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae:
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.—

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine!

God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee;
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me!

O soon, to me, may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flow'rs that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave.

Burns, of whom I entertain a vivid and cherished recollection, from having met him more than once whilst resident in Edinburgh, during the years 1786-7-8 and 9, is one of those few poets who, from the strength and originality with which they have painted the emotions of their own breasts, have built for themselves an ever-during mansion in the human heart. Though alloyed, indeed, with many errors and frailties which cannot be too much regretted, there glowed in the bosom of the Scottish bard a spirit of the most generous and ardent philanthropy, nor was ever man of genius, I believe, more thoroughly beloved by his relatives and friends.

Of a character of this description, every trait, however minute, is interesting; nor can I well describe the melancholy pleasure which I felt from reading the following recent account, written, I believe, by Allan Cunningham, of the indisposition, last moments, and death of this admirable poet. It is drawn up from personal knowledge and intimacy, and in a tone of feeling and truth which leaves not a doubt of its fidelity.

"The first time I ever saw Burns," says the amiable writer, "was in Nithsdale. I was then a child, but his looks and his voice cannot well be forgotten; and while I write this I behold him as distinctly as I did when I stood at my father's knee, and heard the bard repeat his Tam O' Shanter. He was tall, and of a manly make; his brow broad and high; and his voice varied with the character of his inimitable tale; yet through all its variations it was melody itself. He was of great personal strength, and proud too of displaying it; and I have seen him lift a load with ease which few ordinary men would have willingly undertaken.—

"The last time I saw Burns in life was on his return from the Brow-well of Solway. He had been ailing all spring, and summer had come with-

out bringing health with it; he had gone away very ill, and he returned worse. He was brought back, I think, in a covered spring cart; and when he alighted at the foot of the street in which he lived he could scarce stand upright. He reached his own door with difficulty. He stooped much, and there was a visible change in his looks. Some may think it not unimportant to know that he was at that time dressed in a blue coat, with the undress nankeen pantaloons of the volunteers, and that his neck, which was inclining to be short, caused his hat to turn up behind, in the manner of the shovel hats of the episcopal clergy. Truth obliges me to add that he was not fastidious about his dress; and that an officer, curious in the personal appearance and equipments of his company, might have questioned the military nicety of the poet's clothes and arms. But his colonel was a maker of rhyme, and the poet had to display more charity for his commander's verse than the other had to exercise when he inspected the clothing and arms of the careless bard.

"From the day of his return home till the hour of his untimely death, Dumfries was like a besieged place. It was known he was dying, and the anxiety,

not of the rich and the learned only, but of the mechanics and peasants, exceeded all belief. Wherever two or three people stood together, their talk was of Burns and of him alone; they spoke of his history, of his person, of his works, of his family, of his fame, and of his untimely and approaching fate, with a warmth and an enthusiasm which will ever endear Dumfries to my remembrance. All that he said or was saying, the opinions of the physicians (and Maxwell was a kind and a skilful one) were eagerly caught up, and reported from street to street, and from house to house.

"His good humour was unruffled, and his wit never forsook him. He looked to one of his fellow volunteers with a smile, as he stood by the bedside with his eyes wet, and said, 'John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me.' He was aware that death was dealing with him. He asked a lady who visited him, more in sincerity than in mirth, what commands she had for the other world. He repressed with a smile the hopes of his friends, and told them he had lived long enough. As his life drew near a close, the eager yet decorous solicitude of his fellow townsmen increased. He was an exciseman, it is true—a name odious, from many

associations, to his countrymen—but he did his duty meekly and kindly, and repressed rather than encouraged the desire of some of his companions to push the law with severity; he was therefore much beloved, and the passion of the Scots for poetry made them regard him as little lower than a spirit inspired. It is the practice of the young men of Dumfries to meet in the streets during the hours of remission from labour, and by these means I had an opportunity of witnessing the general solicitude of all ranks and of al; ages. His differences with them in some important parts of human speculation and religious hope were forgotten and forgiven; they thought only of his genius—of the delight his compositions had diffused—and they talked of him with the same awe as of some departing spirit, whose voice was to gladden them no more. His last moments have never been described: he had laid his head quietly on the pillow awaiting dissolution, when his attendant reminded him of his medicine, and held the cup to his lip. He started suddenly up, drained the cup at a gulp, threw his hands before him like a man about to swim, and sprung from head to foot of the bed—fell with his face down, and expired with a groan.

"When Burns died I was then young, but I was not insensible that a mind of no common strength had passed from among us. He had caught my fancy, and touched my heart with his songs and his poems. I went to see him laid out for the grave; several eldern people were with me. He lay in a plain unadorned coffin, with a linen sheet drawn over his face; and on the bed, and around the body, herbs and flowers were thickly strewn according to the usage of the country. He was wasted somewhat by long illness; but death had not increased the swarthy hue of his face, which was uncommonly dark and deeply marked: the dying pang was visible in the lower part, but his broad and open brow was pale and serene, and around it his sable hair lay in masses, slightly touched with gray, and inclining more to a wave than a curl. The room where he lay was plain and neat, and the simplicity of the poet's humble dwelling pressed the presence of death more closely on the heart than if his bier had been embellished by vanity and covered with the blazonry of high ancestry and rank. We stood and gazed on him in silence for the space of several minutes. We went, and others succeeded us: there was no jostling and crushing, though the crowd was great;

man followed man as patiently and orderly as if all had been a matter of mutual understanding; not a question was asked, not a whisper was heard. This was several days after his death. It is the custom of Scotland to 'wake' the body—not with wild howlings and wilder songs, and much waste of strong drink, like our mercurial neighbours, but in silence or in prayer: superstition says it is unsonsie to leave a corpse alone, and it is never left. I know not who watched by the body of Burns—much it was my wish to share in the honour; but my extreme youth would have made such a request seem foolish, and its rejection would have been sure.

"The multitude who accompanied Burns to the grave went step by step with the chief mourners; they might amount to ten or twelve thousand. Not a word was heard; and though all could not be near, and many could not see, when the earth closed on their darling poet for ever, there was no rude impatience shown, no fierce disappointment expressed. It was an impressive and mournful sight to see men of all ranks and persuasions and opinions mingling as brothers, and stepping side by side down the streets of Dumfries, with the remains of him who had sang of their loves and joys and domestic endearments,

with a truth and a tenderness which none perhaps have since equalled. I could indeed have wished the military part of the procession away—for he was buried with military honours—because I am one of those who love simplicity in all that regards genius. The scarlet and gold—the banners displayed—the measured step and the military array, with the sound of martial instruments of music, had no share in increasing the solemnity of the burial scene, and had no connexion with the poet.

"I found myself at the brink of the grave into which he was about to descend for ever: there was a pause among the mourners, as if loth to part with his remains; and when he was at last lowered, and the first shovelful of earth sounded on his coffin-lid, I looked up and saw tears on many cheeks where tears were not usual. The volunteers justified the fears of their comrade by three ragged and straggling volleys. The earth was heaped up, the green sod laid over him, and the multitude stood gazing on the grave for some minutes' space, and then melted silently away. The day was a fine one, the sun was almost without a cloud, and not a drop of rain fell from dawn to twilight.

"I saw another sight—a weeping widow and four

helpless sons; they came into the streets in their mournings, and public sympathy was awakened afresh; I shall never forget the looks of his boys, and the compassion which they excited. The poet's life had not been without errors, and such errors, too, as a wife is slow in forgiving; but he was honoured then, and is honoured now, by the unalienable affection of his wife, and the world repays her prudence and her love by its regard and esteem*."

To this truly touching narrative, the heartfelt tribute of one who is known to possess talents of a nature congenial with those of which he has thus affectionately deplored the loss, I feel great pleasure in being able to subjoin some exquisite stanzas on the genius of Burns, "written on occasion of the Anniversary of his Birth-day being celebrated at Sheffield, March the 8th, 1820." When I add that they are from the pen of Montgomery, a poet endeared to us alike by the moral and devotional beauty, as by the pathos and originality of his muse, and that they have not yet made their appearance in any edition of his works, there can be few of my readers, I should imagine, who will not be grateful

* London Magazine for August 1824, p. 117, et seq.

for their insertion. Their principal object seems to have been, forcibly to illustrate that variety and versatility of talent which so remarkably distinguished the Scottish bard:

What bird in beauty, flight, or song
Can with the bard compare,
Who sang as sweet, and soar'd as strong,
As ever child of air?

His plume, his note, his form, could BURNS
For whim or pleasure change:
He was not one, but all by turns,
With transmigration strange:—

The blackbird, oracle of Spring,
When flow'd his moral lay;
The swallow, wheeling on the wing,
Capriciously at play:—

The humming-bird, from bloom to bloom,
Inhaling heavenly balm;
The raven, in the tempest's gloom;
The halcyon, in the calm:—

In "auld Kirk-Alloway," the owl,
At witching time of night;
By "bonnie Doon," the earliest fowl
That carol'd to the light.

He was the wren amidst the grove,
When in his homely vein;
At Bannock-burn, the bird of Jove,
With thunder in his train:—

The woodlark, in his mournful hours;
The goldfinch, in his mirth;
The thrush, a spendthrift of his powers,
Enrapturing heaven and earth:—

The swan, in majesty and grace,
Contemplative and still;
But roused,—no falcon in the chase
Could like his satire kill.

The linnet, in simplicity;
In tenderness, the dove;
But more than all beside, was he,
The nightingale, in love.

Oh! had he never stoop'd to shame,
Nor lent a charm to vice,
How had devotion loved to name
That bird of paradise!

Peace to the dead!—In Scotia's choir
Of minstrels, great and small,
He sprang from his spontaneous fire,
The phœnix of them all*!

* From the Cambridge Quarterly Review, No. 3, pp. 107, 108.

No. XIV.

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires:—
Nor Greece nor Rome delights me more
Than Tagus' bank *, or Thames's shore †:
From silver Avon's flowery side
Though Shakspeare's numbers sweetly glide,
As sweet, from Morven's desert hills,
My ear the voice of Ossian fills.

JOHN SCOTT.

It is a circumstance strongly corroborative of the genuineness and authenticity of the poems ascribed to Ossian by the Scottish antiquaries, and one which has hitherto not had its due consideration, that in the numerous Irish poems still extant in the Gaelic or Erse language, and attributed to Oisin or Ossian, whom the Irish are anxious to claim as a native of their island, the very peculiar, and I may say singular strain of sentiment and feeling which, considering the era and state of civilization in which the poems of Ossian are said to have been produced, so remarkably distinguishes both the per-

* Camoens. † Milton, &c.

sonal character and the works of the Scottish bard, should have been preserved with so much of its original raciness and vigour.

These Irish poems, instead of assuming to themselves the high antiquity which has been established for their Scottish brethren by Blair, and Graham, and Sinclair, not only make Oisin and St. Patrick, who flourished in the fifth century, contemporaries, but exhibit moreover very evident traces of having been composed not anterior to the ninth or tenth century. Now, as the literati of the sister island have altogether failed in their attempt to prove, either that Macpherson ever was in Ireland, or had any of his oral originals through an Irish channel; and as the productions ascribed to the *Caledonian* Ossian claim not only a higher antiquity, but are entirely free from all the modern allusions and gross anachronisms which vitiate the pretensions of the *Hibernian* poet, it follows, as a result of the highest probability, that the minstrelsy of the Irish Oisin and his followers was founded on the prior inspiration of the bard of Morven; for it should be recollected, that at the period when Fingal and his son are recorded to have lived, the inhabitants of the northern parts of Ireland, and the western parts

of Scotland, not only spoke the same language, but were frequently either at war with each other, or united against a common enemy.

We find, indeed, both from the evidence arising from the Scottish poems themselves, and from the testimony of the Danish historian Suhm *, that

* Speaking of *Swaran*'s contest with a Norwegian prince of the name of *Gram*, the historian, whose work in Denmark is esteemed as of the highest authority, thus proceeds: "*Swaran* was the son of *Starno;* he had carried on many wars in Ireland, where he had vanquished most of the heroes that opposed him, except *Cuchullin*, who, assisted by the *Gaelic* or *Caledonian* king, *Fingal*, not only defeated him, but even took him prisoner, but had the generosity to send him back again to his country;" a quotation which has drawn from sir John Sinclair the following inference and remark. "The existence of Swaran, son of Starno, and his wars in Ireland, and his having been defeated by Fingal, as related by Ossian, are therefore authenticated by the historians of Denmark; and in their annals a number of particulars are stated regarding the manners of those times, which confirm many of the particulars mentioned by Ossian." And he then adds, "it is very satisfactory to have been the means of bringing forward a new, and at the same time so convincing a proof of the authenticity of these ancient poems; and hence indeed it appears, that the more the subject is investigated, the more clearly will that authenticity be established."—Dissertation on the Authenticity of the Poems of Ossian, pp. lxiii.—lxv. lxvi.

early in the third century Fingal had made several descents on the coast of Ulster for the protection of his kinsman Cormac, then a minor and monarch of Ireland, against the invasion of Swaran king of Norway. In these expeditions he was accompanied by his son and chief bard, Ossian, and also by a native Irish bard of the name of Ullin.

It does not appear that Fingal had occasion to penetrate into the interior, or perhaps more than twenty miles from the shores of Ulster; but here his exploits were great and numerous, and a not altogether unsuccessful effort has been lately made to ascertain the battle fields of Fingal in Ulster, by the analogy of names and places mentioned in Ossian's poems. "It is almost impossible," says the author of this attempt, whilst describing Connor (the ancient Temora) and its neighbourhood, "to walk twenty minutes without meeting some rude marks of the warfare of those times. Innumerable are the four grey stones, the graves of the illustrious dead, which one discovers while travelling among these hills*;" an account which bears out Mr.

* Campbell's Ossiano, 8vo., 1818, p. 20.

Phillips, when, in the fervor of poetical enthusiasm, he exclaims, in allusion to this district,

When tired at eve the pilgrim leans
Upon some rocky pile,
Of days long gone the rude remains,
Saved by their rudeness from the Vandal reigns
Which red and ruthless swept the plains
Of this ill-fated isle,
He little thinks the mossy stones
Beneath his feet
Afford some hero's hallow'd bones
Their cold retreat;—
Perhaps e'en there on Fingal's arm
A thousand heroes hung,
While Ossian, music of the storm,
The battle anthem sung:
Or there Œmania's palace rose
In more than regal pride;
Ollam inhal'd a nation's woes,
Conn's fiery sceptre crush'd her foes,
Or noble Oscar died *.

That the intercourse and connexion which these expeditions tended to establish between the two countries, prolonged as they were during the greater part of a century, should lead to a certain degree of similarity in their minstrelsy and poesy might naturally be expected, more especially when we

* Campbell's Ossiano, 8vo., 1818, pp. 31, 32.

recollect that their language was the same, and that bards of both nations were assembled under the protection of the Scottish monarch. But that seven or eight centuries after Fingal had ceased to reign and Ossian to sing, legendary and heroic verses should be produced in Ireland, which, however wild and inconsistent in other respects, paint the character of Ossian precisely as it is given in the Caledonian poems, must, after a slight consideration, be reckoned as one amongst the strongest corroborative proofs of the genuineness of the latter.

It has been, in fact, the most startling, and apparently the most valid objection to the authenticity of these productions, that the characters of Fingal and of Ossian, as uniformly represented in them, are by many degrees too sublime and pathetic, too humane and polished for the era to which their existence is ascribed. Yet, in these metrical romances of the Irish bards, acknowledged by the Irish themselves to be written between the eighth and twelfth centuries, the same high-toned and exalted delineations of Fingal and his son are to be found. Can we, therefore, avoid inferring, that, as the internal as well as the external evidence of these compositions bears evident marks of a vast

posteriority to the era of the Ossianic poetry of Scotland, the impression made upon the Irish by these characters during their intercourse with them in the third century was such as to be indelible; and that they are consequently, as originally presented to us in the Gaelic of North Britain, not only poetically but historically correct?

For the opportunity of forming this judgment from an inspection of the Irish poems we are indebted to Miss Brooke, the daughter of the celebrated author of Gustavus Vasa, who, about thirty-seven years ago, published in Dublin a 4to. volume, now very scarce, entitled "*Reliques of Irish Poetry: Consisting of Heroic Poems, Odes, Elegies, and Songs, translated into English Verse: With Notes Explanatory and Historical; And the Originals in the Irish Character. To which is subjoined, An Irish Tale.*"

With all the enthusiasm for the high antiquity and literary reputation of her country which has lately so singularly distinguished many of the most learned in Ireland, and with poetical talents fully adequate to the transfusion of the spirit of her originals, has the amiable translator entered upon her task; and the result has been a series of poems

of no ordinary interest, and though, with one exception, professedly versions, yet stamped with the inspiration indeed

> Of that bright Power, whom Nature forms,
> And Nature's scenes inspire;
> Who mounts the winds, and rides the storms,
> And glows with Heaven's own fire*!

It is, however, only to those parts of Miss Brooke's "Reliques" which relate to the character of Ossian, that we are now to turn our attention, and these are chiefly confined to the introduction and close of two poems entitled "*Magnus the Great*," and "*The Chase*." Here, as in the greater number of pieces in which the Irish Oisin is introduced, the poet is represented not only as contemporary with St. Patrick, but as conversing with him familiarly, and recurring with conscious pride and pleasure, though mingled with feelings of deep regret, to that happy period of his life when he was the hero as well as the bard of his country.

"In these poems," observes Miss Brooke, very justly, "the character of Oisin is so inimitably well supported, that we lose the idea of any other

* Introduction to Maon, an Irish Tale. Reliques, p. 325.

bard, and are for a time persuaded it is Ossian himself who speaks. We do not seem to read a narration of events, wherein the writer was neither a witness nor a party:—it is the *son*—the *father*—the *hero*—the *patriot* who speaks; who breathes his own passions and feelings on our hearts, and compels our sympathy to accompany all his griefs; while in a strain of natural and empassioned eloquence, he descants on the fame and virtues of a parent whom he describes as at once so amiable and so great; and bewails the loss of all his former friends, kindred, and companions, and laments his own forlorn and disconsolate state, in apostrophes that pierce the very soul of pity* !"

Thus, at the close of *Magnus the Great*, in which the character of Fingal is supported with all those traits of magnanimity and humanity which so beautifully particularise him in the Scottish poems, the aged bard reverts to his own forlorn and destitute situation in terms which, whilst they breathe the unextinguished spirit of the hero, paint at the same time his sufferings and feelings in a strain of imperishable sweetness and pathos. Thus, he says, ad-

* Reliques, p. 76.

dressing the saint who had requested of him a detail of the engagement in which Magnus had been defeated—

Thus was the mighty battle won
On Erin's sounding shore;
And thus, O clerk! great Comhal's son *,
The palm of valour bore!

Alas! far sweeter to mine ear
The triumphs of that day
Than all the psalming songs I hear,
Where holy zealots pray.

Thou hast my tale;—though memory bleeds,
And sorrow wastes my frame,
Still will I tell of former deeds,
And live on former fame!

Now old,—the streams of life congeal'd,
Bereft of all my joys!
No sword this wither'd hand can wield,
No spear my arm employs.

Among thy clerks, my last sad hour
Its weary scene prolongs;
And psalms must now supply the pow'r
Of victory's lofty songs.

It is nevertheless to the opening of *The Chase*, a legendary poem, which, from its mention of church bells, cannot be attributed to a period earlier than

* Fingal.

the middle ages, that we are indebted for the fullest developement of the character of Ossian as drawn by the Irish bards. This piece also, like the former, displays a glowing picture of the head and heart of the king of Morven, to whom, as the fair translator has remarked, every quality is attributed that is either interesting, amiable, or great *.

The delineation, indeed, either of Ossian or his royal father, being precisely such as we find drawn in the poems translated by Macpherson, would answer the purpose which I have in view; but as the character of the bard is, from the splendor of his genius, from his blindness, and his being the last of his race, perhaps still more endeared to us than that of the warrior, I shall confine myself principally to the picture which has been given us of the former. The saint and the poet are represented as usual, conversing familiarly together, when the latter exclaims with his customary courtesy,

O son of Calphruin!—sage divine!
Soft voice of heavenly song,
Whose notes around the holy shrine
Sweet melody prolong;

* Reliques, p. 99.

Did e'er my tale thy curious ear
And fond attention draw,
The story of that chase to hear,
Which my famed father saw?

The chase, which singly o'er the plain,
The hero's steps pursued;
Nor one of all his valiant train
Its wond'rous progress view'd?

A query to which the holy anchorite replies,

O royal bard! to valour dear,
Whom fame and wisdom grace,
It never was my chance to hear
That memorable chase.

But let me now, O bard, prevail!
Now let the song ascend;
And through the wonders of the tale,
May truth thy words attend!

The insinuation which the saint here throws out against the veracity of the bard very naturally and very deservedly calls forth a rebuke, but delivered in a tone of energy and moral dignity which has seldom been surpassed:

O Patrick! to the Finian race
A falsehood was unknown;
No lie, no imputation base
On our clear fame was thrown;

But by firm truth and manly might
That fame established grew,
Where oft, in honourable fight,
Our foes before us flew.

Not thy own clerks, whose holy feet
The sacred pavement trod,
With thee to hymn, in concert sweet,
The praises of thy God;

Not thy own clerks in truth excell'd
The heroes of our line,
By honour train'd, by fame impell'd
In glory's fields to shine!

O Patrick of the placid mien,
And voice of sweetest sound!
Of all thy church's walls contain
Within their hallow'd round,

Not one more faithful didst thou know
Than Comhal's noble son;
The chief who gloried to bestow
The prize the bards had won!

Were Morni's* valiant son alive,
(Now in the deedless grave)
O could my wish from death revive
The generous and the brave!

* The celebrated Gaul Mac Mevrni, well known to the reader of Ossian's Poems. "Great as is Oisin's partiality," remarks the translator, "in favour of the heroes of his own race, yet we find him, on all occasions, doing ample justice

Or Mac-O'Dhuivne, graceful form,
Joy of the female sight;
The hero who would breast the storm,
And dare the unequal fight:

Or he whose sword the ranks defy'd,
Mac-Garra, conquest's boast,
Whose valour would a war decide,
His single arm an host.

Or could Mac-Ronan now appear,
In all his manly charms;
Or,—Oh my Osgar*! wert thou here,
To fill my aged arms!

Not then, as now, should Calphruin's son
His sermons here prolong;
With bells and psalms the land o'er-run,
And hum his holy song!

If Fergus† lived, again to sing
As erst, the Fennii's fame;
Or Daire, who sweetly touch'd the string,
And thrill'd the feeling frame;

to the character and valour of a chief, who was not allied to his family, and whose tribe had even, at different times, been their very bitterest enemies."—Reliques, p. 76, 77.

* Oscar the son of Ossian, who is said by the Irish bards to have been killed at the battle of Gabhra.

† Fergus, one of the brothers of Ossian, and equally celebrated in the poetical annals of Ireland for the gift of song. He is beautifully and characteristically distinguished in the poem of Magnus the Great, to whom he had been sent

Your bells, for me, might sound in vain,
Did Hugh the little live;
Or Fallan's generous worth remain,
The ceaseless boon to give;

Or Conan bald, though oft his tongue
To rage provoked my breast,
Or Finn's small dwarf, whose magic song
Oft lull'd the ranks to rest.

Sweeter to me their voice would seem
Than thy psalm-singing train;
And nobler far their lofty theme,
Than that thy clerks maintain!

This recollection of his departed friends and compatriots in arms is, if we except a few modern allusions, precisely in the spirit of almost innumerable passages in the Scottish Ossian, and blended too with the same sense of conscious superiority on the part of the unhappy bard. The lofty character, however, of Oisin's retort seems to have

by Fingal, to inquire the motive of his landing with an hostile intention. Having replied to the insolent language of Magnus with great but dignified courtesy, the poet tells us,

Mild Fergus then, his errand done,
Return'd with wonted grace;
His mind, like the unchanging sun,
Still beaming in his face.

RELIQUES, p. 47.

discomposed the temper and wounded the religious feelings of his companion, who aims to repress the cherished pride of the hero and the minstrel, and who exhibits, whilst making the attempt, sentiments of peculiar sublimity and beauty:

Cease thy vain thoughts, and fruitless boasts;
Can death thy chiefs restore?—
Son of the king of mighty hosts,
Their glories are no more.

Confide in him whose high decree
O'er-rules all earthly power;
And bend to him thy humble knee,
To him devote thy hour.

And let thy contrite prayer be made
To him who rules above;
Entreat for his almighty aid,
For his protecting love!

Though (with thy will perverse at strife),
Thou deem'st it strange to say,—
He gave thy mighty father life,
And took that life away.

The allusion of the last two lines of this striking address brings to the memory of the bard, with all its bitterest aggravation, the irreparable loss which he has sustained. He cannot avoid contrasting his present forlorn and impotent state with the highly-

honoured pre-eminence from which he has fallen; and he replies to the admonitory zeal of his spiritual adviser in language of the most exquisite pathos.

Alas! thy words sad import bear,
And grating sounds impart;
They come with torture to mine ear,
And anguish to my heart!

Not for thy God these torrents spring
That drain their weeping source,
But that my father, and my king,
Now lies a lifeless corse!

Too much I have already done,
Thy godhead's smile to gain;
That thus each wonted joy I shun,
And with thy clerks remain!

The royal robe, the social board,
Music and mirth are o'er;
And the dear art I once adored,
I now enjoy no more.

For now no bards from Oisin's hand
The wonted gift receive;
Nor hounds nor horn I now command,
Nor martial feats achieve*!

* Another and a similar picture of the lonely and forlorn state of the once highly-honoured bard is given by Miss Brooke in a literal version from a poem of the like age with that in the text, entitled "A Dialogue between Oisin and St. Patrick;" where the former, lamenting the loss of his

O Inisfail! thy Oisin goes
To guard thy ports no more;
To pay with death the foreign foes
Who dare insult thy shore!

We can scarcely, indeed, form a picture of more utter destitution than what is presented to us in the person of the Celtic Homer, whether it be drawn from Scottish or Irish sources. Nor can we avoid thinking, that when the poets of Erin chose to make their Oisin contemporary with St. Patrick, they would have given us a much more amiable idea of the saint, had they represented him as somewhat more lenient, more ready to make allowance for impressions rendered indelible not only by length of time, but by the ties of consanguinity, love, and friendship, and the recollections of former fame and glory. How much, soever, therefore, we may acquiesce in the truth of the following reply, and however greatly we may admire the imagery by

kindred and friends, exclaims, "To survive them is my depth of woe! the banquet and the song have now no charms for me! Wretched and old,—the poor solitary remnant of the Fenii! Why,—O why am I yet alive?—Alas, O Patrick! grievous is my state!—the last of all my race!—My heroes are gone! my strength is gone!—Bells I now hear, for the songs of my bards; and age, blindness and woe, are all that remain of Oisin!"—Reliques, p. 76.

which it is enforced, it is scarcely possible not to feel that the venerable apostle of the sister island has exhibited no very abundant stock of pity or forbearance.

O Oisin of the mighty deed!
Thy folly I deplore;
O! cease thy frenzy thus to feed,
And give the subject o'er.

Nor Finn, nor all the Finnian race,
Can with his power compare
Who to yon orbs assigns their place,
And rules the realms of air!

For man yon azure vault he spreads,
And clothes the flow'ry plains;
On every tree soft fragrance sheds,
And blooming fruit ordains!

'Tis he who gives the peopled stream,
Replete with life to flow;
Who gives the moon's resplendent beam,
And sun's meridian glow!

Would'st thou thy puny king compare
To that Almighty hand
Which form'd fair earth, and ambient air,
And bade their powers expand?

The rejoinder which now falls from the lips of Oisin is, in the highest degree, animated and characteristic:

It was not on a fruit or flower
My king his care bestow'd;
He better knew to show his power
In honour's glorious road.

To load with death the hostile field,
In blood his might proclaim;
Our land with wide protection shield,
And wing to heaven his fame!

In peace his tranquil hours to bless,
Beneath soft beauty's eye,
Or, on the chequer'd field of chess*,
The mimic fight to try.

* Dr. Hyde says, "the old Irish were so greatly addicted to chess, that amongst them the possession of good estates has been often decided by it; and," adds he, "there are some estates, at this very time, the property whereof still depends upon the issue of a game at chess. For example, the heirs of two certain noble Irish families, whom we could name (to say nothing of others), hold their lands upon this tenure, viz. that one of them shall encounter the other at chess in this manner; that which ever of them conquered, should seize and possess the estate of the other. Therefore," says the doctor, "I am told they manage the affair prudently among themselves: once a year they meet, by appointment, to play at chess; one of them makes a move, and the other says, I will consider how to answer you next year. This being done, a public notary commits to writing the situation of the game, by which method a game that neither has won has been, and will be, continued for some hundred of years.' —Vallancey's Irish Grammar, Essay on the Celtic Language, p. 85.

Or sylvan sports, that well beseem
The martial and the brave;
Or, plung'd amid the rapid stream,
His manly limbs to lave.

But, when the rage of battle bled!—
Then—then his might appear'd,
And o'er red heaps of hostile dead
His conquering standard rear'd!

Where was thy God on that sad day,
When on Ierne's wave
Two heroes plough'd the wat'ry way,
Their beauteous prize to save?

From Lochlin's king of ships, his bride,
His lovely queen they bore,
Through whom unnumber'd warriors die,
And bathed in blood our shore.

Or on that day when Tailk's proud might
Invaded Erin's coast,
Where was thy Godhead in that fight,
And where thy empty boast?

While round the bravest Fenii bled,
No help did he bestow;
'Twas Osgur's arm avenged the deed,
And gave the glorious blow!

Where was thy God when Magnus came?
Magnus the brave and great;
The man of might, the man of fame,
Whose threat'ning voice was fate!

Thy Godhead did not aid us then,—
If such a God there be,
He should have favour'd gallant men,
As great and good as he!

Fierce Anninir's wide wasting son,
Allean of dreadful fame,
Who Tamor's treasures oft had won,
And wrapt her walls in flame.

Not by thy God, in single fight,
The deathful hero fell,
But by Finn's arm, whose matchless might
Could ev'ry force repel!

In ev'ry mouth *his* fame we meet,
Well known, and well believed;—
I have not heard of any feat
Thy cloudy king achieved.

The somewhat sarcastic insinuation with which these fine stanzas conclude has the effect of throwing the saint completely off his guard, and he bursts into a strain of invective which does not present us with a very favourable idea of his progress in Christian charity. In fact, he tells the aged poet in plain terms, that he is a bald and senseless fool, and that as long as God shall rule in heaven, his race shall endure unremitting torment. "It must be owned," says the fair translator, "this railing is rather of the coarsest; but our poet seems more

partial to his heroes than to his saints, or he would hardly have put this language into the mouth of the good bishop." We can scarcely, however, regret this want of equanimity on the part of St. Patrick, since it introduces the following wild but beautifully characteristic expostulation from the lips of his companion, who, shocked, as he well might be, by the anathema we have just recorded, exclaims—

If God then rules, why is the chief
Of Comhal's gen'rous race
To fiends consign'd, without relief
From justice or from grace?

When, were thy God himself confined,
My king of mild renown
Would quickly all his chains unbind,
And give him back his crown.

For never did his generous breast
Reject the feeling glow;
Refuse to succour the distrest,
Or slight the captive's woe.

His ransom loosed the prisoner's chains,
And broke the dire decree;
Or, with his hosts, on glory's plains,
He fought to set them free!

O Patrick! were I senseless grown,
  Thy holy clerks should bleed,
Nor one be spared to pour his moan
  O'er the avenging deed!

Nor books nor crosiers should be found,
  Nor ever more a bell
Within thy holy walls should sound,
  Where prayers and zealots dwell.

Nothing can more admirably paint the character of Fingal, such as we have been accustomed to see it delineated in the Ossian of Macpherson, than the second, third, and fourth stanzas of this affecting appeal. Whether the noble picture which it contains of mercy and magnanimity touched the heart of the too zealous bishop, or the allusion in its close to the power which the bard and chieftain still possessed alarmed his fears, it is not easy to ascertain; but that a sudden revolution took place, if not in the sentiments, yet in the language of the saint, is evident from the tenor of his reply:

O Oisin, of the royal race!
  The actions of thy sire,
The king of smiles and courteous grace,
  I, with the world, admire.

Thy story therefore I await,
And thy late promise claim,
The chase's wonders to relate,
And give the tale to fame.

It must be obvious, I think, from the passages which have now been quoted from these Irish legends, that, though written in the middle ages, the character of Ossian has been sustained in them with all the beauty, amenity, and sublimity which surround it in the Caledonian poetry. And as the Irish histories themselves refer the existence of Fingal and Ossian to the third century, placing the death of the former in the year 283, and that of Oscar, the grandson of Fingal, in the year 296, though, out of compliment to St. Patrick, they have committed the bold anachronism of representing the Celtic poet a disciple of the national apostle, does it not follow as a legitimate inference, considering this perfect consonancy of the Irish with the Scottish era, and the very early intercourse which subsisted between the two nations, that the poetry ascribed to Ossian by the Scottish antiquaries is, both as to its antiquity and character, altogether what authentic tradition has handed down to us? For, be it remembered, that even should we re-

move the origin of the Ossianic poems, from the third to the ninth or tenth, or eleventh century, the period to which the Irish originals of the translations before us are to be attributed, we should gain nothing by the exchange, as the purity and refinement of sentiment, so remarkable in the Gaelic muse, and which has excited so much controversy, surprise, and scepticism, would be as great a stumbling-block in the latter as in the former age.

Indeed, at an era when the rest of Europe was involved in the grossest ignorance, it speaks highly in favour of the comparative state of Ireland, that her bards were able not only to relish and admire the disinterested patriotism, the tender and sublime enthusiasm of such characters as Fingal and Ossian, but were found competent to transmit with so little alloy, with so much, indeed, of genuine simplicity and energy, the impressions which for many generations had been descending to them through the oral poetry and traditions of their Gaelic neighbours.

"As yet," says Miss Brooke, in allusion to the lustre reflected upon her countrymen by their ancestors of the middle ages, and in a passage of exquisite beauty and feeling, which in the present day cannot be read without a sigh of deep regret for

what has passed since it was written, "as yet, we are too little known to our noble neighbour of Britain; were we better acquainted, we should be better friends. The British Muse is not yet informed that she has an elder sister in this isle; let us then introduce them to each other! together let them walk abroad from their bowers, sweet ambassadresses of cordial union between two countries that seem formed by nature to be joined by every bond of interest and of amity. Let them entreat of Britain to cultivate a nearer acquaintance with her neighbouring isle. Let them conciliate for us her esteem, and her affection will follow of course. Let them tell her, that the portion of her blood which flows in our veins is rather ennobled than disgraced by the mingling tides that descended from our heroic ancestors. Let them come—but will they answer to a voice like mine? Will they not rather depute some favoured pen, to chide me back to the shade whence I have been allured, and where, perhaps, I ought to have remained, in respect to the memory and superior genius of a father—it avails not to say how dear!—But my feeble efforts presume not to emulate,—and they cannot injure his fame*."

* Preface, pp. vii. viii.

It can scarcely be necessary to remark, after the many beautiful and highly finished stanzas which I have had occasion to quote in this paper, that the amiable translator had little cause for the apprehensions which she has avowed in the latter part of the above passage, either as they might refer to the tribe of critics, or to the public at large; for to adopt her own emphatic language,

> Full oft the Muse, a gentle guest,
> Dwells in a female form!
> And patriot fire a female breast
> May sure unquestion'd warm *.

In fine, without flattery it may be added, that her versions, which exhibit many varied forms of metre, and include Heroic Poems, Odes, Elegies, and Songs, are throughout animated by the spirit of the most engaging enthusiasm; and that, whether the Dirge, the wild War-song, or the Lay of Love, be the theme on which her efforts are exerted, she is alike entitled to our gratitude and admiration.

* Introduction to Maon, p. 327.

No. XV.

As dissolute, as desperate: yet, through both,
I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
SHAKSPEARE.

IT is somewhat remarkable that almost the same degree of disparity which I have noticed to have existed between father and child at the opening of my last paper on the History of the Cliffords, may be found in relation to the early years of Henry lord Clifford, the shepherd, and those of his son by his first wife; for, whilst the childhood and youth of the former had been passed in the deepest seclusion, and in the lowliest habits of pastoral life, those of the latter had been spent amid the extravagance and dissipation of a gorgeous court.

HENRY, LORD CLIFFORD, ELEVENTH LORD OF THE HONOUR OF SKIPTON, AND FIRST EARL OF CUMBERLAND, was born in 1493, and, unfortunately for himself and the peace of his father's mind, was bred up the fellow-student and companion of prince

Henry, afterwards Henry the Eighth. From such an association, which necessarily plunged him into scenes of the most fascinating gaiety and dissipation, no other result could have been expected than what actually occurred, an addiction to wasteful expenditure and thoughtless excess.

Of this we have a melancholy proof in a letter from the old lord, still existing among the family papers, and addressed to a privy counsellor of Henry the VIIIth, with the view of having the grievances which it enumerates placed before the eye of the young monarch. It appears to have been written, though without date, about 1512, when Henry Clifford was in his twentieth year, and paints in strong colours the disobedience and even violence which he, the father, experienced from the misconduct of his son, who, he tells us, scrupled not to spoil his houses and seize his goods for the maintenance of his "inordinate pride and ryot, as speciallie dyd apere when coming into ye contrie, he aparellyd himself and hys horse in cloth of golde and goldsmyth's wark, more lyk a duke than a pore baron's sonne as hee ys;" and then, after recounting his many acts of personal disrespect to himself, he adds, "moreover he in his countree makyth de-

bate betweene gentilmen, and trobleth divers housys of religioun, to bring from them ther tythes, shamfully beting ther tenaunts, and s'vants, in such wyse as some whol townes are fayne to kepe the churches both nighte and daye, and dare not com at their own housys *."

From the quarter, however, to which these complaints were addressed there could be little probability of interference; for Henry Clifford was a great favourite with the new monarch, and this, as the countess of Pembroke has remarked in the Memoirs of her family, "made him more stout and less submitting to his old father, Henry, lord Clifford, than otherwise he would have been †." In short, presuming on the affection of his sovereign, so far as to believe that his conduct in a remote part of the north of England, however dissolute, would be overlooked, he became, in fact, the leader of a troop of banditti, committing in the idle levity of his heart, or for the sake of plunder, all the wanton mischief and spoliation of which his father so justly complains.

* History of Craven, p. 255.

† Censura Literaria, Vol. vi. p. 404, from Harl. MSS. 6177.

To this lawless and degrading career, there is reason however to conclude, that an early stop was put by the humanizing power of love; for he must have married shortly after the letter which I have quoted was written, being a father by his second wife, lady Margaret Percy, daughter of the sixth earl of Northumberland, at the age of twenty-four; and, as it is not likely that he would continue this irregular line of conduct after he had entered into the marriage state, we may flatter ourselves that his father's closing years were cheered by beholding him a wiser and a better man.

The next view, indeed, which we have of this nobleman, presents him to us under a much more imposing aspect; for scarcely had two years elapsed after his accession to the lordship and honour of Skipton, when Henry the Eighth, who had not forgotten their former intimacy, conferred upon him the dignity of earl of Cumberland.

Of his lordship's expenses to London on this occasion, and during a residence there of five weeks and one day, a very curious account has been preserved by Dodsworth, from an original in Skipton Castle which has now perished; and from this document, and from Dr. Whitaker's observations

upon it, I shall present my readers with a few facts which will throw no uninteresting light upon the manners and modes of living which prevailed during the reign of Henry the Eighth.

It was during the months of June and July, and in the seventeeth year of Henry's reign, that this journey was undertaken; a period of the year somewhat different from that which a nobleman would now select for a visit to the metropolis; but, at that time, the badness of the roads was such as to render an early spring or winter journey to town an achievement not only difficult but hazardous.

It appears that the new earl was attended on this expedition by thirty-three of his servants on horseback. How many days were occupied in travelling is not mentioned, but his expenses on the road are put down at 7*l.* 15*s.* 1*d.* On his arrival in the capital, he was lodged at Derby-place, now the Heralds' College; and we find, from the first list of charges, that his expenditure in house-keeping for himself and his whole retinue, including horses, did not amount to more than forty-six pounds, seven shillings, or about nine pounds per week; a circumstance which will the less surprise us, when we read, under the same head, that his wine for five weeks

amounted to the sum of *three shillings*, and his desserts, consisting of cherries, to *two-pence!* There is an article also for rushes, which, even in the apartments of the palace, had not yet given way to the much more cleanly and elegant accommodation of the carpet.

Yet immediately afterwards, under the title of "Household Stuff bought," we discover that both napkins and table-cloths, a luxury which many might suppose of much later date, were purchased both for the parlour and hall of this earl in 1525.

Then follows an account of the sums expended for new liveries, which, on such an occasion, it was thought necessary should be of the most sumptuous kind; and they are accordingly described as consisting of coats laced with gold and silver, faced with satin, and embroidered with the cognizances of the Cliffords. But one of the most extraordinary items in this part of the expenditure is, "To the parson of Guisely for his livery, 13*s.* 4*d.*;" a strange term for the robes of one who appears to have acted as chaplain to the family.

We have seen, from the complaints of his father, that this nobleman was in his earliest youth a great lover of dress; nor did the partiality appear to desert

him as he advanced in life; for under the head of "My Lord's Robes and Apparell," which were purchased during this visit to town, there is an abundant supply of the most rich and costly articles. It should be recollected, however, that his robes as an earl, and which were, it seems, of crimson velvet and ermine, form part of the catalogue; but, independent of these, there is a long list of velvets and satins, tawny, black, and russet, together with velvet dress-shoes, French caps, a sword whose "chape" was silver gilt, &c. &c.

Somewhat anomalously placed under this head, are also to be found the complete equipment of a lover of the bow, as a bugle-horn tipped with silver, a green sash, a pair of shooting gloves, and several dozens of arrows with differently formed heads; and shortly afterwards we find his lordship purchasing a falcon for one pound, and obtaining a hound from my lord of Westmoreland; articles which sufficiently prove how much attached this nobleman was to rural diversions; for these were the only treasures, excepting dress, which he thought worthy of being carried from London into the north. He did not, however, absolutely forget his countess, whom he had left at Skipton, though, as Whitaker

has observed, "she might complain with some reason, that he had been sufficiently profuse in the decoration of his own person, and very economical with respect to hers;" for there are but two articles of dress put down for her ladyship, "a white frontelett broidered and wrought with gold for my lady, 2*l.* 10*s.*" and "Velvet to my lady, 7*s.*" Lady Margaret, however, appears to have had a taste for something very independent of mere personal ornament, a penchant, I suspect, for some peculiar kind of wine; for the only other article which relates to her runs thus, *for bying wyne to my ladie,* 1*l.*

A considerable charge, of course, is incurred for fees due to the heralds, in consequence of his lordship's accession of title; and it appears also by an item for boat-hire to Durham-place, that the earl was ordered to wait upon the duke of Richmond, natural son of Henry the Eighth, who was warden of the western marches, and to whom the earl had been appointed as deputy.

It is much to be wished, that whilst his lordship was feasting on venison, and listening to the minstrelsy of Derby-place, for we read that 3*s.* 4*d.* were paid "to a servant of the abbot of Waltham that brought a buk to my lord," and the same sum

"to my lord Derbies minstrells," he had permitted the catalogue of his "Almonses and Offerands" to have been more extensive, as the articles under these heads amount but to 11*s.* 1*d.*!

There are two items which more peculiarly relate to the earl's family arrangements. The first informs us, that he had to pay half-yearly to lady Clifford *, widow of his father, Henry lord Clifford, the shepherd, the sum of seventy-five pounds by way of jointure; the second, that, during his visit to town, he obtained of the pope's collector, for the sum of 11*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, a licence for marriage between John Scrope, son and heir-apparent to the lord Scrope, and his own daughter, lady Katherine Clifford.

Finally, we learn from this household book of the Cliffords, that, deducting the jointure paid to his stepmother, the earl expended on this expedition the sum of 301*l.* 19*s.*, no trifling amount for those days.

The honours which he received from the friendship of Henry the Eighth did not terminate with this promotion to an earldom; for, about seven years afterwards, he was made a knight of the most

* Now married to lord Richard Gray.

noble order of the Garter, and in 1537, through the interest of his sovereign, he married his eldest son, Henry Clifford, to the lady Ellenor Brandon, daughter of Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, by Mary, queen dowager of France, daughter of Henry the Seventh. For the accommodation of this high-born lady, whom it was thought necessary to receive with all the honours due to her royal descent, the earl, then resident at Skipton, completed, in the short period of four or five months previous to her nuptials, a very considerable addition to the castle, occupying on its eastern side a space of not less than one hundred and fifty feet, and including, in a single range of building, a long gallery, then deemed a requisite ornament to every princely residence, and terminated by an octagon tower. When the "main part of the castle" was slighted by ordinance of parliament, in December, 1649, in consequence of its having been a garrison on both sides during the great rebellion, this addition by the first earl of Cumberland, being evidently calculated more for domestic splendour than defence, was left untouched, and is now, with the exception of the upper windows, which were altered by the countess of Pembroke, nearly in its original state, exhibiting not

only its carved and panelled wainscot in good preservation, but a part of its ancient furniture.

It was, however, but the year preceding this appendage of state apartments, that the earl was compelled to defend the strongest parts of his castle against the efforts of a formidable insurrection which had broken out in the northern counties, in consequence of the king's dissolution of the smaller monasteries. It was excited and headed by Robert Aske, a man of great courage and considerable military skill, and who dignified his undertaking by the captivating appellation of *The Pilgrimage of Grace.* He was powerfully seconded by the zeal of the Roman catholics, and more particularly by the monks, friars, and nuns, who being expelled from their houses, and turned loose, as it were, upon the world, appealed with such effect to the superstitious feelings and compassion of the lower orders, that in a very little time not less than forty thousand individuals had assembled in support of the cause. They bound their adherents by a solemn oath, and, after publishing a specious declaration of their views, they advanced with arms in their hands, and with banners, on which were depicted the five wounds of Christ, whilst their priests, marching in

front, exhibiting their crucifixes, kept alive and inflamed their ardour. In this manner, restoring the monks to their monasteries as they went on, and compelling all whom they met to join them, they had the audacity to lay siege to the castles of Pomfret, Skipton, and Scarborough *. Pomfret was surrendered to the insurgents by lord d'Arcy and the archbishop of York; but the earl of Cumberland, with a resolution worthy of his ancestors, sent to assure his sovereign, that although five hundred gentlemen, whom he retained at his cost, had already deserted him, he would defend his castle of Skipton against them all †. And not only did he do this, but through his influence with the canons of Bolton, he prevented their joining the spreading defection of the neighbouring religious houses.

Wealth and prosperity now set in with a full tide on the latter days of this first earl of Cumberland; for, in 1538, by the death of Henry earl of Northumberland, brother of his second wife, lady Margaret Percy, without issue, the whole Percy fee, which had been settled by the earl of Northum-

* Vide Burnet, vol. i. p. 229.—Henry, vol. ii. p. 298.

† Herbert's Life of Henry VIII. p. 483.—Whitaker, p. 340.

berland about four years before on his nephew lord Henry Clifford, became vested in his, the earl of Cumberland's family; an acquisition which, comprehending all the western part, or nearly one-half of Craven, gave to the Cliffords, in conjunction with their own fee in the same district, and the estates which they shortly afterwards acquired by the dissolution of Bolton Abbey, an almost entire command over this division of Yorkshire.

The surrender of Bolton Abbey into the hands of the king, which had been contemplated more than two years before, took place on January the 29th, 1540, Richard Moone, the prior, and fourteen canons being then resident; and on April the 3d, 1542, his majesty granted to the earl of Cumberland, as a reward of his loyalty, not only the dissolved house of Bolton, with its immediate site and grounds, but all the estates belonging to its endowment in Skipton and elsewhere, equalling altogether in value the whole of the Cliffords' fee.

As it is probable that Bolton Abbey, like almost every other religious house, fell into decay very speedily on its dissolution, it being customary to unroof immediately, and otherwise destroy, the habitable parts of such foundations; and as there is

reason to suppose, when after a desertion of more than two years, it became the property of the first earl of Cumberland, that it even then exhibited much of the picturesque effect of a ruin, it will in this place, without doubt, be gratifying to learn what are the peculiar beauties of its situation, and what is the state of its remains; a desideratum which cannot better be supplied than in the rich and glowing language of Dr. Whitaker.

"Bolton Priory," says this eloquent topographer, "stands upon a beautiful curvature of the Wharf, on a level sufficiently elevated to protect it from inundations, and low enough for every purpose of picturesque effect. In the latter respect, it has no equal among the northern houses, perhaps not in the kingdom.

"Opposite to the east window of the Priory Church, the river washes the foot of a rock nearly perpendicular, and of the richest purple, where several of the mineral beds, which break out, instead of maintaining their usual inclination to the horizon, are twisted, by some inconceivable process, into undulating and spiral lines. To the south, all is soft and delicious; the eye reposes upon a few rich pastures, a moderate reach of the river, suf-

ficiently tranquil to form a mirror to the sun, and the bounding fells beyond, neither too near nor too lofty to exclude, even in winter, any considerable portion of his rays.

"But, after all, the glories of Bolton are on the north. For there, whatever the most fastidious taste could require to constitute a perfect landscape is not only found, but in its proper place. In front, and immediately under the eye, lies a smooth expanse of park-like enclosure, spotted with native elm, ash, &c. of the finest growth; on the right an oak wood, with jutting points of grey rock; on the left, a rising copse. Still forward, are seen the aged groves of Bolton Park, the growth of centuries; and farther yet, the barren and rocky distances of Simon-seat and Barden Fell, contrasted with the warmth, fertility, and luxuriant foliage of the valley below.

"About half a mile above Bolton the valley closes, and either side of the Wharf is overhung by solemn woods, from which huge perpendicular masses of grey rock jut out at intervals.

"This sequestered scene was almost inaccessible till of late, that ridings have been cut on both sides

of the river, and the most interesting points laid open by judicious thinnings in the woods. Here a tributary stream rushes from a waterfall, and bursts through a woody glen to mingle its waters with the Wharf: there the Wharf itself is nearly lost in a deep cleft in the rock, and next becomes a horned flood, enclosing a woody island—sometimes it reposes for a moment, and then resumes its native character, lively, regular, and impetuous.

"The cleft mentioned above is the tremendous STRID. This chasm, being incapable of receiving the winter floods, has formed, on either side, a broad strand of naked grit-stone full of rock-basons, or 'pots of the Linn,' which bear witness to the restless impetuosity of so many northern torrents. But, if here the Wharf is lost to the eye, it amply repays another sense by its deep and solemn roar, like 'the voice of the angry spirit of the waters,' heard far above and beneath, amidst the silence of the surrounding woods.

"The terminating object of the landscape is the remains of Barden Tower, interesting from their form and situation, and still more so from the recollections which they excite.

"On the whole, this is one of the few and privileged spots, where, within the compass of a walk, and almost of a single glance, the admiring visitant may exclaim, with a true painter and poet:

> ——— Some Lancastrian baron bold,
> To awe his vassals, or to stem his foes,
> *Yon* massy bulwark built; on *yonder* pile,
> In ruin beauteous, I distinctly mark
> The ruthless traces of stern Henry's hand.
>
> MASON.

"Of Bolton Priory, the whole cloister quadrangle has been destroyed. In the centre of it is remembered the stump of a vast yew-tree, such as were usually planted in that situation; not merely for shade and ornament, but probably with a religious allusion.—

"The shell of the church is nearly entire. The nave, having been reserved at the dissolution for the use of the Saxon cure *, is still a parochial chapel †.

* Embsay Kirk, where the priory itself was originally planted.

† "Here are a silver chalice and cover, which appear to have been given by the first grantee immediately after the priory fell into his hands, as the former has, beneath an earl's coronet, the arms and quarterings of the family down only to his mother, a St. John."

"The cemetery at Bolton is on the north side of the church; and, as it has one tomb at least prior to the dissolution, I am confirmed in my opinion, that, during the existence of the priory, the parishioners of the Saxon cure had the right of burial at the Priory Church, as they certainly made their oblations at the altar.

"The architecture of the church is of two distinct styles. The translation took place in 1154, and, from many decisive marks in the stone-work, as well as the necessity of the case, the canons must have begun with the choir, which they finished at one effort, and, most probably, before their removal from Embsay. This is proved by the Saxon capitals, which extend westward to the transept. The fine ramified east window, and the spacious apertures on the north and south sides of the choir, afford no objection to this statement; as the first has evidently been inserted in the place of the three round-headed lights which must originally have occupied the east end, while the latter are enlargements of single lights of the same shape. Marks of insertion are evident in the masonry as well as the buttresses, which last have been plainly added to the perpendicular Norman projections in the original wall.

"The nave exactly resembles the Priory Church of Lanercost in Cumberland, belonging to the same order *, which was finished and consecrated A. D. 1165. In both a south aile is wanting: the columns of each are alternately cylindrical and angular, and the hatched ornament of the capitals and windows is common to both.—What antiquary, and what man of taste, can forbear to regret that the tombs of the Cliffords do not yet remain at Bolton, like those of the Dacres at Lanercost, which are scattered in the most beautiful disorder about the ruined choir, while elder, and other funereal plants, spire up among coronets and garters †?

* St. Augustine.

† "At the east end of the north aile of Bolton Priory Church," relates Whitaker, "is a chantry belonging to Bethmesly Hall, in the parish of Skipton, and a vault, where, according to tradition, the Claphams were interred upright." —They inherited the hall by the female line from the ancient family of the Mauliverers. Thomasine, coheiress of sir Peter Manliverer, temp. Ed. III. married William de la Moore of Otterburne, and Elizabeth, the only daughter and heiress of this match, marrying Thomas Clapham, brought the manor of Bethmesly into that family.

"The oldest son of this match," resumes Whitaker, "was John Clapham, a 'famous esquire' in the wars between the

"The original west front of Bolton, though unhappily darkened, is extremely rich. It is broken into a great variety of surfaces, by small pointed arches, with single shaft columns, and originally gave light to the west end of the church by three tall and graceful lancet windows.

"Over the transept was a tower.—The want of this feature at present is the only defect of Bolton as an object. But instead of this appears a very

houses of York and Lancaster, who is said to have beheaded, with his own hands, the earl of Pembroke, in the church porch of Banbury." Craven, pp. 365, 366.

To this instance of savage ferocity, and to the singular mode of interment of the Clapham family, Wordsworth thus refers in his beautiful poem of the *White Doe of Rylstone:*

Pass, pass who will, yon chantry door,
And, through the chink in the fractured floor
Look down, and see a griesly sight;
A vault where the bodies are buried upright!
There face by face, and hand by hand,
The Claphams and Mauleverers stand;
And, in his place, among son and sire,
Is John de Clapham, that fierce esquire,—
A valiant man, and a name of dread,
In the ruthless wars of the white and red,—
Who dragged earl Pembroke from Banbury church,
And smote off his head on the stones of the porch!

WORKS, vol. iii. p. 20.

singular and misplaced work at the west end—I mean the base of another tower of exquisite workmanship,—begun by the last prior, which partly hides, and partly darkens, the beautiful west front of the church. To compensate, however, for this injury, it is built of the finest masonry, and adorned with shields, statues, and one window of exquisite tracery. Amongst other ornaments on this part of the work is the statue of a pilgrim, with a staff in one hand and a broad flat round hat in the other, facing the south; and on the west, two sitting figures of dogs, resembling stout greyhounds, by which it may be doubted whether prior Moone did not mean to commemorate his uncanonical office of master forester to his patron.

"The design of this front shows great taste and originality of invention. The tabernacles, in particular, instead of terminating according to the style of the age, in an oblong pointed arch, expand above the springers into diminutive castles of two towers each, with battlements and embrasures, carved with all the delicacy of statuary in mezzo relievo.—

"The roof of the nave appears to have been relaid by prior Moone, about the time when he began the new tower. It is of flat oak-work, covered with

lead; and has been painted, like most of the roofs in Craven about that time, with broad lines of minium. The springers of the beams are adorned with rude figures of angels. On the south side is a triforium running the whole length of the nave.

"Bolton was the burial-place of such of the Cliffords as died in Yorkshire. It is difficult to say what became of their remains at the dissolution. The earl of Cumberland would certainly be able to protect them from exposure and insult. Yet the vault at Bolton was empty when explored about thirty years ago; and they were certainly not removed into that at Skipton. On the whole, I am inclined to believe that the vault was left closed at the dissolution; but that in the progress of subsequent decay, part of the arch may have fallen in, which would leave the lead a prey to sacrilegious hands, in consequence of which the bodies so exposed would gradually disappear.

"The entire outline of the close at Bolton cannot now be traced; but it certainly extended from the great gateway north and south, and touched upon the Wharf behind the churchyard at one point, and near Prior's Pool at another. Part of the wall, however, by the way-side, yet remains strong and

well-constructed of ashler. Within this inclosure, as usual, were all the apartments and offices of the house.

" The cloister-court, containing the chapter-house, refectory, kitchen, dormitory, &c. with the exception of a few fragments, is destroyed. The chapter-house was an octagon, and perhaps the only specimen of a chapter-house of that form which was not placed northward from the choir. All these apartments appear to have been coeval with the translation of the house, and to have been vaulted and groined with excellent masonry, of which some of the grotesque carved key-stones remain. To the south-east, but connected with these, stood the prior's lodgings, of which the outline is distinctly traceable by the foundations. On the site of the kitchens stands the schoolmaster's house, a foundation of the incomparable Robert Boyle. The present school was one of the offices of the priory, as old as the foundation.

" At a small distance from this stands a most picturesque timber-building, in which tradition reports that the last prior ended his days. In the parlour has been a long oblique perforation through the wall, turned towards the kitchens, through

which the inhabitants, whoever they were, might receive their commons.

" All the modern additions in the inside of this building having lately been removed, an entire hall appeared in the centre open to the roof, and in the middle was the base of an ancient reredoss, resembling a millstone much smoked and burnt. Here the fire had evidently been kindled, and the smoke had found its way out at some aperture in the roof. Some chimneys had been added to the building at some later period. On the whole, from the situation of this building near the gateway, and still nearer to the kitchens of the house, I am inclined to believe that it was the Aula Hospitum !

" Near this, and unconnected with any building, was the priory oven; of such extent that the tenant of the demesne, missing sixty sheep, after some research found them sheltered under that ample arch. It was, in fact, an hemisphere eighteen feet in diameter.

" In the general wreck of the offices at Bolton, the gateway alone escaped. Probably the earl of Cumberland thought it might be of use as a temporary retreat for himself, or a residence for his bailiffs. Here, too, the records of the priory were

kept; and in the same repository many of the evidences of the Cliffords have been discovered. It is a strong square castellated building, of late gothic architecture, of which the outer and inner arch having been walled up, a handsome groined and vaulted apartment has been obtained within *."

The earl of Cumberland survived this large acquisition of property but a very short time, being prematurely cut off at the age of forty-nine, on April 22d, 1542, only nineteen days after the grant of the estates and priory of Bolton. In his will occur two particulars which, as well from their juxta-position as from their own import, are worthy of notice, exhibiting not only a provident regard for his own spiritual welfare, but a laudable anxiety for the corporeal comfort and safety of those whom he had left behind. "I will that c markes be bestowed on the highways in Craven, and c m'kes w^th^in Westmoreland. Item I will that ev'ry curate w^th^in Westmoreland and the deanery of Craven, and elsewhere wher I have any land in England, doe cause a masse of requiem and dirige to be songe or saide for my soul w^th^in every y^r^ p'ish church,

* Whitaker's Craven, pp. 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 423.

and they to have for doing therof vi*s.* viii*d.* or soe much therof as my ex'ors shall think fitt, the remaynder to be given to the poore *."

His lordship, in consequence of the dissolution of Bolton Priory, and the almost immediate desecration of its choir, was not carried to the ancient vault of the Cliffords in that edifice, but buried in a vault beneath the altar of the church at Skipton, the future place of interment for the greater part of his family. Into this vault, after having been closed for many years, Dr. Whitaker was permitted to enter in March 1803. He found the lead coffin of this first earl much corroded, and exhibiting the skeleton of a short and very stout man, with a long head of flaxen hair gathered in a knot behind the skull. The coffin had been closely fitted to the body, and proved him to have been very corpulent as well as muscular. Next lay the remains of Margaret Percy, his second countess, whose coffin was still entire, and who appeared to have been a slender and diminutive woman †.

To this nobleman, so singularly fortunate in the acquisition of titles and estates, succeeded his eldest

* Whitaker's Craven, p. 262.

† Ibid, p. 555.

son *, HENRY LORD CLIFFORD, SECOND EARL OF CUMBERLAND, AND TWELFTH LORD OF THE HONOUR OF SKIPTON, of whom it may be said, that he inherited the disposition and the virtues of his grandfather, the shepherd lord; happier, however, than his ancestor in having fallen upon more peaceable and settled times.

Owing to the influence of the father with Henry VIII., honours flowed upon the head of the son at

* The younger sir Ingelram Clifford lies buried in the church of Cowthorp, in Yorkshire, with the following very quaint inscription on his tomb:

Since growsome grave of force must have
Sir Ingram Clifford, knight;
And age by kind were out of mind
Each worthy living wight;
And since man must return to dust
By course of his creation,
As doctors sage in every age,
To us have made relation:

You Gentiles all, no more let fall
Your tears from blubbered eye,
But praye the Lord, with one accord,
That rules above the skye:
For Christ hath wrought, and dearly bought,
The price of his redemption;
And therefore we, no doubt, shall see
His joyful resurrection.

a very early age; for when but sixteen he was made a knight of the bath, and at twenty, as we have already seen, he married lady Eleanor Brandon, the king's niece, a marriage which, I have now to add, was graced by Henry himself in person.

There is much reason to suspect, however, that in a domestic point of view, this high-born connexion was not altogether suited to the ideas and inclinations of the earl, though in the very flush and prime of youth. We know, at least, that it involved him so deeply in the dissipation and expenses of a court life, that he was compelled to alienate one of the oldest of his family estates; and that when in his thirty-first year he was deprived of lady Eleanor by death, even then, in the vigour of his days, he withdrew to a life of almost unbroken retirement and study, and one too in which, pursuing a system of laudable economy, he retrieved not only what he had previously squandered, but added much to the landed property of the family, purchasing of the Greshams, about the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth, the large estates of Fountain's Abbey in Litton and Longstrothdale, by which, in addition to the superiorities and forest rights he already held in the district, he became

possessed, with the exception of a few trifling freeholds, of the whole of the extensive parish of Arncliffe in Craven, a tract of not less than fifty square miles in extent *.

Yet prudential as were the latter habits of this second earl, and secluded as to the world of gaiety and fashion, he was, nevertheless, singularly hospitable, charitable, and kind in his own immediate neighbourhood, and consequently highly valued by, and endeared to, his dependants and friends; of which a most striking instance occurred during the period which elapsed between the death of his first wife and his marriage with a second, an interval of about five years.

He had been long suffering from a disease which, without materially injuring the structure of any vital organ, had yet reduced him to such an extreme degree of weakness, that, whilst lying in a state of more than usually protracted syncope, his physicians had pronounced him dead. He was accordingly stripped and laid out, and was about to be covered with a herse-cloth of black velvet, when

* Vide Hist. of Craven, p. 505.

fortunately his attendants, who had loved him whilst living and now deeply lamented his supposed death, thought they perceived in him some faint symptoms of returning animation. He was instantly carried back to his bed, and by the assiduous application of warm cloths externally, and a cautious administration of cordials, he gradually recovered. It was still necessary, however, to pay him the utmost attention, and for more than a month he was supported by milk sucked from a woman's breasts, and by which alone he was restored to perfect health and strength.

"To compare great things with small," observes Dr. Whittaker in a note, "there is something in this scene which reminds me of the apparent death and sudden revival of Tiberius, as related by Tacitus, 'xvii. cal. Apr. interclusâ animâ creditus est mortalitatem explevisse. Et multo gratantum concursu ad capienda imperii primordia C. Cæsar egrediebatur: cum repentead fertur redire Tiberio. vocem ac visus, vocarique qui recreandæ defectioni cibum adferrent.—Anal. vi. sub fin.' But there was a striking difference between the situation of a virtuous and beloved nobleman in the arms of faith-

ful attendants, and a detested tyrant, surrounded by assassins. Accordingly the one was restored and the other suffocated *."

In his second matrimonial connexion, which took place in 1552, this nobleman was peculiarly fortunate, having in the person of Anne, daughter of William Lord Dacre, fixed upon a lady whose retired and domestic habits were perfectly congenial with his own. She had in fact never visited, nor perhaps wished to visit, London in her life, nor was her lord, during the eighteen years they lived together, himself more than thrice at court; twice on the accession of the queens, Mary and Elizabeth, and once on the marriage of his daughter by his first wife to the earl of Derby.

It appears, indeed, from the representation of the countess of Pembroke, that he was, like his grandfather, especially during the latter part of his life, deeply absorbed in the study and practice of chemistry, and that he was fond also of applying this knowledge to the extraction and composition of medicines. She adds that "he had an excellent library both of written hand books and printed books, to which he was exceedingly addicted †."

* Whitaker's Craven, p. 264.

† Censura Literaria, vol. vi. p. 406. from Harl. MSS. 6177.

The earl, however, was destined to witness, in the closing year of his life, the tumults of rebellion, though fortunately but of transient duration; for in the great northern insurrection headed by the potent earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and which broke out in the 12th year of Elizabeth, 1569, he was called upon to assist lord Scroop in fortifying Carlisle against the insurgents.

It was from his share in this insurrection that Richard Norton, esq. of Rilston in Craven *, a vassal of the lords of Skipton, but who had long set their authority at defiance, suffered, together with his eight sons, the extreme penalty of the law for treason; an event which is thus recorded in an old ballad preserved in Percy's Reliques, and entitled "The Rising in the North."

Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sonnes,
They doom'd to dye, alas! for ruth!
Thy reverend lockes thee could not save,
Nor them their faire and blooming youthe.

The Nortons had for more than forty years con-

* It appears from the Townley MS. G. 16, that seventy-five ringleaders in this rebellion were indicted, and amongst them six of the Nortons are enumerated—Hist. of Craven, p. 447.

tested the right of the Cliffords, though their superior lords, to hunt within the township of Rilston, under the plea that it was not included within the forest of Skipton; and being lords of Rilston and their lands, consisting of more than one thousand acres, and situated in the very centre of the barony of Skipton, they had it in their power greatly to annoy the first and second earl of Cumberland, by disputing their boundaries, and impounding their deer. The Nortons also were rigid catholics, whilst the Cliffords were friendly to the Reformation, and to the government as then established; a difference which tended strongly to widen the breach between them.

To such a length, indeed, had the animosity of Richard Norton arisen, that he built on his lordship of Rilston near Crookrise, on a point of ground commanding a most extensive prospect, and overlooking an immense pound for deer in the glen beneath, a strong square watch-tower, three stories high, with walls four feet thick, and protected by two deep ravines, the ruins of which, exhibiting breaches on every side which had been forcibly made by the opposite party, still remain to attest

the vexatious warfare which formerly subsisted between the two families.

A few years after the ruin of the Nortons, and the attainder of their property, which ultimately fell into the hands of the Cliffords, a circumstance is said to have occurred which throws an air of wild and tender romance over the fate of the lords of Rilston.

At this time a white doe, say the aged people of the neighbourhood, long continued to make a weekly pilgrimage from Rilston over the fells to Bolton, and was constantly found in the Abbey church-yard during divine service; after the close of which she returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation.

"This incident," observes Dr. Whitaker, "awakens the fancy. Shall we say that the soul of one of the Nortons had taken up its abode in that animal, and was condemned to do penance for his transgressions against 'the lord's dere' among their ashes? But for such a spirit the wild stag would have been a fitter vehicle. Was it not then some fair and injured female, whose name and history are forgotten? Had the milk-white doe performed

her mysterious pilgrimage from Etterick forest to the precincts of Dryburgh or Melrose, the elegant and ingenious editor of the Border Minstrelsy would have wrought it into a beautiful story *."

It is scarcely necessary to add, that this has been since done, and beautifully done, with all that pathos, simplicity, and enthusiastic fervour of description, for which his poetry has been so justly distinguished, by *William Wordsworth*, in his legend entitled *The White Doe of Rylstone.*

Henry, second earl of Cumberland, did not long survive the fall of the Nortons. He had been ill, there is reason to suppose, nearly a twelvemonth previous to his death; for the preamble to his last will, dated May 8th, 1569, runs thus: "Henry earl of Cumberland, then not healthful of bodye, gives his soul to Almighty God and our ladie St. Marie and all the heavenlie companye, and his body to be buried on the north side of the church of Skipton, in one place ther prepared for the same;" and on the 8th of the following January he expired at Brougham castle.

On the opening of the vault of the Cliffords at

* Whitaker's Craven, pp. 449, 450.

Skipton in 1803, it was found that the bodies had been deposited in chronological order, the third in the series being "the lady Ellenor's grace, whose coffin was much decayed, and exhibited the skeleton (as might be expected in a daughter of Charles Brandon and the sister of Henry the Eighth) of a tall and large limbed female. At her right hand was Henry, the second earl, a very tall and slender man, whose thin envelope of lead really resembled a winding-sheet, and folded, like coarse drapery, over the limbs. The head was beaten to the left side; something of the shape of the face might be distinguished, and a long prominent nose was very conspicuous *."

Anne, the amiable second wife of the earl, survived him more than ten years, dying at Skipton Castle in 1581.

Whitaker's Craven, pp. 355, 356.

[*To be continued.*]

No. XVI.

A life of action and adventure!
"Now" to the wars to try his fortune there,
"Now" to discover islands far away,
"And now" to tilts and tournaments!

SHAKSPEARE.

By his wife Anne, daughter of lord Dacre, Henry, second earl of Cumberland, had three children; two sons, George and Francis, and one daughter, Jane; and of these GEORGE LORD CLIFFORD, who was born at Brougham Castle in Westmoreland, on the 8th of August, 1558, succeeded his father as THIRD EARL OF CUMBERLAND, AND THIRTEENTH LORD OF THE HONOUR OF SKIPTON, at the early age of eleven years and five months.

Having been betrothed by his father, when but seven years old, to a daughter of the earl of Bedford, this nobleman, anxious that the connexion should take place, petitioned and obtained from queen Elizabeth, only five days previous to the death of the earl of Cumberland, the wardship of his promised son-in-law.

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The young earl was educated at Peterhouse, Cambridge, under the tutorage of the famous John Whitgift, afterwards primate of England, and soon exhibited a more than common attachment to the study of the mathematics. To his proficiency, indeed, in this pursuit, we may attribute that fondness for navigation and nautical science and adventure on which his subsequent celebrity was built.

On the 24th of June, 1577, he married the lady to whom he had been affianced in his childhood, the lady Margaret Russel, third daughter and youngest child of Francis second earl of Bedford; a connexion which, having been projected from motives of mere family convenience, and afterwards carried into effect without in any degree consulting the inclinations of the parties immediately concerned, was, like most bargains of this kind, productive of little else than mutual indifference and disappointment.

It was probably owing to this want of domestic comfort, combined with his taste for maritime enterprise, that induced him to commence that series of voyages which has given immortality to his name. It was a taste also, which if not absolutely, with

regard to himself, generated, was, at least, fostered and inflamed by the spirit of the times; for the Spaniards were at this period fitting out that Armada which they fondly flattered themselves was destined for the conquest of England, and it became of course the policy of Elizabeth and her ministers to encourage every effort which might diminish the resources and impede the preparations of the enemy.

There was, unfortunately, in the estimation of the earl of Cumberland, another powerful motive for these daring expeditions; for being in the habit of seeking all his gratifications from home, and in the eye of the public, he was almost necessarily led into habits of profusion and extravagance, and, as a usual result, into great pecuniary embarrassments, from which he trusted to be liberated by the predatory warfare he was about to commence against Spain.

Thus instigated, at the age of twenty-eight, and in the year 1586, he equipped at his own expense a small fleet of three ships and a pinnace, with orders to cruise against and plunder the Spanish settlements in the South Sea. That he did not himself take the command of this first expedition may be attributed to the seductions of the court

of Elizabeth; for being a man of great personal accomplishments, and without a rival in all the chivalric exercises of the joust and tournament, he had attracted the notice and the admiration of the queen; a triumph which was not hastily to be relinquished, and which in the eye of a young man devoted to the romantic gallantry of the age appeared to be the summit of glory.

He was, however, soon called to another and more serious field of action; for in 1588 he was one of the first among the brave who flew to oppose the Spanish Armada, then advancing to invade England. He commanded on that memorable occasion the *Elizabeth Bonaventure*, and, it is said, greatly distinguished himself, especially in the last engagement with the Spaniards near Calais.

Having been disappointed in the issue of the first voyage which he had projected, and which had failed in reaching according, to his directions, the South Sea, he determined on conducting a second himself; and the queen, grateful for his services, furnished him with a ship from the royal navy. He set sail in October, 1588, but this voyage proved much more disastrous than the former; for he was in a very early stage of it disabled and driven back

by a violent storm, and prevented reaching the Spanish coasts. Yet not discouraged, he undertook a third expedition the year following, still patronised by her majesty, who gave him the Victory for his flag-ship, in addition to three vessels of his own. In this attempt he succeeded not only in enriching himself and his crews by many captures, but in greatly interrupting the intercourse of Spain with her colonies, and in taking the strong town of Fiall in the Azores. He had, however, after having been severely wounded in one of his actions with the Spaniards, very nearly suffered death from thirst in sight of his native coast, which, owing to violent storms and contrary winds, he vainly endeavoured to reach. Of the great extremity to which he was reduced on this occasion by the want of fresh water, a melancholy and very interesting picture has been drawn by one of the sufferers, Edward Wright, and who had accompanied the expedition as a mathematician, of very superior skill.

"Soon after," he relates, "the wind came about to the eastward, so that we could not fetch any part of England. And hereupon also our allowance of drink, which was scant enough before, was yet more scanted, because of the scarcity thereof in

the ship. So that now a man was allowed but half a pint at a meal, and that many times cold water, and scarce sweet. Notwithstanding, this was an happy estate in comparison of that which followed: for from half a pint we came to a quarter, and that lasted not long neither; so that by reason of this great scarcity of drink, and contrariety of wind, we thought to put into Ireland, there to relieve our wants. But when we came near thither, we were driven so far to lee-ward, that we could fetch no part of Ireland. In the meantime we were allowed every man three or four spoons full of vinegar to drink at a meal: for other drink we had none, saving only at two or three meals, when we had instead hereof as much wine, which was wringed out of wine-lees that remained. With this hard fare (for by reason of our great want of drink we durst eat but very little), we continued for the space of a fortnight or thereabouts: saving that now and then we feasted for it in the meantime; and that was when there fell any hail or rain: the hail-stones we gathered up and did eat them more pleasantly than if they had been the sweetest comfits in the world. The rain drops were so carefully saved, that so near as we could, not one was lost in

all our ship. Some hanged up sheets tied with cords by the four corners, and a weight in the midst, that the water might run down thither, and so be received into some vessel set or hanged underneath: some that wanted sheets hanged up napkins and clouts, and watched them till they were thorough wet, then wringing and sucking out the water. And that water which fell down and washed away the filth and soiling of the ship, trod under foot, as bad as running down the kennel many times when it raineth, was not lost, but watched and attended carefully, yea sometimes with strife and contention, at every scupper-hole, and other place where it ran down, with dishes, pots, cans, and jars, whereof some drank hearty draughts even as it was, mud and all, without tarrying to cleanse or settle it: others cleansed it first, but not often, for it was so thick, and went so slowly through, that they might ill endure to tarry so long, and were loath to lose too much of such precious stuff: some licked with their tongues, like dogs, the boards under feet, the sides, rails, and masts of the ship: others that were more ingenious fastened girdles or ropes about the masts, daubing tallow betwixt them and the mast, that the rain might not run down between; in such sort, that these ropes or girdles hanging lower on the

one side than on the other, a spout of leather was fastened to the lowest part of them, that all the rain-drops that came running down the mast might meet together at that place, and there be received. —Some also put bullets of lead into their mouths to slake their thirst. Now in every corner of the ship were heard the lamentable cries of sick and wounded men sounding woefully in our ears, crying out and pitifully complaining for want of drink, being ready to die, yea many dying for lack thereof, so as by reason of this great extremity we lost many more men than we had done all the voyage before*."

At length, however, they reached Bantry Bay on the 2d of December, 1589, and Falmouth, after a tedious passage of nine days from Ireland, on the 29th of the same month.

The queen received our enterprising navigator with peculiar distinction and encouragement; and at an audience which she gave him very shortly afterwards, and whilst he was close to her person, she, intentionally no doubt, dropped her glove, which on the earl presenting to her, he was most graciously desired to retain as an especial proof of

* Hackluyt, vol ii. part 2, pp. 163, 164.

her favour. This was a mark of distinction which called forth all the romantic enthusiasm of his lordship, and, encircling the glove with diamonds, he ever after, on days of tilt and tournament, wore it in the front of his high-crowned hat; and in one of his pictures, and in the beautiful engraving from it by Robert White, this proud trophy makes a conspicuous figure.

So acknowledged, indeed, was his superiority in the listed fields of combat, that when, in 1590, on the anniversary of her majesty's accession, the gallant old knight, sir Henry Leigh, formally resigned his office of queen's champion, on account of his advancing years, the earl of Cumberland was immediately appointed his successor; and the investiture took place on the spot, with the following curious ceremonial.

As soon as the tournament was over, sir Henry and the earl, who had been engaged in its performance, advanced to the part of the gallery where the queen, encircled by her nobility and the beauties of her court, had placed herself to view the tilters. Music, soft and slow, stole upon the air as they approached, whilst a voice full of sweetness, but

whose source was unperceived, sung to its notes these pleasing words:

My golden locks time hath to silver turn'd,
(Oh time too swift, and swiftness never ceasing)
My youth 'gainst age, and age at youth hath spurn'd;
But spurn'd in vain, youth waneth by increasing;
Beauty, strength, and youth, flowers fading been,
Duty, faith, and love, are roots and evergreen.

My helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lover's songs shall turn to holy psalms;
A man at arms must now sit on his knees,
And feed on pray'rs that are old age's alms.
And so from court to cottage I depart:
My saint is sure of mine unspotted heart.

And when I sadly sit in homely cell,
I 'll teach my swains this carrol for a song:
"Blest be the hearts that think my sovereign well,
Curs'd be the souls that think to do her wrong."
Goddess, vouchsafe this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now, that was your knight.

Whilst this was going forward, a white pavilion, supported apparently on pillars of porphyry, and resembling the temple of the vestal virgins, was seen to arise out of the earth, exhibiting in its centre an altar of beautiful workmanship, on which were deposited several splendid presents for the queen.

At the portal of this edifice, on a pillar crowned and encircled with an eglantine, hung a votive tablet inscribed *to Elizabeth.* This, together with the gifts, were then offered to her majesty, and sir Henry, having disarmed himself, and placed his armour at the foot of the pillar, knelt before the queen, beseeching her to accept the earl of Cumberland, whom he then presented, as her future knight and champion.

To this prayer a very gracious assent was instantly given, and the interesting veteran having armed his successor, and assisted him to mount his horse, exchanged, though not without a sigh, his corslet for a velvet gown, and his helmet for a buttoned cap.

The gorgeous armour which on this and every subsequent occasion of the kind the earl of Cumberland was accustomed to wear, still remains at Appleby Castle: it is richly decorated with roses, and fleur de lis; and the weight of the helmet is such as to be almost insupportable to modern shoulders,—a pretty decisive proof of the strength and agility of its former possessor.

It was not, however, exclusively to chivalric pageantry and splendour that the earl devoted his

time; for the year following this inauguration, undaunted by difficulty and danger, he resumed his naval expeditions with all his wonted enthusiasm, and undertook a fourth voyage to the coast of Spain with five ships fitted out at his own charge, on his return from which he was created by his royal mistress a knight of the garter.

From this period to the close of the year 1598, when he returned from his last and *eleventh* voyage, did he unremittingly persevere in his attacks upon the Spanish settlements, and this too in spite of repeated disaster and disappointment. *Nine* of these expeditions he conducted in person, and hesitated at no expense in rendering them complete in their equipment; for, in his eighth voyage, conceiving that his force had been previously too weak, he built at Deptford a vessel of his own, of not less than nine hundred tons, the best and largest ship that till then had ever been set afloat by an English subject, and which the queen, whose policy it was to encourage all such private efforts, honoured by her presence at the launching, and named *The Scourge of Malice.*

Whatever might be the benefit accruing to his queen and country from these expeditions, and even

of this the estimate cannot be great, to himself they were productive of nothing but anxiety and distress. They were undertaken, indeed, too much in the spirit of gambling, and they had, unfortunately, a corresponding issue; for though captures, to an immense amount, occasionally rewarded his exertions, the sudden wealth which poured in upon him served but to feed his prodigality, which was so thoughtless and profuse, that though he commenced life with a larger property than any of his ancestors had done, and possessed numerous means of augmenting it, he had, in little more than twenty years, not only dissipated his casual acquisitions, but the greater part of his unentailed patrimony.

It was thus that the great talents of this active and enterprising nobleman, his accomplishments as a courtier, his skill as a navigator, and his intrepidity as a commander, were rendered fruitless to himself for want of the controlling and prudential virtues of temperance and economy.

Discontent and disappointment, therefore, tracked his footsteps even in public life; for Elizabeth, who was an excellent judge of character, though she admired the courtesy, the brilliant bearing, and chivalric prowess of the earl of Cumberland, had

little opinion of him in a civil or legislative capacity; and there is reason to conclude, from a letter and a speech of the earl's, preserved by Dr. Whitaker in his Craven, that she had refused him, what he had earnestly solicited, the government of the Isle of Wight. In the latter of these documents, which is dated November 17, 1600, and appears to have been addressed to the queen at one of her romantic pageants, under the character of a disconsolate and forgotten knight, he tells her majesty, whom he describes, though in her sixty-eighth year, as "the fairest of all ladies, Cinthia's brightness, whose beames wrappes up cloudes as whirlewindes dust;" that "he hath made ladders for others to clymbe, and his own feet nayled to the ground not to stirr;" that "he is lyke to him that built the ancker to save others, and themselves to be drowned;" and, in allusion to his improvident expenditure in fitting out ships, that "he had throwne his land into the sea, and the sea had cast him on the land for a wanderer." He was, however, in the following year employed by her majesty on a military duty of considerable importance to her, being one of the lords who were sent with forces to reduce the earl of Essex to submission.

It may justly be said that the part which George, earl of Cumberland, performed in public, was splendid and imposing; but, if we follow him into the recesses of private life, into the bosom of his family, we shall find a sad reverse of the picture. As a husband, he was indifferent and unfaithful; as a parent, thoughtless and improvident. Lady Margaret, by whom he had two sons who died young, and a daughter (afterwards the celebrated countess of Pembroke), was a woman of exemplary virtue, with more than common mental endowments, and with a most amiable disposition; and had she met with any the slightest return of confidence and affection on the part of her lord, would have rendered his home the seat of as much happiness as is compatible with the lot of humanity.

There is still existing in the castle at Skipton, though in a very decayed state, a large picture of the earl and his family in the form of a screen, divided into three compartments, and exhibiting a curious combination of family history and portrait painting on the same canvas; for of each personage there is a pretty copious biographical sketch drawn up by the countess of Pembroke, assisted, it is said, by sir Matthew Hale.

In the central compartment appears a full length of the earl, in a suit of armour decorated with stars of gold, but the greater part of it concealed by a vest which falls down to his knees. His helmet, ornamented in a similar way, is placed on his left, whilst, on his right, stands the countess in a purple robe and white petticoat, embroidered with gold. She it represented pointing to two beautiful children, her sons Francis and Robert, who both died soon after, at the age of five years and eight months, and whilst their father was at sea, as if in the act of appealing to his domestic feelings in their behalf, and with the view of inducing him to relinquish, for the sake of his poor boys, the distant and dangerous enterprises in which he was so eager to engage. "How must he have been affected," remarks Mr. Pennant, "by his refusal, when he found that he had lost both on his return from two expeditions, if the heart of a hero does not too often divest itself of the tender sensations * !"

That the appeal in this and every other instance was without success, there is but too much reason to believe, from the letters of his injured lady which

* Pennant's Tour in Scotland, Part ii. p. 356.

are yet extant. In these, which are written with great simplicity, and in a very affecting manner, she laments not only the coolness of her lord, with regard to herself, but bitterly complains of his neglecting their only daughter, Anne Clifford.

In fact, the affections of the earl for his lady, originally but too lukewarm, had been completely alienated by the indulgence of his own irregular and criminal passions; and in consequence of an intrigue with a lady of quality at court, he separated himself entirely from the countess, alleging as his reason for so doing, the incompatibility of their tempers. She was recompensed, however, by the peculiarly tender and enduring attachment of her daughter.

The last honour which awaited the earl of Cumberland was shortly after the accession of James the First, who made him one of his counsellors of state. His constitution, though originally vigorous, had suffered much from fatigue, wounds, and disease, during his many voyages; and a return of dysentery, with which he had been afflicted in his last expedition at Porto-Rico, where he lost six hundred men by its attack, put an end to his life, at the duchy-house in the Savoy, London, on the

30th of October, 1605, at the age of but forty-seven.

Happily a reconciliation had been effected between himself and his countess a short time previous to his illness; and we are told by his daughter, who with her mother was present in his last moments, that he conducted himself, during this trying scene, in the most affectionate manner towards his wife, and that he died "penitently, willingly, and christianly *."

His bowels and inward parts were buried in the church of the Savoy, and his body at Skipton, on the 29th of December, where, on the 13th day of the following March, his funeral was publicly solemnized. A magnificent tomb of black marble was shortly afterwards erected to his memory by the filial affection of the countess of Pembroke. It stands on the south side of the communion-table in Skipton church, and exhibits on its sides not less than seventeen shields—an assemblage of noble bearings, observes Dr. Whitaker, such as probably cannot be found on the tomb of any other Englishman †.

* Inscription on the family portrait in Skipton castle.

† These shields are, 1st, Clifford and Russel within the garter, an earl's coronet above. 2dly, Clifford between

The death of this nobleman without male issue involved the family for many years in considerable dissension, for the earldom went to his only brother, FRANCIS CLIFFORD, FOURTH EARL OF CUMBERLAND, whilst the titles of baronage, together with the ancient family estates, descended to the lady Anne, his daughter, in virtue of an entail, "setting forth the gift of the manor of Skipton to Robert de Clifford and the heirs of his body by king Edward II. and deriving the same down to the lady Anne Clifford, as heir entail, the reversion continuing in the crown."

For the discovery and establishment of this claim, lady Anne was indebted to the sagacity and perseverance of her mother, who, as she truly says, "by industry and search of records, brought to

Brandon and Dacre. 3dly, Clifford and Percy within the garter; a coronet above. 4thly, Veteripont and Buly. 5thly, Veteripont and Ferrers. 6thly, Veteripont and Fitz Peirs. 7thly, Clifford and Veteripont. 8thly, Clifford and Clare. 9thly, Quarterly, Clifford and Veteripont. 10thly, Clifford and Beauchamp. 11thly, Clifford and Roos. 12thly, Clifford and Percy within the garter. 13thly, Clifford and Dacre. 14thly, Clifford and Bromflet (de Vesci). 15thly, Clifford and St. John of Bletsho. 16thly, Clifford and Berkeley. 17thly, Clifford and Nevill.

light the then unknown title which her daughter had to the ancient baronies, honours, and lands of the Viponts, Cliffords, and Veseys; so as what good shall accrue to her daughter's posterity by the said inheritance must, next under God, be attributed to her *."

Earl Francis, as might naturally be expected, tried every means to set aside the entail, but in vain; yet he and his son were permitted to enjoy the estates, both in Westmoreland and Craven, until their decease.

This event with regard to earl Francis occurred on the 28th of January, 1640, at Skipton castle, in the very room where more than eighty years before he had first seen the light. He married Grisold, daughter of Thomas Hughes, esq. of Uxbridge, and widow of lord Abergavennie, by whom he had four children; George, who died in his childhood, Henry, who succeeded him, and two daughters, the ladies Margaret and Frances.

His countess died as early as 1613, at Londesborough, where, after her husband's accession to the title, she had altogether resided, "not enduring

* Inscription on family portrait.

to go to Skipton or Brougham, while in litigation with her niece *."

This fourth earl of Cumberland appears to have been of an amiable disposition, and free from any moral stain; he was hospitable and even magnificent in his habits, and uniformly charitable throughout his long life. In March, 1617, he gave a splendid entertainment to his patron and sovereign king James, at Brougham castle; and the airs which were sung and played on that occasion were thought worthy of publication the following year †. He established two exhibitions of £15 each for scholars at the University, and when he attended at Skipton church, which he never failed constantly to do, even in the severest weather and when fourscore years old, he had always a liberal dole distributed to the poor. Yet he was, unhappily for himself, possessed of but little energy of mind, and from the mere love of

* Lady Pembroke's MS.

† With this title: "The Ayres that were sung and played at Brougham Castle, in Westmoreland, in the King's Entertainment: given by the Right Honourable the Earle of Cumberland, and his Right Noble Sonne the Lord Clifford. Composed by Mr. George Mason and Mr. John Earsden. London, printed by Thomas Snodham: cum privilegio, 1618." fol.

ease, was negligent of his own interest, and ruinously improvident as to his domestic economy. He was fortunate, however, in the possession of a son highly intelligent and accomplished, and to his management he had latterly the good sense to submit the direction of his affairs.

Of this nobleman, HENRY, FIFTH AND LAST EARL OF CUMBERLAND, who was born at Londesborough, Feb. 28, 1591, lord Clarendon has spoken in high terms, describing him as a man, if not of a martial temper, yet of great honour and integrity, and who had lived on his estates in the north "with very much acceptation and affection from the gentlemen and common people." He married, about the age of twenty, the daughter of the celebrated Cecil, earl of Salisbury, and soon after commenced his travels on the continent, visiting France, Italy, and Spain, with the language and literature of which latter country he seems to have been particularly conversant *. On his return to England, he was associated with his father in the lieutenancy of the northern counties; a charge

* "Several of the old Family Books of Account," says Whitaker, "have marginal notes by him in Spanish."
Hist. of Craven, p. 286.

which, owing to the indolence and inattention of earl Francis, had been threatened to be placed in other hands.

It was whilst he was yet abroad, that his sister, the lady Margaret Clifford, was united to Mr. Thomas Wentworth, afterwards the great but unfortunate earl of Strafford. In a letter from his father, dated the 5th of October, 1611, the near approach of this connexion, which took place at Londesborough on the 22d of the same month, is thus affectionately mentioned. "Mr. Wentworth is in earnest, and seemeth to be a very affecc'onate suiter to y'r sister: he hath been here altogether for these three weekes past, and remaines here still: your sister is lykewyse therewith well pleased and contented. His father and I are agreed of all the conditions; we shall onely want and wish your companie at the marriage, which is, I thinke, not lyke to be long deferred. God blesse them *."

The accession of lord Henry to the earldom could have been, on many accounts, attended with little that was satisfactory in possession, or exhilarating in prospect. He had lost, in the course of

* Hist. of Craven, p. 284.

the first twelve years after his marriage, three sons, who died in their infancy, being the whole of his male offspring; thus, as Whitaker has remarked, "by cutting off five heirs male in the compass of two generations, Providence would seem to have decreed the extinction of the name of Clifford *." The unhappy father expressed his deep sense of the irreparable loss by the following concise but impressive epitaph in the parish church of Skipton:

Immensi Doloris Monumentum Angustum
Henricus Pater Deflet
Franciscum,
Carolum,
Henricum,
A. D. MDCXXXI.

The state of the country too was such, at the period of his coming to the title, as to render all property and all dignity insecure; for the great rebellion had commenced, and the earl, as lord lieutenant of the West Riding, was necessarily and almost immediately implicated in the contest. It was in this capacity that, attempting to execute the commission of array, in June, 1642, he was resisted by sir Thomas Fairfax. He found it necessary,

* Hist. of Craven, p. 360.

therefore, to garrison his castle of Skipton, which was very shortly afterwards besieged by Lambert, Poyntz, and Rossiter: for the first entry of a soldier slain within it, on this occasion, appears in the parish register of Skipton with the date of December 23d, 1642. The defence was intrusted to, and ably conducted by, sir John Mallory of Studley, near Ripon, one of the oldest and most faithful friends of the family. Lord Henry, however, lived not to see the termination of the siege, which was protracted until December 22, 1645, when it surrendered upon articles; for, being at York in 1643, he was seized with a burning fever, and died at one of the prebend's houses in that city, on the 11th of December of the same year.

From the *memoranda* of lady Clifford, who survived her lord little more than three months, and was interred in York cathedral, Dr. Whitaker has extracted the following very curious items of the expenses attending his lordship's funeral. They are such as mark not only the affectionate care of her ladyship, but that attention to business and pecuniary economy, which was then thought not derogatory from the highest rank.

"1643. Disbursed since the 11th day of Dec.

the yeare aforesaid, on which day it pleased God to take the soule of my most noble lorde out of this miserable, rebellious age, I trust, to his eternall joyes!

"Dec. 12th. Imprimis, To the govr. of Yorke's clarke, for a pass for a trumpeter, and a servant of my lorde to go to Hull, 2*s.* 6*d.*—To George Middleton, on account of several things bought at Hull, towards the funerall of my lorde, the sum of 40*l.*—To the paynter, for making exchuchons, 2*l.* 1*s.*—To the coachmaker, for making the chariott for carrying the corps to Skipton, 4*l.*—Dec. 13th. For one of the vergers for ringing the minster bell, being double fees for a nobleman, 1*l.* 8*s.*—33 yards of black cloth for coachman and footman, 16*l.*—Dec. 15. Mr. Beomant of York, for 3 whole pieces of black, 24*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*—Mr. Squuyre, for fine cloth, 9*l.* and coarse, 5*l.* 3*s.*, 14*l.* 3*s.*—Ditto, bought at Hull, cloath, 27*l.* 14*s.* 4*d.*—Several sorts of ribbon, 4*s.*—For royal paper, for eschuchons, 12*s.*—Mr. Adgar Tayler, 27½ yards of velvet, at 26*s.* per yard, for a black pall for covering the corpse, 35*l.* 15*s.*—J. Plaxton, on account of wine to be bought at Skipton, 15*l.*—Mr. Deane the surgeon, in part, for embalming the bodye, 10*l.*—29 yards

of seargе for my lady Wotton's mourning, 4*l.*—For a mason, for mending and blacking the seeling in my lorde's chamber, 3*s.*—To my lorde Fairfax servants, for a safe conduct to London, 10*s.*—For 4 stone of tow, to putt into the coffin, and between the coffin and the charriot, to keep it from shaking, 10*s.*—To. Mr. Horseman, for escuchons, 5*l.* 17*s.*—To the poor at my lord's gate when the body went from the house, 3*l.*—Dr. Vadguer for coming 6 dayes to his lordship in his sickness, 5*l.*—Disbursed in the journeye between York and Skipton, for all my lord's servants, horse-meat and man's meat, and others, and poore of every parish, w^th^ rewards to ye souldyers by the way, of foot and horse, w^ch^ guarded the corpse, the sum of 28*l.* 2*s.*—To the souldyers and gunners of the garrison, at enterring my lord, 10*l.**"

This interment of lord Henry took place on the 31st of December, amidst the tumult and conflict of contending hosts; for the castle of Skipton was then in full siege by the parliamentary forces.

It may justly be affirmed of this nobleman, that though not remarkable for political knowledge, or military genius, he was nevertheless possessed of

* Hist. of Craven, p. 279.

considerable talents; he was attached to poetry and elegant literature, and, as the countess of Pembroke has recorded, was well skilled in architecture and mathematics. He was also expert in all the athletic exercises, was an excellent horseman, huntsman, &c. and so pleasing and accomplished a courtier, that he was a great favourite both with king James and king Charles.

He left an only daughter, lady Elizabeth, who married Richard viscount Dungarvon, eldest brother of that great and amiable philosopher Robert Boyle, and, subsequently, second earl of Cork. In the correspondence of the Cliffords is preserved a letter addressed to this earl of Cork from his sister, Katharine viscountess Ranelagh, the constant and beloved companion for many years of her illustrious brother Robert, who usually resided in her house, and whose grief for her loss was such that he did not survive her above a week. It is a letter which, from the value of the admonitions which it contains, and the devotional fervour which it breathes, is worthy of all praise, and affords us

* "He turned into rhyme," remarks Whitaker, "Solomon's Song, &c. &c. which were remaining at Londesborough long after his decease." Hist. of Craven, p. 278.

a most delightful view of the head and heart of her who shared the confidence and cheered the days of the first of christian philosophers.

"*For the Earle of Corke.*

"My D. D. Brother,

"I can send you noe intelligence from hence but that which your own sence and experience must keepe you from receiving as news, which is, that quiet is a more pleasing enjoyment for the very present than a hurry, and is much more tending to everlasting rest than a toss in crouds of company can be; and therefore I have now for a while gott the advantage ground of you, for whom I have so real and intyre an affection to be able to looke upon you in the noyse and confusion of London and the court, which are certainly as great hindrances to the converse that our soules are capable of with God, and without which they are uncapable of beinge happye, as such throngs are forbiding to the freedome of discourse where friends doe acquaint one another with those thoughts of their harts which they reserve as secrets from the rest of the

world; and, upon that accoumpt, these things are to be avoyded as the great interrupters of our happyness, of which there is much more to be tasted in this world, in spight of all its emptynes and uncertainties, than can be imagined by those who allow not themselves leasure to entertaine their owne thoughts upon these objects for which a power of thinking was given us by that God, who is seene, and heard, and knowne by us onely by the exercising of our thoughts upon and with him, who wil not leave us alone, if we separate ourselves from other companyes, to wayte upon him without distraction, nor be with us without giveing us cause to say that no company nor noe friendship can be compared to his.

"This is, indeed, to entertaine you at a too uncourtly rate; but I as hartely wish you may be a great lord in the court of heaven as I little care to have you have any imployment in earthly courts; and therefore my stile is suteable to my designe, though not to the fashion, which wil certainly never be fit for a Christian to conforme too; let us countenance an owneing of God in al our conversation, and make it as shameful in visits to talke of vanety

as its now esteemed to speake of religion: and till the fashion be thus reformed, I wish I may keepe out of it.

"Yours, K. R.*"

It will be productive of no little interest and amusement, if, at this period of my detail, when the last *male* heir of the Cliffords closed his days, I venture upon placing before my readers some particulars of the household economy and modes of living of himself and his ancestors. But as the subject would occupy too much space for the present paper, I shall reserve it for a number preceding that which will be devoted to a consideration of the munificent *heiress* of the family, Anne, countess of Pembroke and Montgomery.

* Whitaker's Craven, p. 303.

[*To be continued.*]

No. XVII.

Songs of Uther's glorious son.
WARTON.

OF the poem which forms the subject of this and the two following papers, the fate has been hitherto, in my opinion, peculiarly hard and unmerited, and furnishes, indeed, a remarkable instance of that caprice which occasionally infects the literary world. It is now thirty-seven years since the work to which I allude, the ARTHUR of *Mr. Hole*, issued from the press; and though it then attracted some notice, yet, as no second edition has since been called for, it cannot but be inferred that it has faded nearly, if not altogether, from the memory of the public.

It has not however ceased to interest a few individuals, amongst which I am happy to enrol myself; for, though at the time when I first read it, which was that of its publication, a part of the pleasure which I experienced might be supposed attributable to the susceptibility of youthful imagination, yet, as on re-perusal, at very distant periods,

the same gratification has been felt, and a great portion of the same admiration excited, I feel inclined to think that no inconsiderable share of the neglect which this beautiful poem has so long endured may be placed to the account of casual inattention.

Under this idea, and with the hope of in some degree assisting to recall the lovers of poetry to certainly a very rich and powerful product of imagination, I have been induced to compose these essays. But before I enter upon my more peculiar and grateful task of laudatory criticism, it will doubtless be satisfactory to every reader to learn a few particulars of the life of the amiable author, who died in the vigour of his days, about the commencement of the present century*.

THE REV. RICHARD HOLE was born at Exeter in the year 1746. After a sound classical education in his native city, he was, in 1764, sent to Oxford, and admitted of Exeter college, where, in 1771, he proceeded Bachelor of Laws.

In 1772, the year in which he was ordained, he

* To the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. 73, and to Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, vol. 5, I am indebted for many of the facts recorded in this narrative.

ventured on his first publication, a *Translation of the Fingal of Ossian* into English couplets. Mr. Hole had very early in life shown a strong attachment to poetry, and this version was begun not long after the appearance of Macpherson's Ossian, in 1761, and when an enthusiastic admiration of his original, undamped by any scepticism as to its authenticity and antiquity, was spreading rapidly throughout the kingdom.

The execution of this attempt is highly creditable to the taste and talents of Mr. Hole. The wild and glowing imagery of the Scottish bard is often brought out with considerable strength and animation, whilst the versification is uniformly correct, and, in general, spirited and harmonious, though not, perhaps, the system of metre best calculated for the task which he undertook. Doubts, however, had by this time arisen as to the fidelity and even veracity of Macpherson as an editor, and this little production by no means met with the circulation and regard to which by its merits it was entitled. Yet there was one piece annexed to it, of whose reception he had no reason to complain; for, being shortly afterwards set to music by his friend, Mr. Jackson of Exeter, it immediately arrested the

notice of the world, and was eagerly and justly applauded. It is entitled "An Ode to Imagination;" and very favourably brought forward Mr. Hole's claim to the character of an original poet.

Four years after this publication he entered into a matrimonial union with Miss Wilhelmina Katencamp, the daughter of a merchant at Exeter,—a connexion which, as originating in mutual affection, continued to afford him, to the last moment of his existence, the purest happiness of which our frail and transitory being here is susceptible.

Not many months subsequent to this event he was presented to the vicarage of Buckerell, in the deanery of Plymtree; but there being no habitable parsonage-house connected with it, he was induced to act as curate to Mr. Archdeacon Moore, at Sowton. It was whilst thus engaged that, owing to occasional visits in the vicinity of Southmolton, he became acquainted with Mr. Badcock, the celebrated critic and coadjutor of professor White in the Bampton Lectures. By this gentleman, whose pen had been employed on the subject in the Monthly Review*,

* Vol. 63, p. 481. Old Series.

he was persuaded to undertake a translation of the "Hymn to Ceres," attributed to Homer, and which had, only a few years before, been discovered by Christian Frederic Matthæi, in the library of the Holy Synod at Moscow, and had just made its appearance at Leyden, 1780, under the editorship of his friend, the learned David Ruhnkenius.

The version of Mr. Hole, with a preface almost entirely extracted from Mr. Badcock's critique, and with notes, appeared in 1781, in 8vo. It is executed in a masterly manner, in rhymed heroic verse of high polish, and constructed with great dignity; and, though somewhat paraphrastic, gives the sense of the original, if not with all its peculiar terseness and simplicity, yet with much fidelity and beauty.

The connexion with Mr. Badcock led our young poet into other walks of literature. He assisted his learned friend, for instance, in several of his contributions to the Monthly Review, and especially in the articles relative to the Rowley controversy; and when, in 1782, the London Magazine found it necessary to call in additional support, and Mr. Badcock's aid was solicited, he felt happy in being able to obtain Mr. Hole as one of his coadjutors. It

was in this work that they commenced, in conjunction with Major Drewe, a fellow-collegian of Mr. Hole, a periodical paper under the title of "The Linkboy," which was carried on for some time with considerable spirit. Mr. Hole's chief contributions, however, to the magazine consisted of a series of dialogues between the ideal characters of popular fiction; as, for example, between Belcour and serjeant Kite; Mr. Shandy, senior, and Matthew Bramble; Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and parson Adams; a design happily imagined, and conducted, on the part of its projector, with no little sprightliness and vigour. There was, indeed, in the mental temperament of Mr. Hole, a large share of wit and humour and sportive irony; and amongst the sallies of this kind, which he sprinkled over the pages of the Miscellany, I am tempted to extract one, which he is said to have written on the recovery of a young attorney, who had little or no practice, from a disease which had threatened his life.

On his sick bed as Simple lay,
A novice in the laws,
The hapless youth was heard to say,
How cruel to be snatch'd away,
And die without a cause.

Jove wondering hears; his gracious nod
The youth from death reprieves;
Yet, with submission to the god,
His cause is still extremely odd,
Without a cause he lives.

For several years, indeed, about this period of his life, Mr. Hole seems to have been a frequent contributor to the monthly literature of his country. Beside communicating with the works which I have just mentioned, he undertook the poetical department in a review of considerable popularity, and became also an occasional writer, both in the British and Gentleman's Magazines.

At length, after having long withdrawn his name from the public eye, he affixed it to the work on which his future fame must rest, and which I have selected as the principal subject of these papers, his ARTHUR. It appeared in 1789, in an octavo volume, and with the following title: "ARTHUR, *or the Northern Enchantment. A Poetical Romance, in Seven Books.*" By Richard Hole, L.L.B.

In 1792, on the resignation of Mr. Massey, he was presented, by the bishop of Exeter, to the rectory of Faringdon, in Devonshire, and obtained, at the same time, a dispensation to hold with it his

former vicarage of Buckerell, which he afterwards, however, exchanged for the rectory of Inwardleigh, in the same county, then in the patronage of the Rev. Mr. Moore.

It has been remarked that the lyric powers of Mr. Hole were shown to great advantage in the *Ode to Imagination*, first printed in the volume which contained his "Fingal." This beautiful piece again met the eye in a collection of "Poems, by Gentlemen of Devonshire and Cornwall," published by Mr. Polwhele in 1794, and accompanied by several other communications from the same source, and in the same department of poetry. Of these it would be injustice not to particularize the *Odes to Terror* and *to Melancholy*, and that named *The Tomb of Gunnar*, imitated from the Islandic, as entitled to very distinguished praise, and to a rank, indeed, next, if not equal, to those of Gray and Collins.

In the year 1796 was published an octavo of 580 pages, under the title of "Essays by a Society of Gentlemen at Exeter." To this volume Mr. Hole, who had been one of nine members with whom the society had originated in 1792, contributed several papers of great merit, especially one *On Literary*

Fame, and the Historical Characters of Shakspeare, and two ironical *Apologies for the Characters and Conduct of Iago and Shylock*. So admirably, indeed, was the grave irony of these vindications maintained, that, as a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine has observed, "several attacks have been made on them, on the supposition of their being serious; as Swift's advice to the Irish peasantry, to eat their own children, was, at first, from the grave manner in which it was proposed, mistaken in the same way."

There is much reason to regret that the sequel to this volume of essays which, we were told, was soon to follow, has never made its appearance, since it is well known that Mr. Hole had made many other communications to the society of a very interesting nature. Two of these, however, have since been published in a separate form; and the first, indeed, by the author himself, in a manner very much enlarged from that in which it was originally read to his fellow members. It is entitled "*Remarks on the Arabian Nights Entertainments; in which the Origin of Sinbad's Voyages, and other Oriental Fictions, is particularly considered*," and was printed in 1797, in 12mo. Few works of similar extent have

exhibited a larger fund of curious, elaborate, and entertaining research; for the author has successfully traced the marvels of the East, which we have been accustomed to consider as the mere offspring of a rich but lawless imagination, either to descriptions drawn from nature, and incidents founded on fact, or to classic tales and popular legends; to relations, events, and circumstances, in short, which were not only credited by the Indian and the Arab, but many of which have since been found not inconsistent with the discoveries of modern travellers, and the results of philosophical inquiry.

Of a nature somewhat similar in principle and design would have been the second of these productions, had the author lived to complete his plan; for what we have was merely intended as an introduction to *Remarks on the Voyages of Ulysses, as narrated in the Odyssey.* It was fortunately found, however, after his death, sufficiently complete in itself to admit of publication, and was given to the world in 1807, by a friend of the author, under the title of "*An Essay on the Character of Ulysses, as delineated by Homer.*" The object of this highly-pleasing and ingenious little work is to prove, "that no mental excellence, nor moral virtue, can easily

be discovered, that is not exemplified, so far as Homer's ideas extended, in the character of Ulysses*;" and it must be allowed, I think, that the essayist has, in a very satisfactory manner, established his point.

This amiable man and accomplished scholar died on the 28th of May, 1803, after a painful illness, and in the fifty-eighth year of his age. Among his manuscripts have been found some original plays, and a poem of considerable humour, written in the dialect of his native county, and called "*The Exmoor Courtship*," of which a part has since been printed in the fourth volume of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

I shall now close this slight biography of Mr. Hole with a miniature description of his character from the pen of one of his most intimate friends, being the termination of a tribute to his memory which was read at one of the meetings of the Exeter society.

"I need scarcely add in this place," says the writer, "what Mr. Hole was:—the sincere, the unaffected grief of the whole circle of his family and

* Essay, p. 143.

friends demonstrates, more strikingly than words can paint, his worth, his merits, and his talents. Friendly and affectionate in the more limited circle, he claimed, and obtained, in his turn, the warmest and most sincere attachment. The world in general saw in his character, honour, generosity, learning, and religion, and freely accorded their approbation and regard. His knowledge was solid and well founded; his religion sincere and unaffected; his benevolence warm and unconfined. Without the parade of superior learning, he gained the esteem and confidence of those with whom he conversed; and never in a single instance lost a friend by a fault of his own. Mr. Jackson, who soon followed Mr. Hole to the grave, remarked, that he had known Hole more than thirty years, without having discovered a single fault in his character. No one possessed a more acute and penetrating discernment; no one was better acquainted with Mr. Hole *."

Having thus made my readers in some slight degree acquainted with the life and general character of Mr. Hole, I proceed with pleasure to the

* Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, vol. v. p. 70.

more immediate subject of my undertaking, the consideration of his ARTHUR, as that product of his genius to which, as I have before observed, he must owe his reputation with posterity.

It is well known from a passage in his *Epitaphium Damonis*, that Milton had projected an epic poem on the subject of king Arthur, in which, from his manner of mentioning the design, there is every reason to suppose that he would have adopted the legendary fables of Geoffrey of Monmouth. Mr. Hole, however, whilst he faithfully adheres to our general conception of the character of Arthur, declines pursuing this track; telling us, in his preface, when speaking of the doubts which have been unreasonably entertained as to the very existence of his hero, that "whether the extraordinary narrative of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and the more consistent testimony of graver historians, outweighs or not the silence of Bede and Gildas, is of little consequence to the Arthur who now appears. HE is merely an ideal personage; his achievements groundless and imaginary; not to be examined at the bar of historic truth, but of poetic credibility."

He then proceeds to inform us that his poem is intended as an imitation of the old metrical

romance, with some of its harsher features softened and modified, and that its heroes and its incidents are constructed rather on the plan of Ariosto than of Homer; "not," he says, "because the desultory wildness of the one is preferred to the correct fancy of the other—but because the old Gothic fables exhibit a peculiarity of manners and situation, which, if not from their intrinsic excellence, may, from their being less hackneyed, afford more materials for the writer's imagination, and contribute more to the reader's entertainment."

There can be no doubt that in forming his poem on this basis, our author has shown a very correct judgment; for we may, in truth, go a step further than he has done, and affirm that not only are the Gothic fictions less hackneyed, but they are intrinsically superior, for all the purposes of poetry, to the mythology of Greece and Rome. There is a wildness and gloomy grandeur in the religious faith of ancient Scandinavia which, mixed up as it is with a firm belief in, and bold display of, the rites of magic and enchantment, appals and harrows up the soul in a degree greatly beyond what classical superstition can effect. When we consider, moreover, as we are entitled to do from the best autho-

rities, that chivalry sprang up and was nursed in the very bosom of this tremendous creed; that it gradually blended, or contrasted with its terrific features, what was tender, courteous, and gallant, and at length united to all these the fantastic wonders of the East; we cannot be surprised that from such a combination should have arisen a system of fabling better calculated perhaps than any other which the world has yet seen, to excite the imagination of the poet.

Of the era which our author has fixed upon for his poem, when the Saxons and the Britons were contending for the sovereignty of this island, it may justly be said that he has exhibited a very profound knowledge; and not only has he shown a perfect intimacy with Northern antiquities, both in his text and notes, but he has, at the same time, very ably and correctly discriminated and opposed to each other the Gothic and Celtic costume, manners, and superstitions.

In fact, the very business and action of the poem, and its whole machinery, are founded on the enmity with which the Northern *Parcæ*, or Weird Sisters, are inflamed against Arthur, in consequence of his opposition to the designs of their

favoured hero, Hengist, king of the Saxons; whilst, on the other side, Merlin, the great prophet of the Celts, aids the British prince in defeating the machinations of the demons of Scandinavia.

With such materials, and with the avowed intention of taking the old metrical romance for his model, it might have been expected that the poet of Arthur would adopt, to a certain extent at least, the style as well as the mode of fabling of his prototypes. In this respect, however, he has deviated entirely, and perhaps somewhat injudiciously, from his originals; for whilst he has preserved the body and spirit of their fiction, he has clothed both in a classical garb, in the dress indeed of Homer and of Virgil, and has, consequently, given to his work a very anomalous aspect, being neither entitled, from the desultory nature of its fabric, to be considered as a classical epic, nor from the polish, concatenation, and uniform dignity of its style and versification, a gothic romance.

It is, however, notwithstanding this incongruity, a most valuable and interesting production, both in substance and in form; and it has moreover the merit of being the first attempt, in modern times, to re-open that rich vein of wild narrative and fiction,

which constituted the delight and the wealth of Ariosto and Spenser.

I know few poems, ancient or modern, that can boast a more beautiful *exordium* than that which decorates the first book of Arthur. After invocating praise on the warrior who aspires to immortality by virtuous acts and brave exploits, the bard assures us

> Such Arthur was: the song preserved his fame;
> And oft our fathers kindled at the name:
> When wand'ring minstrels to the feeling heart,
> The strains of nature, undepraved by art,
> Address, and crowded halls were taught to ring
> With the bold acts of Britain's matchless king.
> Those days are past: the vocal strain no more
> Is heard, that charm'd our fathers' hearts of yore.
> Now, sole memorial of their echoing halls,
> Clasp'd by rude ivy, nod the mould'ring walls:
> In cumb'rous heaps are stretch'd the stately towers,
> While noxious weeds usurp the roseate bowers;
> And, long enfolded in death's cold embrace,
> Silent have slept the minstrel's gentle race.
>
> Yet still his name survives; nor deem it vain,
> That one, the meanest of the tuneful train,
> Caught by the lofty theme, with feebler lays
> Presumes t' unfold a tale of other days.
> Such, as of old to Fancy's ear address,
> Perchance had struck the sympathising breast;
> When lovely were our maids, and brave our youth,
> When virtue valour crown'd, and beauty truth.—B. i. p. 3.

The fable then commences by describing Ivar, the son of Melaschlen, chief of the Ebudæ, or Western Isles, as walking towards night by the sea-shore, and who, whilst watching the appearance of a fleet at a distance, is alarmed by the sound of horrible voices from the mountain Conagra.

This circumstance introduces to us the Weird Sisters, who are beheld by Ivar performing their magic rites on the summit. With these personages, however, the *Urda*, *Valldandi*, and *Skulda* of the Northern mythology, and who were supposed to preside over the past, the present, and the future, Mr. Hole has confessedly taken considerable liberties; for he has neither delineated them as in the Edda, where they are drawn as beautiful virgins inhabiting Asgard, the city of the gods, nor painted them as Shakspeare has done in his Macbeth, where, potent ministers though they be of evil, they are, in conformity with the system of witchcraft of his royal master, represented as deformed and mischievous hags. But he has taken a middle path between these two descriptions, and has thereby rendered his personification of the Fatal Sisters more, perhaps, in consonancy with the nature and epic genius of his poem.

This, their first presentation to us, is certainly wrought up with great spirit and poetical power. They are depicted calling upon the demons of revenge to pour forth the thunders of the tempest, to awake, arise, destroy !

Of fearful mien, and more than mortal size,
Three female forms appear'd ; in mystic rite
Engaged, they traced the mountain's dizzy height
In circling course : whilst wide behind them flew
Their sable locks, and robes of russet hue,
As with demeanor wild and outstretch'd arms
They roused th' infernal powers :—their direful charms
At length prevail. Th' increasing shades of night
Close dark around, and veil them from his sight.
Now, by the potency of magic sound,
Th' aspiring mountain to its base profound
Convulsive shook : the birds that used to sweep
In crowded flight around the dizzy steep,
(As grey-robed vapours, driven before the storm,
Float on the winds in many a varied form),
Roused from their secret clefts, with piercing cry,
Through the dun air in countless myriads fly.
From ev'ry point of heaven red meteors glide
In streaming radiance to the mountain's side,
Thick and more thick ; then to its height aspire,
And form a rampart of encircling fire.
But though in splendor rose the mountain's head,
The robe of darkness o'er the sky is spread :
Portentous darkness—" Powers of earth and air !"
Ebuda's youth thus raised the suppliant prayer,

" Ye*, who o'er nature's wide domains preside!
Ye, who through boundless space benignly guide
Heaven's cheering orbs! who through th' ethereal plain
Roll the deep thunder, or its rage restrain!
Whose power can check the lightnings darted ray,
And bid the storm in whispers die away,
Assist the race of man!—behold, unbound,
The *Powers of evil* urge their wasteful round!"—
He ceased; for echoing from the mountain's head,
Again the sounds that struck his soul with dread
More direful rose.—" Seize, seize, the fated hour:
On yonder fleet the storm of vengeance pour!
Descend ye clouds of death! ye fiends arise!
Burst forth ye storms, and mingle seas and skies!"
And now the splendor that enclos'd the steep,
In sparks of fire flew diverse o'er the deep,
Kindling the nitrous clouds: with livid glare
The lightning stream'd along the troubled air;
Tremendous thunder through the vast profound
In peals redoubled roll'd its awful sound:
In darkness sailing through th' affrighted skies
The demons pour'd their death-denouncing cries.
At time, their forms of dread the lurid light
Disclosed, and swell'd the horror of the night.

B. i. p. 9.

In the midst of this conflicting war of the elements, a billow of prodigious size bursting on the

* " The Celtic nations imagined that a number of Genii proceeded from one first great principle, and that each of them presided over his peculiar element."

shore, and casting on the sands a youthful warrior, the storm instantly subsides. Ivar, struck with compassion, approaches the unhappy stranger, and invites him to the hall of his father. He assents in silence, though with deep emotion, and they proceed to the dwelling of Melaschlen, who is represented feasting with his chiefs around him.

The description of this scene is the first of a series of pictures drawn from Celtic manners and superstitions, and which are finely contrasted, throughout the whole poem, with the sterner features of the Gothic creed. The author, in fact, has frequently availed himself, and in many instances with great beauty and effect, of the wild imagery and pathos so characteristic of the harp of Ossian, of whose poems he observes in his preface, that "to bear testimony to their beauties, is a duty which justice demands in return for the pleasure their perusal has afforded him." He appears, indeed, to have formed, at this period, a very just conception of the state in which the text of these celebrated poems has been given to the public. "He would," he says, "not venture to assert that they were absolutely and in every part genuine: yet he thinks he may safely affirm, that feeling and actual observation gave birth

to some" (perhaps he might have said to no inconsiderable portion) "of the sentiments and imagery, which would have eluded the notice, or struck in a different manner the writer's imagination, who lived in a refined period of society."

That the passage just alluded to, especially in its close, is one of those which has been indebted to these singular compositions, whether original or not or only partly so is of little consequence here, must, I think, be admitted by every reader of Ossian.

——— Soon the dome arose to sight,
Crown'd with the silver moon's reflected light.
Melaschlen there the splendid feast prepared,
And there the soul-delighting sound was heard
Of harps, symphonious to the vocal lay
That gave the tale of times long past away;
Of conflicts fierce, of heroes far renown'd,
And lovely maids whose smiles their prowess crown'd,
Or tears their tombs bedew'd, while borne on high
Their spirits roam'd exulting through the sky.
"All hail, ye warriors!" Thus the strain arose,
"Released from mortal toils, from mortal woes,
'Tis yours aloft on billowy clouds to ride,
Point the red lightning, and the thunder guide:
Or placid 'mid the blue expanse to stray,
And sport along the liquid blaze of day!"

B. i. p. 12.

Melaschlen receives his unknown guest with the utmost hospitality; but perceiving that neither the feast nor the bowl is able to allay his sorrows, he implores him to reveal the cause of his distress, promising in return, that from whatever nation he derives his birth, he shall experience all the aid and consolation to which his misfortunes may entitle him.

Thus assured, the unhappy youth informs his host that he is Arthur, heir of the throne of Britain, but, at the same time, an object not of envy but of compassion; for that

> ——————— if he has aught to claim,
> 'Tis grief superior, not superior fame:

that he is, in fact, pursued by the enmity both of men and demons; and he closes his relation by preferring a charge against the justice of Providence. Scarcely, however, had this accusation escaped his lips, when

> ——————— Lo! in sudden gloom
> A rushing cloud involves the spacious room;
> And, quick dispersing, by his side is seen
> A reverend sage, of awe-commanding mien;
> Robes, whose pure whiteness match'd the new-fall'n snow,
> Invest his form, and on the pavement flow:

The purple girdle, that around his waist,
Studded with sparkling gems, the vesture braced,
Shot mingled beams of light: his head was bare;
His brow imprinted with the tracks of care;
A few grey locks his temples crown'd—the wreath
Of honour'd age; his ample chest beneath,
White as the thistle's silv'ry down, that plays
On Zephyr's wing amid the summer rays,
His flowing beard descended: in his hand
Appear'd, with mystic figures graved, a wand
Of wond'rous power.

B. i. p. 15.

It was doubtless the aim of the poet, that Merlin, one of the principal agents in the plot of his fable, should be ushered to us in a manner worthy of his age and superhuman powers; and it will be allowed, I think, that the mode of his introduction, and the portrait given of him in these lines, are finely conceived, and boldly executed. The "few grey locks" of the prophet, "the wreath of honour'd age," form a striking contrast with the picture which had been just previously drawn of Arthur, of whom it is said, that

——————— mingled in his face
The charms of youth, and manhood's riper grace
Vied for pre-eminence.

The object of the sage in this unexpected visit

was to reprove Arthur for mistrusting Heaven, and for neglecting the injunctions which had been given him. He had been forewarned, it seems, by Merlin, never to desert his host, and told, at the same time, and from the same authority, that the powers of hell were in league against him; yet had he, seduced by Urda, in the friendly form of Gawaine, yielded to the illusions of magic, and left his fleet, and but for the interposing arm of Merlin, had perished in the attempt.

Arthur, repentant of his rashness and credulity, is consoled by Merlin, who assures him that his fleet is in safety, and, after inculcating the virtues of fortitude and resignation as the essentials of his future conduct, he recommends him to seek immediately the blessings of repose; and with Arthur's submission to this advice and consequent retirement, the first book terminates.

(To be continued.)

No. XVIII.

Much of old romantic lore
On the high theme he kept in store.

WARTON.

THE sudden appearance of Merlin having, as might naturally be supposed, struck the ruler of Ebuda and his chieftains not only with reverence but astonishment, he prepares to satisfy their curiosity, by informing them who he was, and what had given rise to the interference which they had just witnessed. He states, that, after a residence of many years at the court of Uther, he had been blessed in his latter days with a daughter, whom he had named Inogen; but that a prophecy concerning her, which had escaped from the lips of the priest at the period of her baptism, had, by its ambiguity, involved his mind in a perpetual conflict of hope and fear. It had declared, that, unless she fled from the man whom she most approved, and was by him rejected who loved her best, she should

pine through life in sorrow; but that he who espoused her should from that hour not only reign supreme in Britain, but transcend all others in heroism and renown.

To render her worthy of the high destiny thus singularly unfolded, by adding to the beauties of her form the utmost cultivation of her mental powers, was now, he proceeds to relate, the object of his sole employ; and, with the view of more exclusively dedicating himself to this purpose, he had sought a retirement on the banks of the river Dee in Merionethshire.

The description of this solitude, and its moral uses; the motives which he assigns for at length quitting it, and his regret in so doing; the delight which Inogen experiences from the prospect of mingling with the world, and the estimate of human life with which the whole closes, contribute to form one of the most pleasing passages in the book.

Tired of mankind, and grandeur's irksome weight,
With her I sojourn'd in a lone retreat
By Deva's stream, 'mid vales and mountains rude.
Sweet to the pensive mind is solitude;
Most sweet to study nature's secret laws,
And trace her wonders to the primal cause.

What deep instruction the reflecting mind,
Benignant nature, in thy works can find!
The leaf that quivers in th' autumnal gale,
The flower of spring, that in the lonely vale
Blooms unregarded, equally proclaim,
With yonder orbs that deck th' ethereal frame,
Their great Creator's wisdom.—Thus retired,
To live and die was all my soul desired.
But not to me was Heaven's high will unknown,
That man was made not for himself alone.
Shall I my Imogen, in beauty's bloom,
Thus keep sequester'd in the forest-gloom?
And shall the fairest flower that decks the spring
Lavish its sweets on Zephyr's idle wing,
That fans the desert?—

At length resolved, but with reluctant heart,
From my sequester'd bower I slow depart:
Bid to each scene, by time endear'd, adieu!
And often turn, and take a lingering view.
Not so the maid; her sparkling eyes confest
The secret pleasure that inspired her breast.

How sweet the world's delights at distance ey'd!
How bright to fancy's view each joy untried!
Alas! when nearer placed, and duly weigh'd,
They prove an idle dream—a vacant shade.
Experienced age alone, sad privilege! knows
Our joys are fleeting, permanent our woes.
But, to this mournful truth, the youthful mind
Still, as it wont, let sweet delusion blind!
For all the pleasures cruel fate denies,
Hope can prevent, and fancy realise.

Merlin returns with Inogen to Carlisle*, and is welcomed by Uther in the most friendly manner, who tells him that a double blessing is about to crown the day, for that he is in momentary expectation of embracing his son, who has just regained his native shore, after a long and distant expedition to the East, in which, under the eye of the monarch of Byzantium, he had acquired unrivalled glory against the infidels. Whilst he is yet speaking, the shouts of the populace and the voice of the clarions announce the approach of the youthful warrior, who is thus briefly but forcibly described:

His martial mien with pleasure strikes our view,
The sculptured helm, the plume of snowy hue:
The splendid mail, the purple-tinctured vest,
And star-deck'd baldrick flaming on his breast.
As nearer he advanced, we mark'd his face
Crown'd with each charm, and soft attractive grace.

* "Carlisle is said to have taken its name from a king Leil, an imaginary descendant of Brutus, who reigned A. M. 3021. He is supposed to have built it, and to have been buried there. Arthur is frequently represented, by our old minstrels, as holding his court in that city; and in the neighbourhood of it many romantic adventures are related as performed by himself and his knights."—HOLE, *note*.

Smiles clothed his roseate cheeks; but in his eyes
Dwelt valour's flame; not like the beams that rise
To gild the storm, but lovely as the ray
Whose purple tints proclaim the dawning day.

B. ii. p. 34.

Arthur resigns himself to the counsel and instruction of the sage Merlin, who, however, gratified by the deference which is paid him, soon perceives that a portion of it is to be attributed to another and very different cause—to a mutual attachment, in short, which had taken place between the prince and his daughter.

It is soon after this discovery that Uthur holds a tournament in commemoration of the day of his son's return, inviting the brave of every nation to honour it with their presence. He and Arthur sit as judges of the field, whilst the beautiful Inogen is destined to bestow the conqueror's prize. For some days the British knights meet with no equal opponents; but, at length, Valdemar and Hengist, the kings of Dacia and of Saxony, and the first amongst the warriors of the North, enter the lists; and the latter, bearing down all before him, is proclaimed by the marshals to have won the meed of victory. He accordingly receives from the hands of Inogen the reward due to his valour; but pre-

suming at the same moment to avow his love for her, and to claim a return, on the pretext of being unrivalled in the field, Arthur, unable to repress his indignation, rushes forward to repel the boast, and a deadly combat between the two chiefs and their followers would immediately have ensued, had not the intervention of the knights and marshals repressed their fury; when Uther, rising from his seat, and exclaiming against the breach of hospitality, in assaulting the invited guest, banishes Arthur from his court. In fact, astonished at the unequalled prowess of the Saxon king, and trembling for his son, he was happy to avail himself of this plea, in order, as his affectionate fears suggested, to save the life of the latter. In the meanwhile he offers to Hengist, whilst the festival lasts, the liberty of preferring his suit, declaring, at the same time, that should the maid contemn his love, no force shall be put upon her inclinations.

Inogen, as may be concluded, is unable to conceal her aversion for the Saxon; and Hengist, in the spirit of his haughty character, not only avenges himself on Uther and the Britons, by behaving towards them with insolence, but, by daily increasing around him the circle of his friends and followers,

seems to menace a more serious aggression. Uther, alarmed, secretly issues his orders to recall his son and absent knights, determined that if a mild intimation failed to induce Hengist to leave Carlisle, force should compel him to retire.

It was in this state of affairs that one evening, whilst Merlin sate in his bower, pensive and absorbed in thought, Cador, a kinsman and bosom friend of Arthur, suddenly enters and informs him, that from motives of affection, and in the hope of lightening the anguish of the prince, he had followed his steps shortly after he had quitted his father's court, and had found him, after long search, on the shores of the Humber, where, with ten of his bravest knights, he saw him embark for the desert isle of Ligon, at which place Hengist, to whom he had sent a defiance, had promised to meet him with a similar force, in order to decide their pretensions to Inogen by combat. He adds, that Arthur refusing to allow his accompanying their expedition, he had returned, at his express desire, with a message of filial piety to his father, and with assurances of fidelity and protection to Inogen; but that on his way he had learnt, to his inexpressible grief, that Britain was already invaded in various

parts by the Danes and Saxons; that Hengist, regardless of his honour, had forfeited his engagement to meet Arthur; that he was, in fact, preparing to besiege Carlisle; and, to aggravate these misfortunes, that Uther, worn out with age and sorrow, was actually dying.

Under these circumstances, he and Lancelot, who had been left by Arthur to aid and support the venerable monarch, urge Merlin instantly to seek safety for himself and daughter in flight, leaving them to defend the walls of the city. With this advice, conscious that age and beauty can be of no avail in such an emergency, he willingly complies, and he and Inogen regain, under the friendly shades of night, their former retreat. The sentiments, however, with which they re-enter this abode are widely different from those which they had once entertained beneath its shelter, and the effect of this change on the objects around them is most feelingly and beautifully expressed in the following lines:

Through various toils our calm retreat we found,
Still, as of old, with nature's blessings crown'd.
The gurgling rill as softly urged its way;
The birds as blithely warbled on the spray:

As sweet the blushing flowers perfumed the air;
The hills as verdant, and the meads as fair.
But, ah! our minds were changed—to them no more
These scenes appear'd as in the tranquil hour.
In murmurs harsh the rill was heard to flow;
The feather'd songsters seem'd to mock our woe:
Each object rose unlovely to the view,
For all was tinged with sorrow's sable hue.—B. ii. p. 47.

The narrative now proceeds to inform us, that one morning, lost in deep reflection, Merlin wandered a considerable distance from his abode, when at length, the heat of the noontide sun having compelled him to seek for shade, he enters a forest; an incident of which the poet has availed himself to introduce an admirable picture of the locality of a Druidical circle, and of the awful rites which were wont to accompany that sanguinary form of religion:

Before my view a gloomy forest rose:
To quench my thirst, and in the shades repose,
I thither bent my way; for thence the sound
Of waters struck my ear: th' untrodden bound
I slowly pierce, and now their view obtain,
As from th' impending cliff they pour'd amain.
The cooling wave the pangs of thirst allays,
And round my head the breeze refreshing plays.
An aged oak beside the torrent stood,
Of size immense—the monarch of the wood.

O'er the green dell its boughs were wildly thrown,
And seem'd to make a forest all their own.
The trees that round their leafy honours rear'd,
Like lowly shrubs on barren heaths appear'd
When mated with its height—in the cool shade
I lay reclined; a mossy stone my head
Supported; for around, in order placed,
The lonely spot a rocky circle graced.

Scarcely had he yielded to repose, when he beholds, in a vision, the trunk of this gigantic oak divide, whilst, rising from its centre, appears the genius of his native island, and thus addresses him:

'Twas thine, directed by the powers above,
To pierce the precincts of my hallow'd grove.
Where from the branch, at consecrated hour,
Sage Druids pluck the plant* of mystic power;
And claim'd kind influence from the host of night,
While the pale crescent, tipt with borrow'd light,

* "The oak was considered as sacred in the earliest ages. The misletoe is a plant of the parasite kind, which sometimes, but not frequently, grows on it. In gathering it the Druids used many ridiculous ceremonies, which are described by Pliny in his Natural History, I. xvi. c. 44. He there says, that it was never gathered but on the sixth day of the moon, which was so highly esteemed by them, that all their religious festivals were held on it; and their months, years, and ages, which consisted of the revolution of thirty years, took their commencement from that day."—HOLE.

Sail'd through heaven's azure vault—their temples crown'd
With garlands, oft they traced this rocky round,
And on their altar rude, yon central stone,
The milk-white steer expired with hollow moan.
And man himself, a sacrifice abhorr'd,
Beneath the axe life's sanguine current pour'd.
While ruthless priests, in robes of snowy hue,
From gushing blood, and limbs convulsive, drew
Presages wild and vain.—B. ii. p. 48-50.

The genius then declares that the weird sisters, dreading the downfall of the Pagan superstitions, and the consequent future glory of Arthur, had woven round his natal hour and that of Inogen a spell of such pernicious potency as could not be counteracted by any thing short of superhuman aid. To supply this assistance, he presents Merlin with a wand of hallowed power, telling him, that as the sisters had destined Inogen to the arms of Hengist, it must be his object to conceal her from his view. For this purpose he directs him to form, through the influence of the gift he had just received, an enchanted bower, placing Inogen within its deepest recess, and enjoining her not to quit it but with his consent. He is then told to fly instantly to the Isle of Ligon, which the elements, now in subjection to the secret virtue of his wand,

will enable him to do with ease, and instruct Arthur to collect succours from all the nations allied to Britain, conducting them to Menevia or Milford Haven, and on no account to leave them until they enter that bay.

The genius then vanishes, and Merlin, awakened from his dream, beholds with astonishment and joy the wand at his feet. He immediately hastens to obey the mandates of his friendly visitant; he encloses the willing Inogen and her companion Elena in the magic bower, and Arthur, following his advice, collects his auxiliaries from every quarter, but, unhappily deluded by the machinations of the weird sisters, he deserts his forces ere they reach the bay of Menevia, and becomes, in consequence of that rash act, subjected to further persecution and danger.

Merlin here closes his narrative, and the night being far advanced he takes leave of Melaschlen and his chiefs, and retires to rest.

The *third* book of Arthur, perhaps from the wild and romantic nature of its incidents the most interesting in the work, opens with the following description of morning, in which, whilst there is much to admire in the strength and selection of the

imagery, it is impossible not to be struck with the animation given to the picture by the very beautiful and picturesque manner in which the hero of the poem is presented to our view.

Faint streaks of light the purpled east illume,
And westward rolls the slow decreasing gloom.
With various screams around Conagra's height
The birds of ocean urge their eddying flight.
Some o'er th' unruffled main disporting sweep
On outstretch'd wings, some mid the briny deep
With pinions closed fall headlong; and convey
Exulting to their young the scaly prey.
Soon brighter beams, as o'er the hills is borne
The vapour dim, its curling sides adorn
With golden tints: meanwhile th' enlivening gale
With shadowy waves o'ercasts the grassy vale:
And the rill bursting from the rocky height
Winds through the narrow dell in floating light.
Besides its bank, where droops the willow green,
The stately form of Uther's son is seen.
Ofttimes he plunges mid the liquid stream
His pointed lance; the parted waters gleam
On either side. But, ah! though there his eyes
Are fix'd, his mind to different objects flies.
His mind, with various scenes of sorrows fraught,
By memory rack'd, and heart-corroding thought.

B. iii. p. 63.

Whilst thus immersed in painful reverie, Melaschlen and Ivar, accompanied by Merlin, ap-

proach, and the latter tells Arthur, that as he had, though under the influence of delusion, deserted his valiant host, he must now, if glory were in his eyes yet preferable to safety, traverse the coasts of Britain without a friend or even menial to attend him, and be prepared to encounter singly not only the enmity of man, but the force and fraud of demoniacal agency. Arthur hesitates not a moment in undertaking the enterprise; and though with all the enthusiasm of friendship and heroic ardour Ivar petitions to accompany him, the prince firmly but gratefully declines the offer, whilst Merlin, to put an end to the generous contest, again repeats that the task can only be achieved by the unassisted arm of the son of Uther. As he is yet speaking, a slender bark appears distantly on the waves, and being endued with self-directing power, rapidly bends its course to the shore. Merlin and Arthur immediately enter it, and, after taking a most affectionate leave of their kind friends, are, to the inconsolable disappointment of Ivar, wafted with almost meteoric swiftness from their sight.

The poet here bursts forth into a valedictory and highly animated address to the Western Islands of Scotland, in which the prophetic allusion to the

character of Columba, and his labours in planting Christianity, is given in the very spirit of bardic enthusiasm, and closes with a triplet, the last line of which is peculiarly sublime.

But now the Muse awakes the vocal shell
To themes sublimer—generous youth, farewell!
Farewell, ye lonely Isles! where to the skies
Enwrapt in tempests towering rocks arise:
Where low-hung vapours chill the barren plain,
And round you raves th' inhospitable main.
Yet soon shall climes, whom suns more genial crown
With purer lustre, envy your renown.
The desert coast, now scarcely known to fame,
Shall bear to future times * Columba's name.

* "Columba was the first preacher of Christianity to the Scots in the year 565, about twenty years after the death of Arthur. The remains of several religious edifices, either built by, or dedicated to him, still exist in many of the western islands. He founded a monastery and built a church in that of Hy. This little isle, which is but three miles long and one broad, is celebrated by Buchanan for its fertility; which may naturally be supposed to have originated from a superior degree of cultivation bestowed upon it by its monastic inhabitants and their dependants. From Columba it derived the name of I-colm-kil, or Iona; a word that is said to signify a dove in the Hebrew, as Columba does in the Latin language. The kings of Scotland and of the Isles embellished it with diverse buildings, the remains of which are still visible. In the old monastery of I-colm-kil, the bishops of the Isles, according to Buchanan, erected their

The sainted sage! within its hallow'd shore,
Life's chequer'd dream, its toils, its pleasures o'er,
The sad recluse his wearied eyes shall close,
And scepter'd monarchs in its dust repose.
Where now the wild weed creeps shall roses bloom,
The dark-brown dell a verdant tint assume:

see. Many stately tombs, now defaced by time or overgrown with weeds, were in his days visible; particularly three of superior eminence, over which little shrines, looking towards the east, were placed. In the west part of each was an inscription: the first signified that beneath it were deposited forty-eight kings of Scotland, the last of whom was Macbeth. Malcolm possibly thought that the usurper's remains desecrated the spot, and decreed that Dumferline should in future be the place of royal sepulture. Eight Norwegian and four Irish kings were interred, according to the inscription, beneath the other tombs. The reason assigned why so many monarchs, chiefs, and prelates chose this island as their place of burial is, that they gave credit to an ancient prophecy, which declared, that 'seven years before the end of the world a deluge should drown the nations; the sea at one tide cover Ireland and the green-headed Ilay; but that the isle of Columba should swim above the flood.' Yet, however sacred it might have been deemed by Christian monarchs, we have reason to suppose from Boetius (I. vi. p. 90), that it was before their time considered as the habitation of the weird sisters and evil spirits. A farther account of this island, the singularity of which has led me into, I hope, no unpardonable digression, may be seen in Pennant's Tour in Scotland, vol. iii. p. 241."—HOLE.

And the rough rock, whose ribs of marble brave
The loud-resounding storm, the dashing wave,
Shall then submit to man's successful toil,
And rise a taper spire, or massy pile.
Whilst nature thus laborious art subdues,
A task more arduous still the saint pursues.
He tames the savage mind; he bids the fire
Of pure religion pagan breasts inspire;
And Sion's sacred songs burst from the Celtic lyre.

B. iii. p. 70.

The magic bark pursues its way to the northern coast of Britain, and having towards evening reached the bay of Huna, on the Solway Frith, no sooner does Arthur touch the shore, than the vessel, together with Merlin, instantly disappear, and the youth is left to total solitude and silence. Night approaches, and seeking rest on the greensward beneath the shelter of a spreading beech, his slumbers are visited by a vision of his country's future glory. He awakes towards morning greatly cheered and refreshed, and not a little astonished at beholding at his side a suit of splendid armour; nor less so when, whilst engaged in putting it on, he hears the neighing of a courser, and almost immediately afterwards perceives his favourite steed, who had so often borne him triumphant through the ranks of battle.

Elate in mind, and high in resolve, he vaults into the saddle, and directs his course towards the heights of Cambria. As he passes he views with deep regret and indignation the ravages of the Saxon foe, and at length, after having wandered over many a hill and solitary wild, his further progress seems arrested by the mazes of an interminable wood, through which, whilst endeavouring to force his way, he unexpectedly arrives at the foot of a pillar of black marble of immense height, and inscribed with golden characters, purporting, that if he entertain any fear, or any distrust of Heaven, he may now retire in peace and safety; but should he, notwithstanding the manifest danger and uncertain issue of the enterprise, persevere, he must be circumspect and brave.

Having thrice read the inscription, he hesitates not to proceed, and, rushing through the wood, enters on an open lawn, where he perceives a shepherd feeding his flock, and beyond, in the distance, a mountain crowned with the turrets of a stately castle. The shepherd approaching informs him, with every mark of fear and horror in his countenance, that the castle to which he was directing his course was the work of enchantment; that neither

force nor art could ensure his admission, and that all who had essayed to enter it had perished. He then points out a path which would lead him, he asserts, in safety to where the British powers, after their escape from the Saxon fury at Carlisle, were assembled under the command of Lancelot and Cador, declaring that should he follow this direction, victory and fame would attend his steps, whilst any attempt to force the castle would assuredly terminate in disgrace and death.

Arthur, indignant at this recommendation to fly from danger, and suspecting fraud and falsehood, as no peasant was likely in such a situation to be tending his sheep, or to be acquainted with the circumstances which he relates, after meditating awhile, attacks his informant, who instantly assuming the form of Urda, defies both him and Merlin, prophesying, at the same time, that Hengist, who defended the enchanted castle, and whom she had secured by spells of mighty power, should never fall by the arm of a Briton. Having said this she vanishes, and the late smiling lawn now puts on its native horrors, presenting hideous chasms and rocks, over which, had Arthur pursued the path she pointed out, he would instantly have been

precipitated. He returns thanks to Heaven for his preservation, and rushes towards the castle, determined to conquer or to die.

We have now a very bold and picturesque introduction of Hengist, the great Saxon chieftain, on the scene of action. Arthur, having crossed the draw-bridge, reads on the portal, inscribed in characters of fire, that as long as this castle stands, Britain must bow beneath the Saxon yoke. Infuriated by this menace,

A horn that hung beneath he seized, and blew
A dreadful note; then o'er the bridge withdrew,
To meet whatever foe should tempt his might.
Dread silence reigns awhile; then backward bound
The brazen gates, with harsh and jarring sound,
And wide-unfolded, to his view display'd
Hengist's dread form in sable mail array'd.
A raven * sculptured on his helmet stood,
With fiery eyes, and beak distain'd with blood:

* "The superstitious reverence in which this bird has been held by nations, in language, manners, and situation widely different, is somewhat remarkable. The celebrated Spanish reviver of knight-errantry, to whom the hero of this poem was not unknown, informs Sancho that 'he was changed into a raven by enchantment, which the Britons expect will some day or other be dissolved, when he will return and repossess his kingdom; on which account no one in that country will kill a raven.' The British bards, however, sup-

Omen of death and havock: his huge shield
Was black, but studs of gold emblazed the shield.

pose, that after the battle of Camlan, in which Mordred was slain, and Arthur grievously wounded, a fairy conveyed his body to Glastonbury to be cured; whence he was, in process of time, to return, and be restored to his former regal authority. Of his body's having been really found there, in Henry the Second's time, we have the testimony of Giraldus Cambrensis, who affirms that he saw his bones in an oaken coffin, which contained a leaden cross with this inscription:—

'Hic jacet sepultus inclitus rex Arturius in insulâ Avaloniâ.'

"Radulphus Dicetus, in his History of the British Kings, says: 'Quia Britannica historia de ejus morte nil certum tradidit, Britones adhuc eum vivere delirant.' Fordun, likewise, in his history of Scotland, mentions his having heard the same report, and that the following inscription was placed on his tomb:

'Hic jacet Arturus rex quondam, *rexque futurus*.'

"In Selden's Illustrations on the third book of Drayton's Poly-olbion, a translation is given of a passage in Taliessen (Arthur's cotemporary) to the same purpose. Lydgate, according to the fictions of the Welsh bards, declares—

'He is a king crowned in Faerie,
With sceptre and sword, and with his royally
Shall resort as lord and sovereigne
Out of Faerie, and reigne in Brytaine.'

"Milton, I suppose, must allude to this strange legend,

(Heaven's pendant spangles thus with mingled light
Adorn th' expanded canopy of night.)
And the bright boss appear'd a splendid sun;
The proud device—"Unequall'd and alone."

where he says, though I know not with what authority as to the geographical situation of the land of Faerie,

'Arthurumque etiam *sub terris* bella moventem.'

"The credulity of the old Britons, in this respect, was at last so much the object of ridicule among other nations, that it became proverbial:

Quibus si credideris
Expectare poteris
Arthurum cum Britonibus.

"In regard to the idea, therefore, of Arthur's reviving and repossessing his throne, the knight appears to have had sufficient historical evidence in his peculiar line; but it is not so easy to ascertain whence he derived the intelligence of his having been metamorphosed into a raven. Certain, however, it is, to whatever cause we may ascribe it, that our country people in most parts of England scrupulously abstain from killing that bird. As we have no account of their being considered as ominous by the Druids, we may presume that the reverence in which the vulgar now hold them is derived from our Gothic ancestors. It is well known that the Danes attributed many marvellous qualities to their standard *reafan*. The Swedes, Mr. Pennant informs us, and possibly the other northern nations, now pay a superstitious kind of respect to this bird, which was considered by their ancestors as peculiarly sacred to Odin, who is styled in the Edda, *corvorum deus*."—HOLE.

Vast as the pine on Norway's storm-beat shore,
By lightning blasted, was the lance he bore.
High mounted on a coal-black steed he rode,
And the bridge shook beneath the mighty load.
B. iii. p. 82.

An animated description of the combat ensues, which is long contested, until Arthur, perceiving that the mail of his antagonist is impassive both to sword and spear, impels his shield against him with prodigious strength, and hurls him senseless to the ground. At this moment, and whilst he is preparing to follow up the blow, Hengist is involved in a cloud by the intervention of Urda, and snatched from his vengeance. The disappointed hero vents his anger on the unhallowed agents by whom this rescue has been effected, taunting them, and exclaiming, that they must find a mightier champion for their cause, or he will soon lay yon lofty turrets low. Their reply, the description of their hideous forms, and of the mode by which they strive to deter him from attempting to enter the castle, are finely and graphically given in the following very powerful lines:

"Long, Arthur, long these towers shall brave the sky!"
Ten thousand voices suddenly reply,

Loud screaming from the rampart's height; amazed,
Not terrified, the hero upwards gazed,
And saw th' extended walls, the turrets crown'd
With hideous objects: wheeling wide around,
The screeching owl, the raven of the night,
With notes ill-omen'd, urge their crowded flight.
Harpies obscene their direful forms unfold;
And dragons, arm'd in scales of burnish'd gold,
Beat the resounding air with outstretch'd wings,
Like rushing storms, and shake their pointed stings.
Sulphureous torrents roll the moat around
In liquid flame; the boiling waves resound,
And lash the rugged walls: before his eyes
The bridge, the portal fades; black vapours rise,
And fiery flakes shoot through the dusky skies.
Infernal spirits on the walls appear;
Here the sword blazes, there the threat'ning spear;
Here, like a meteor, levell'd at his heart,
Gleams on the bending string the flame-tipp'd dart;
From each red eye-ball glanced the sparks of ire;
Each dismal front seem'd scathed with livid fire,
With wrath o'ercast, and horror's blackest hue;
While wreathing on the winds their snaky tresses flew.

B. iii. p. 87.

Unappalled by this tremendous array against him, Arthur hurls a bold defiance to the fiends, and, stretching out his shield and spear before him, clears the moat at one bound, when instantly, whilst thunders rock the ground, the infernal spell is broken, and the castle, with all its demon defenders, melts into thin air.

Of this piece of machinery Mr. Hole has ingeniously availed himself to account, in a manner highly poetical, for the mysterious structures on Salisbury plain; as satisfactory an hypothesis, perhaps, as any which has yet arisen from the conflicting dreams of antiquarian enthusiasm.

> Destructive time, with unresisted sway,
> Mankind, and all their labours, sweeps away;
> Exalts the valley, sinks the mountain low,
> And bids the rapid torrent cease to flow:
> Thro' him, where once enchanted structures graced
> The cloud-topp'd hill, now glooms a lonely waste.
> Yet still, memorial of their site, remain
> The circling stones that rise on Sarum's plain;
> The wondrous rocks, by power of magic laid
> To form its deep foundation, undecay'd
> By him who all consumes, are known to fame,
> And still retain the mighty Hengist's * name.
>
> B. iii. p. 90.

One of the first results of Arthur's courage and perseverance is the liberation of two of his friends, Lionel and Cradoc, from a loathsome dungeon, into which they had been thrown by the command of Hengist, and where they had endured the horrors of famine, and the apprehensions of a lingering

* Stone-henge.

death. His discovery of their miserable situation, and their appearance on being released from confinement, form a very striking and ably-executed picture.

Beneath a rock an iron gate appears;
Within faint sounds of deep distress he hears.
He shakes the massy bars; the bars give way,
And through the dungeon streams unwonted day.
Forward the dauntless knight advanced, and found
Two hapless warriors fasten'd to the ground
By massy chains; with weak and struggling breath
They cried: "To freedom, or a welcome death
Consign your wretched thralls! a noble foe
Would scorn to aggravate the captive's woe."
Their voices well the British hero knew,
And in his eyes swell'd pity's pearly dew.
Their chains unbound, he led them t'ward the light,
But ah! what horrid objects met his sight!
Their hair, like elf-locks, round their shoulders clung:
Each limb was weaken'd, every nerve unstrung.
Pale, meagre famine sate in either face—
Extinct the manly form, and martial grace.
In hollow sockets dimly roll'd their eyes;
Their lab'ring bosoms heaved with frequent sighs.
With staggering steps they totter o'er the ground,
And gain at length their prison's utmost bound;
Then dropping on the verdant turf, inhale
The long-lost sweetness of the fresh'ning gale.

B. iii. p. 91.

Fortunately for the sufferers, Arthur had with

him a phial of sanative juice, the gift of Merlin, of power so potent, that no sooner had they partaken of its contents, than health and strength returned, and, with these blessings, the conscious happiness of being restored to freedom by their honoured prince. Lionel then relates, that, desirous of proving himself worthy of the love of his beautiful mistress, the fair Guendolen, he had sought for fame in distant lands, and at a tournament given by the king of Galicia, had most unexpectedly, in one of his opponents, recognized the voice of his beloved friend Cradoc. They challenge all competitors in honour of their native island, and are successful; but their joy is overcast by learning the unhappy state of Britain. They determine to hasten to the assistance of their prince; and the Spanish monarch, whose friendship they had gained by their prowess and mutual attachment, aids them with a band of Galician warriors. On landing at Southampton, they speedily become acquainted with the rumour that Hengist, through the agency of infernal power, had constructed a magic castle, in which he laughed at his enemies, being assured by the demons, that, whilst it stood, his arms and influence

would prevail. Lionel adds, that, eager to signalize their valour in behalf of their country, they resolve to attack Hengist in his enchanted hold; but, as their situation has already too plainly told, fail in the attempt.

An account is then given of the cruel treatment which they had experienced from the Saxon chieftain since their capture, a picture which possesses much of the strength and peculiar colouring of Dante:

——— Our mighty but ungenerous foe
Within yon gloomy cavern plunged us low.
Dank was the floor; our limbs strong fetters bound;
And toads and loathsome reptiles crawl'd around.
"Here meet your doom!" the furious Hengist cried—
"Here pay the forfeit of presumptuous pride!"
When the gate closed, and the last struggling ray
Of light was vanish'd; when we heard the key
Turn on the grating ward, what wild despair
Possest our souls? we wildly rave, our hair,
Our flesh we strive to rend: our chains deny
Th' attempt: then still in silent grief we lie;
Wishing that fate our heavy eyes would close,
And weight of sorrows sink us to repose.
Repose not such, alas! our souls desired,
We find, with strong conflicting passions tired,
Sleep seals our eyes: but ah! though seal'd our eyes,
Terrific objects to our sight arise:

Th' unquiet mind's perturbed brood: a train
Of nameless horror, and chimæras vain!
We wake, and rage again our bosom rends,
And frenzy reigns; but soon the tear descends
In silent anguish. Though our wish was death,
Yet nature taught us to prolong our breath,
E'en in our own despite: but nought t' assuage
Thirst's burning pangs we found, and hunger's rage,
Save noisome weeds, nursed by a scanty tide,
Out-welling from the cavern's rocky side
That laved the muddy soil—thus, many a day,
Though time we mark'd not, in despair we lay;
And surely, but for thy protecting might,
A few short hours in everlasting night
Had closed our eyes. May ne'er my deadliest foe
Such horrors feel—such bitterness of woe!

B. iii. p. 97.

The poet goes on to narrate, that Lionel having informed the prince that he had seen, on coming to this accursed place, a castle not far distant, embosomed in a wood, Arthur and his friends proceed thither, and find it the habitation of the aged Ebrank, the father of Guendolen, who receives them with open arms. He and his daughter had beheld their approach from the battlements, and the fears of the former, lest they should be enemies, had been allayed by the latter declaring that she knew the foremost knight to be her long-lost Lionel.

The meeting of the lovers is beautifully described, and Arthur, having spent the succeeding day with his hospitable host, takes his departure, directing Lionel and Cradoc to rejoin the Galician forces, whilst he, in obedience to the decrees of Heaven, pursues his way alone towards the mountains of Cambria.

The *fourth book*, at its commencement, reverts to some events which had taken place during Arthur's voyage to collect succours, and introduces us to Lancelot, the bosom friend of the prince, and one of the most intrepid defenders of the British crown. He is represented as walking in deep abstraction on the cliffs near Milford Haven, having escaped from Carlisle, after cutting his way, with great havoc, through the camp of Hengist, who, despising a contest with warriors pent up in walls, was then invading Scotland; and who, on his return, hearing of this achievement of Lancelot, is preparing to take revenge, when he is ordered by the Weird Sisters to retire into and defend the enchanted castle, whose destruction by Arthur we have witnessed in the preceding book.

Lancelot who, ignorant of what had occurred to Arthur, had been for some time anxiously expect-

ing the arrival of the prince in the bay with his auxiliary forces, now rushes impatiently to the sea-side, when, to his great joy, he beholds the wished-for sails emerging from the horizon; but, alas! no sooner are the chiefs landed than he hears from them a relation of the supposed death of Arthur, whom they believe to have perished, when, deceived by Urda, they saw him plunge into the sea. Grief at these tidings spreads through the ranks of the British, whilst their allies, not only sorrow-struck, but desponding, talk of re-embarking for their native soils, an intimation which calls forth from the indignant Lancelot the following strain of impassioned eloquence:

Can cold dismay, thus Britain's knight addrest
The warriors, quench the fire in valour's breast!
Leaders of battle, low the mighty lies!
But blood, not tears, must grace his obsequies.
Like wave on wave impell'd in yonder bay,
The race of man successive rolls away:
Unnoted pass the feeble, but the brave
Survive to glory, and defy the grave.
If such was Arthur, such your generous aim,
Avenge him, warriors! emulate his fame!
But if through terror vain those tears are shed,
Disgraceful to yourselves, and of the dead
Unworthy:—know, though you your aid deny,
The sons of Britain shall the combat try.

Their country's wrongs, their Arthur's sacred shade,
Will nerve each arm, and edge th' avenging blade.
And when our death or conquest reach your ear—
For only death or conquest now is dear—
Then, warriors, touch'd with generous shame too late,
Our fame you 'll envy, or lament our fate.

B. iv. p. 114.

The appeal is not made in vain; for the respective leaders now vie with each other in seconding the enthusiasm of the British chief; and, eager to avenge the apprehended death of Arthur, march instantly in search of the enemy.

Meanwhile, Valdemar, king of Denmark, who, greatly to the umbrage of Hacon, the Norwegian monarch, had been appointed by Hengist, during his absence, chief in command, holds a feast at Carlisle; and, whilst all is revelry and mirth, some singing to the lyre their country's fame, or boasting of their own exploits, but by far the greater part immersed in dissonance and riot, their orgies are most appallingly broken in upon by the appearance of Odin, the Scandinavian god of war, whose form Urda had assumed for the purpose of inciting them to march instantly against the British chieftains, now rapidly approaching.

The picture which Mr. Hole has, in this place,

given of the northern deity, and the address which he attributes to him, are at once splendid and characteristic, whilst the description of the joys of Valhalla, the paradise of the Scandinavians, will be found in strict conformity with the representations of the Edda.

Sudden, dark clouds the rafter'd dome o'ercast:
Upwards they turn their anxious eyes aghast;
And through the quick disparting shades behold
Dread Odin, seated on his throne of gold.
Black vapours, such as clothe the wintry night,
His footstool form'd; a meteor's vivid light
His brows encircled; radiant arms he wore,
And shook his flaming lance distain'd with gore.
Loud, as when thunder roars, he silence broke—
The vast dome trembled as the phantom spoke.
"Offspring of heroes! famed in fields of fight,
Who sport in danger, and in death delight,
Does this become you, sons of battle! say,
To wear in shameful sloth the hours away?
Is this a time to feast in bower or hall,
When foes, advancing, to the combat call?
The host you deem'd beneath the roaring main
O'erwhelm'd defies you to the listed plain.
The cloud of war on Cambria's height impends
No more, but darkly-lowering hither bends.
Awake, arise, and in your might confide!
Rush on, and let destruction be your guide!

Think on your father's fame, your own renown,
My favour, who with joys perpetual crown
The chiefs who boldly in the combat fall,
And guide their spirits to my lofty hall,
* O'er-arch'd with golden shields, whose dazzling blaze
Exceeds the mid-day sun's unclouded rays.
There shall each hero share, a welcome guest,
The foaming goblet, and perpetual feast.
Again their souls with martial fire shall burn,
And host conflicting adverse host o'erturn:
While bright Valkeries, blue-eyed nymphs, shall crown
With plausive smiles their actions of renown.
Be conquest yours, and fame's unfading wreath,
Or, more than victory, a glorious death!"—B. iv. p. 118.

With this animated representation of Odin may I be permitted to compare two descriptions of the same deity from the unpublished Epic of *Alfred*, by Mr. Fitchett, a poem to which I have already

* "The Scandinavian Valhalla, like the Mahometan paradise, was supposed to have been roofed with shields. The Valkeries were employed by Odin to choose in battle those who were to perish, and, like the Houries, to wait on the selected heroes. These 'Posters of the sea and land' have been confounded by other writers, as well as Shakspeare, with the northern Parcæ or *Destinies*: but the latter, according to Scandinavian mythology, had their abode near the great ash Ydrasil in Asgard, or *city of the gods*. Skulda only, the youngest of them, is mentioned in the Edda, as

alluded in another work*, and which may be said to have incorporated, with great vigour of imagination, the entire system of Scandinavian mythology.

accompanying the Valkeries, when engaged in fulfilling the commands of Odin.

"From these beautiful divinities, so they were once esteemed, who bestrode the 'sightless coursers of the air,' was most probably derived in subsequent times (with grief be it spoken) the degrading idea of witches riding upon broomsticks. At least, so soon as Christianity began to prevail, (vide Mallet's Northern Antiq. v. ii. p. 101, Transl.) severe edicts were promulgated in different kingdoms against those who travelled through the air in the *night-time*. The belief in such nocturnal flights, scarcely yet exploded among our country people, was the fashionable creed in the days of James the First. Had our aerial navigators started into existence a century or two sooner, they might possibly have exercised that monarch's sagacity how to bring them within the letter of the law.

"A wild boar, whose flesh was daily renewed, supplied the heroes in Valhalla with food, after their revival from having cut each other in pieces. We are not, however, to suppose that this peculiar mode of diversion was instituted for their amusement only. These heroes were selected, on account of their distinguished valour, as assistants to the gods at that future period of time predicted in the Edda, when the evil genii should burst from their different confinements to wage war against them, and the destruction of all things ensue. On this account, it is said, their arms were buried with them."—HOLE.

* Shakspeare and his Times, vol. ii. p. 549, note.

Of these portraitures, the first presents the god to his worshippers under the attitude of calm and majestic sublimity.

——————————— Behold! amid
Th' irradiate sky, by swift degrees display'd,
Glory and light, as of a thousand suns,
Burst through the blue meridian vault, and soon
Aloft, in sight of all, through brilliant clouds
On each hand parting from the splendid frame,
Descended smooth a mighty chariot, roll'd
Magnific, as of gold or living fire.
Its gorgeous wheels, flashing purpureal rays,
Upraised on high a concave blazing dome,
Within whose vast recess, sublime enthroned,
Sat a majestic shape, conspicuous; clothed
As in empyreal armour, and his brows
Girt with a tow'ring crown, celestial bright.
Awful he sat, nor seem'd in power and state
Less than a god; as with almighty arm
He rein'd the furious tigers, whose huge forms,
Floating terrific through the radiant air,
Drew his resplendent pomp. Beside him hung
His dazzling shield stupendous, and in range
Of trophied grandeur countless lances shone,
While his right arm upheld a flamy spear
High-eminent, which as a signal beam'd
To thousand shapes of lineament divine,
Who in refulgent train attendant moved
After th' imperial car.—B. v.

A still more striking delineation of Odin is given

in the following lines, where he is brought before us in the exercise of his most terrific functions:

——————— From Valhalla's courts,
Conspicuous, arm'd in steel, with clashing noise,
The god of war came striding over clouds,
A pillar huge of fire; likest a storm
O'ershadowing heaven, pregnant with sulph'rous flame.
His golden shield beam'd like the setting sun;
His dreadful sword was in his hand; his look
Might wither armies; and upon his crest
Death sat, too terrible to view.—B. ix. *

* As a specimen of the calm beauty, philosophic dignity, and tenderness of thought, which pervade a large portion of this extensive and elaborate poem, I must beg leave to quote the following lines, being a part of the meditations of Alfred, in his seclusion beneath the cottage roof of the neat-herd, and under the persuasion that his queen had fallen a sacrifice to the savage fury of his enemies.

Ye stars, or beamy worlds, that hang on high
Amid blue fields of air, shining in scenes
Confineless in extent, before whose dome
The roofs of earthly kings are mockeries,
Ye speak with full and unconfuted voice
Some pre-existent Sire, some vital soul,
Whose power first made, and still unceasing rules
The structure of these heavens, and all the worlds
That beam afar throughout unbounded space.
These, Reason tells, no mortal hand could frame,
In compass like, in order such, so fair,
In grandeur so sublime:—the Power who these

Reverting, however, to the poem of Mr. Hole, we find Valdemar, animated to enthusiasm by the

First form'd, must needs surpass in wisdom, might,
And goodness, sense of creature's intellect;
Infinite as unspeakable; that made
All we behold around, systems of worlds
Stretching beyond weak fancy's utmost flight,
Of which this earth is but a humble part.
Yet——
The good man's life connects this earth with heaven,
And from this troubled scene he slides with ease
Into a happier and more perfect state.
Death has thus lost his terrors: and the good
Sees here the dawn of being and new life.
The soul divine, exercised and prepared
In goodness, and whose native seat is heaven,
Will there assume its own untainted bliss,
Immortal and unchangeable of ill,
Winging its way, free from material check,
To share unfading happiness in scenes
Of endless beauty and variety,
Among angelic shapes and blessed spirits
More various than men's minds, or stars, or flowers,
Delights unspeakable as unconceived,
Around the present throne of the Supreme,
In still ascending scale, progressive joys,
More, and more happy, through eternal time,
As such good spirit shall permitted know
Divinity, and of his gifts partake.
Oh! there, thou dearest partner of my soul,
Image of goodness, lost, departed saint,

appearance of Odin, summoning his warriors to be ready to take the field by dawn of day; whilst Hacon, jealous of his authority, refuses to acknowledge him as superior in command, and declares that he will march beneath no other banner than his own. Valdemar, anxious to preserve unanimity, yields up his claim, and admits Hacon to an equality of power, and to a perfect independence as to the marshalling and regulation of his own forces. The priests of Odin are then described as offering, during the night, sacrifices to that deity, whilst one of them, instigated to prophetic ecstasy by the suggestions of Urda, declares that Arthur shall never

Thou livest still; thy pure angelic mind,
Clothed in a form of beauty ev'n on earth,
From this low world's impure and suffering strife,
Has been removed to meet society
Of beings like thyself, fair, kind, and good,
To dwell in happy realms, where never tears,
Nor pain, nor fear, can enter, but where all
Is perfect peace: — —
Oh! if, through favour of the good Supreme,
I where thou art may e'er aspire to be,
In thy immortal purity ev'n thou
Again wilt own me: there our sacred love
We will retain; and heaven itself to me
Shall be more happy from thy presence there.

Book xiv

sway the British sceptre, until, violating every tie of concord, the most renowned of the northern heroes

Plant in each other's breast the deadly wound,

an announcement which seeming to afford them a sure presage of victory, they rush forward in two columns to meet the British army.

Towards night, Lancelot and his forces are beheld approaching in the distant horizon, and Hacon, infuriated by the sight, advances instantly to attack them; but Valdemar, well acquainted with the bravery and determination of the British warriors, arrests his course, and advises postponing the engagement until the morning, when the sun may be a witness of their might; and Hacon's reluctant assent to this proposition, the suggestion of prudence and experience, closes the fourth book.

[*To be continued.*]

No. XIX.

Be it thine to save
From dark oblivion Arthur's grave!
WARTON.

AN apostrophe to Ambition, in which the poet laments the misery and the mischief which she and her attendants, Terror and Danger, Pride and Contention, have entailed upon mankind under the specious name of glory, opens the *fifth* book of Arthur. Lancelot is then described, as morning beams, marshalling his troops, and after addressing them in the most animating language, he assigns to Fiacha, an Irish king, the conduct of that part of the army which he destines for the attack of the Norwegians assembled under the command of Hacon, whilst he himself, assisted by Hoel, confronts the Danes and Saxons led on by Valdemar.

The British and their allies commence the engagement by Fiacha's march against the division of Hacon, who, kindling at the view, rushes for-

wards to the head of his warriors, and orders his bards to sing the song of battle, including a description of Odin, and of his punishment of the coward, and reward of the brave, which inspires his worshippers with the most enthusiastic military ardour. The action now becomes general, and Hacon and his son Sweno particularly distinguish themselves. The latter, a youth of great promise, brave and generous beyond his compeers, and the grace and pride of his country, seems deservedly a favourite with the poet, and his deeds of heroism are minutely recorded.

One of the most pleasing features of epic poetry, from Homer to the present day, has consisted of those little sketches which are so frequently given of the fallen heroes, when expiring beneath the might of their opponents, and which, from their usually mournful and pathetic strain, form a contrast so delightful with the surrounding scenes of ferocity and carnage.

Mr. Hole has been often singularly fortunate in the introduction of these touches of valedictory tenderness, or domestic affection; and in no case has he been more so, than where describing the death of Conal, as he sinks beneath the arm of Sweno, he

beautifully adds, in the very tone and spirit of Ossian,

Unconscious of her much-loved hero's fall,
Ithona sits in Thomond's lofty hall,
And bids the bards to him awake their lays—
For who like Conal claimed the mead of praise?
Sudden, ere yet they touch'd the warbling wire,
Burst mournful sounds instinctive from the lyre:
And lo! the dogs, companions of the chase,
In shuddering terror gaze on vacant space.
Their lord's sad image rises to their view;
Faint gleam his arms, and pallid is his hue.
His dimly-rolling eyes on Thomond's fair
In grief he bends; then borne aloft in air,
And wrapt in darkness on the gale he flies;
Deep mourn the faithful train, and howlings wild arise.
She marks the signs that speak her hero low;
Rends her dark tresses, beats her breast of snow,
And gives her days to solitary woe*.

B. v. p. 143.

* "The images in this passage are borrowed from Ossian. 'It was formerly the opinion,' says Mr. Macpherson, 'that the souls of heroes went immediately after their death to the hills of their country, and the scenes they frequented the most happy times of their life. It was thought too, that dogs and horses saw the ghosts of the deceased.' The opinion that dogs perceived the appearance of any supernatural being prevailed likewise in ancient Greece. Those of Eumæus (Odyss. B. xvi. l. 62) are described as being

Hacon in the mean time singles out the Irish monarch, who is performing prodigies of valour, as the object most worthy of his sword. He fails, however, in his attack, for his courser being struck dead by the ponderous mace of Fiacha, he is thrown prostrate at the feet of his enemy, and the same weapon is about to extinguish his own existence, when Sweno rushes to his aid, and directing his spear beneath the uplifted arm of Fiacha, pierces through his chest, and the brave Hibernian falls bathed in gore.

Panic-struck at this disastrous event, the Irish give way in every direction, and it is probable that the British would have shared the calamity, had not Arthur at this critical moment appeared on the field:

terrified at the sight of Minerva, though at the same time she was invisible to Telemachus. It is remarkable that a similar kind of superstition should still prevail among our country people; but Addison drew from real life when he represents a servant terrified at 'the candle's burning blue, and the spayed bitch's looking as if *she saw something*.' To which the others answer very characteristically: 'Ay, poor cur, she is almost frightened out of her wits;—I warrant ye she hears him (the supposed ghost) many a time, and often when we don't.'"—HOLE.

Lo! darting through the plain, in arms whose blaze
Rivall'd the summer sun's meridian rays,
A stately knight, on his hot courser borne,
That champ'd the golden bit he seem'd to scorn,
Appear'd, and loudly thus: "To pale affright
Shall Arthur's friends submit in Arthur's sight?
The dastard meets the fate he shuns; the brave,
By generous contest triumphs o'er the grave."

B. v. p. 147.

In short, the presence and invincible ardour of the British prince turn the fortune of the day; all rally around him, and rushing on the hitherto victorious Norwegians, he encounters Sweno, who had as yet found no equal. The result of the contest is the fall of this noble youth, whose death, and the consequent anguish of his father, are painted by the poet in strains worthy of the tenderness of Virgil.

Hurl'd from his seat, beside the stream he lies;
Life's fading taper in his swimming eyes
Dim-twinkling gleams: his golden locks bestrew
The plain; while struck with sorrow at the view,
His faithful steed the languid head declines;
On the green bank his shatter'd helmet shines;
O'er his broad buckler rolls the torrent grey,
And tinged with blood pursues its mazy way.

B. v. p. 149.

Grief swells swells the breast of Arthur as he contemplates his fallen foe:

Perchance, he cries, not mortal is the blow:
Few are thy years, yet mighty were thy deeds;
And sorrow melts my soul when valour bleeds.

Sweno, however, meets death not only with calm and heroic firmness, but, acting up to the stern creed of his country, with welcome, rejoicing that instead of living vanquished, he had fallen beneath the arm of the valiant; and his only suit is, that his arms and his body may be given to his father, a request which still further excites the commiseration of his conqueror:

Farewell, brave youth! thus Uther's generous son
Mournful exclaim'd, what glory hadst thou won
If fate vouchsafed thee but a longer day!
Sweno, farewell! thou bright, but transient ray—
Approach, ye sacred bards, to whom belong
The warbling lyre, and joy-diffusing song.
Not against you the vengeful blade we raise,
Who bid the hero live to future days—
Approach in safety, and dismiss your fear:
To his sad sire the breathless warrior bear;
And (may it soothe his troubled breast), relate
He fell by Arthur, who bewail'd his fate.—B. v. p. 154.

The distress of Hacon on learning the event is

poignant in the extreme; he views the dead body of his son in speechless agony, and, at length, throwing himself on the corpse, refuses to rise or to be comforted. His friends are alarmed, and Oswald, one of his bards, indignantly exclaims

——————— Is this the haughty chief,
Who wades to fame through war's empurpled tide,
Terror his loved compeer, and Death his guide!
Can he lament the warrior's envied state,
By valour placed beyond the reach of fate?
His destined course thy son with honour ran,
And fell a hero ere he lived a man.
That be his praise, to glory in it thine;
'Tis Hacon's right to triumph, not repine!

The voice of Nature, however, cannot be suppressed, and the reply of the bereaved parent is full of truth and tenderness:

Cease, cease, he cried: can words relief impart,
And pluck the shaft of anguish from my heart?
Behold yon blasted oak! canst thou array
Its wither'd branches in the pomp of May?
Bid it again exalt its towering head,
And to the winds its leafy honours spread?
Spring will return—but ne'er returning spring
Around its trunk the verdant wreath shall fling:
Nor time revolving to my view restore
My hero's budding honours . . . .—B. v. p. 155.

Recovered in some degree from the paroxysm of his grief, his first thought is to rush upon the enemy and avenge the death of his son; but his bards reminding him that unless sepulchral honours are now paid to Sweno, his body, from the chance of war, may be left a prey to wolves, he alters his resolution, and retires with them in order to celebrate the funeral rites.

Whilst these things are passing in one part of the field, the forces under Lancelot and Valdemar are contending in the other with as yet undecided fortune. The two leaders, however, at length meet, and every eye is fixed upon them in silent expectation. The combat is long and obstinately maintained; but, at last, Valdemar's horse, trampling on a splintered spear, is wounded in the hoof and falls, whilst Lancelot, disdaining to take advantage of the accident, dismounts and continues the contest on foot. At this moment the Danes, trembling for the life of their monarch, assail the British chieftain from a distance with missile weapons, and he is wounded severely though not fatally. The outrage is instantly retaliated by the friends of Lancelot, who sweep all before them, and the engagement again becomes general. Valdemar meantime

having obtained another war-steed, flies to the aid of his warriors, and turns the tide of victory. He slays Urien; and Hoël, the Armorican king, is about to experience a similar fate, when loud groans and shrieks are heard from the other division of the Saxon army, and Ida, one of its leaders, bleeding and desperately wounded, is seen crossing the plain and rushing into the presence of Valdemar: he implores him to hasten to their assistance, for that Arthur had slain their noblest knights, and that his friend, the brave Biorno, was no more. Having said this, and again urged immediate vengeance, he drops down dead, exhausted from fatigue and loss of blood.

Valdemar, who, whilst the Saxon was yet speaking, had beheld the shameful rout, now hastens to the support of his friends, trusting to arrest the arm of Arthur, and calling upon him in defiance as he advances. Arthur hears and instantly confronts him; but the weird sisters, fearful of the issue of the combat, strike the horse of Valdemar with frenzy, and immediately, impelled by rage and terror, he rushes with irresistible impetuosity through the ranks, bearing his enraged and reluctant master from the field, in spite of every effort to impede his

course. Arthur pursues, taunting and defying the unhappy Saxon, who had rather have met the deadliest wounds which his enemy could inflict, than the threats and reproaches he was now condemned to hear. The preternatural speed of his courser, however, soon releases him from this vexation; the voice of Arthur and the roar of the distant battle die upon his ear, and, as evening closes in, he enters the remote forest of Celidon, where his horse, released from the maddening pest, sinks beneath him, and expires without a groan.

Harassed in mind, and fatigued in body, the disappointed chieftain rests for a while on the bank of a gushing streamlet. Then starting with anguish from the spot, he lifts his eyes to heaven, and whilst the recollection of this compulsory flight presses heavy on his heart, bursts forth into the following pathetic appeal, which, with the reflection naturally arising from it, furnishes us with a graceful and very interesting close of this division of the poem.

O sun! who, sinking from thy towering height,
Hast seen me borne reluctant from the fight!
Thou conscious moon! ye glittering orbs on high,
That grace her course and gild the glowing sky;

Witness this bosom, though to flight compell'd,
With rage indignant, not with terror swell'd.
And you, my friends, whom I behold no more,
My tried associates in the battle's roar,
Witness, from danger's front I never fled;
Where raged the conflict, where the mighty bled,
Your monarch strove. Your rampart was his shield,
His sword your beacon shone in glory's field.
Ah, friends beloved! for whom I mourn in vain,
Whose spirits wander o'er the fatal plain;
Or hovering on the breeze around your chief,
Mark his wild anguish, and partake his grief!
A while your flight to Odin's hall delay;
To Thora's ear the mournful tale convey.
Tell her, by fraud betray'd, not force o'erthrown,
I fled—that conscious honour is my own.
That Valdemar, resolved his fate to brave,
Will never sink a coward to the grave:
But on the Briton,—Vengeance bend thine ear!
Requite his wrongs, or cease those wrongs to bear.
Should I no more to Denmark's coast return,
Forbid the fair with bootless tears to mourn
My fate—to her belongs a nobler care;
Hialmar lives to pour the storm of war
On Britain's coast; t' avenge his sire's disgrace,
And guard the honours of a martial race.
Thus as he spoke, in spite of manly pride,
From his swoll'n eyes forth gush'd the genial tide.
Th' endearing joys that crown domestic life,
The smiling offspring and the faithful wife
Rise on his soul. Ye haughty sons of fame!
Whose generous spirits high resolves inflame,

When urg'd to arms you quit your darling fair,
Or tender babes, soft objects of your care,
Can stubborn honour then your bosoms steel,
Or martial pride subdue the pangs ye feel?
Ah no! the sigh suppress't, the heart-wrung groan,
Reveals the anguish that you dare not own.

B. v. p. 168.

In the *sixth* book the poet transports us to a winter scene in Lapland, which he describes with great strength and minuteness. Here, as to a place congenial with the malignancy of their nature, which loves to contemplate the features of wreck and desolation, the weird sisters are accustomed at times to resort; and two of them are now drawn as performing their direful incantations in a tremendous cavern on this savage coast. The picture, notwithstanding the anticipations of our great dramatist, is a very fine one, and merits reproduction alike for the vigour of its tone and the grandeur of its conception.

There, a vast cave, unknown to mortal eyes,
Deep-buried in a pathless forest lies:
Huge icicles, impending from the height
Of beetling cliffs, tinged with transparent light,
Like polish'd spears reversed, its jaws surround,
And shoot their many-colour'd rays around.

But darkness reign'd within; save when retired,
With quenchless hatred to mankind inspired,
The sisters meet; then mix'd with vap'rous gloom,
Flames bursting through the central point illume
The dismal cavern; while from realms profound
Spirits unblest arise, and wheel around
In mystic dance. There now in orgies dire,
'Gainst Britain's prince to wreak their ruthless ire,
Valdandi, Skulda join—can man proclaim
Th' unhallow'd rite—"the deed without a name!"
The deed, which startles e'en the fiends of night,
At which, if acted in day's sacred light,
The sun, with horror struck, had backward fled,
Or veil'd in dark'ning clouds his blazing head.

B. vi. p. 175.

The responses of the demons being of doubtful import, and not such as the sisters require, their invocations are repeated with still more dreadful potency, when Urda, dimly descried through the lurid gloom, approaches with the body of Hengist, yet insensate from the blow which he had received from the arm of Arthur. She joins in the invocation, reproaching the fiends for their tardy vengeance, and commits her fallen hero to the protection of the sister Fates, in language which breathes all the deep fervour of prophetic enthusiasm:

"Spirits of night! reception due prepare:
Take him, my sisters, to your guardian care.

His former strength renew; and through his soul
Bid the swoll'n tides of rage and vengeance roll.
Whate'er the impulse of his mind inspires,
Regard, nor counteract his wild desires;
But whilst his breast with high-wrought fury glows,
Hurl him, like heaven's red bolt, to blast our foes.
I breathe the scent of carnage! death pursues
His course, and royal blood his steel embrues!
Visions of keen delight! why interpose
These hated clouds, and on the prospect close?
Sisters, rejoice! behold, enough is known—
Fate aids our will—destruction is our own!—
Receive your charge." This said, she swift enshrouds
Her form of terror 'mid encircling clouds,
And rushing forward on the howling blast,
The groaning forest trembled as she past.

B. vi. p. 177.

Hengist, awakening from his death-like swoon, beholds far other objects than the scenes of terror just described; for the cavern and its hell-born shapes have vanished, and a hall of exquisite beauty and symmetry meets his view. It is supported by a central pillar of white marble, whose ramifications diverge over the ceiling, and illumined by pendant lamps and reflecting gems, whilst ministering spirits, under the form of beautiful youths, stand round his couch, and endeavour to soothe his ear with the most delightful melody.

Nothing, however, can lull to rest the troubled and indignant spirit of Hengist. His late disgrace presses heavy on his mind, and he apostrophizes the weird sisters in an angry and taunting strain, charging them with having not only deceived him as to their promised aid in obtaining Inogen and the British kingdom, but having been, in fact, the cause of his incurring the reproach of recreancy, in shunning the proffered combat with Arthur in the isle of Ligon.

Scarcely had the accusation escaped his lips, when Valdandi and Skulda, rising through the yawning earth, appear before him, and, bidding him to declare his wishes, promise a compliance with them. He expresses a desire to resemble Arthur in person, fame, and interest with Inogen; a desire no sooner formed than partly granted; for through their potent agency he assumes the form, and voice, and arms of the British prince, and is told, that having effected these changes, and conducted him to the residence of Inogen, they have accomplished all within their power, for that his further influence with the maid must rest with himself; adding, as the strongest motive to his perseverance, that, should he succeed in obtaining the

love of Inogen, the sons of Odin would for ever fill the throne of Britain. Yet they reluctantly confess, at the same time, the danger to be great, and the event to them unknown. This latter intimation, however, shakes not the resolution of Hengist, and he is instantly conveyed by Valdandi, in a chariot of clouds, to the summit of Rawran, a mountain from which they have a view of the spot in which Inogen is concealed. Valdandi then presents the Saxon with a milk-white steed, and vanishes.

We have now a very beautiful description of the bower of Inogen, as raised by the protecting skill of Merlin, and in which Mr. Hole appears to have put forth no inconsiderable portion of his strength. The following lines, a part of this pleasing picture, form a striking contrast with the Lapland sketch just given. The poet, after mentioning the grateful gloom which the intermingling branches of several aged oaks fling over the boundaries of this retreat, adds—

Oft as beneath their shade deep-musing stray'd,
At night, or dewy eve, the British maid,
When the bright moon adorn'd heaven's spangled plain,
Before her sight arose the fairy train,
In white-plumed helms, and vests of splendid hue,
Cloud-form'd, and deck'd with quivering gems of dew.

And while, to crown the revels of the night,
Obedient glow-worms lend their living light,
Their sweet-toned lyres the little minstrels sweep,
And the charm'd winds in placid silence sleep.
A sprightly band, accordant to the sound,
With measured steps in circles print the ground.
At blush of morn they vanish from the view,
And night's pale empress wrapt in shades pursue.
E'en in these latter days, by forest green,
The swain, benighted, oft their sports has seen.
Thus potent fancy can the sense enchain,
Form, and embody forth her airy train
In simplest minds, and give to vacant eyes.
What sterner Wisdom to her sons denies,
Impressions sweet and strange! Alike her sway
Th' inventive bard and humble swain obey.
Yet we in one, their lot so different, find
The daring efforts of the glowing mind,
That "scales invention's heaven." While censure vain
And keen derision mock th' unletter'd swain;
Though to his view ideal forms arise,
And Fancy gilds them with her brightest dyes.

B. vi. p. 184.

Lovely, however, as is this sequestered abode, the seat of eternal spring, diversified with all the charms of hill and dale, of wood and water, resounding with the melody of birds, and adorned with fruits and flowers of every varied hue and odour, it is still to Inogen a place of confinement; and she cannot contemplate the distant mountains

without a longing desire to be amidst them, free and unfettered as the breeze that sports upon their sides and passes on. This feeling, so natural to the mind under restriction, has drawn from our bard a truly eloquent and heartfelt eulogium on the blessings of liberty, one, indeed, of the most animated and impressive passages in the poem:

Oh, Liberty! thy precious smiles can cheer
The barren heath, and howling wild endear.
The wretch, on whom thy beam no longer shines,
'Mid pleasure sickens, and in plenty pines.
No joys luxurious the wild Arabs need;
Their wealth the missive lance and bounding steed.
Fearless they scour along the dreary waste,
Nor heed the whirling sands and sultry blast.
Would they, who 'mid the scenes of danger sport,
Prefer the tasteless pleasures of a court?
Exchange the hide-form'd couch for beds of down,
And own the terrors of a monarch's frown,
To share his grandeur? No, they higher prize
Those heartfelt blessings Liberty supplies.
To think, speak, act, by no harsh laws confined,
Is theirs—the charter of the free-born mind!
Thirst gives a flavour to the crystal spring,
More sweet than crowns the nectar of a king;
And toil adds relish to the frugal meal,
A relish pamper'd pomp can never feel.

B. vi. p. 188.

Whilst Inogen, absorbed in thought, sighs as

she muses on the past, and looks forward to the future with apprehension, she is awakened from her reverie by the distant sound of arms, and almost immediately afterwards perceives a knight approaching through the glade. It is Hengist, under the form of Arthur, and, deceived by the closeness of the resemblance, she receives him with joy. To her eager inquiries after her friends and the state of her country, the treacherous Saxon replies, that her father, no longer wishing to protract their union, had sent him to conduct her where the Britons, assembled in arms, were waiting impatiently to receive their prince and the fair object of his vows, having sworn that her approving smile should lead them on to conquest and to glory. She reluctantly refuses to accompany him, urging her father's commands not to leave the bower until she has permission to do so from his own lips. On this, the supposed Arthur bitterly complains of her unkind mistrust of his words, and exclaiming, in well-feigned agony, that he is loved no more; the doubt, the anguish, and the terror, which in turns distract her bosom, receive a delicate yet vivid illustration from the following beautiful simile, which strikes me as possessing merit of no common kind:

As some pellucid current that divides
The flower-embroider'd valley, while it glides
By the pale lily, or the blushing rose,
Now shines in whiteness, now with crimson glows:
Thus varying colours clothe the virgin's cheek,
And the strong conflict of her soul bespeak.
Can she to Arthur's suit regardless prove?
Can she suspect the tender voice of love?
But then the promise to her awful sire—
No, death 's less dreadful than a father's ire.

B. vi. p. 192.

As she is thus wavering between the conflicting emotions of love and duty, the knight, aware of the advantage he has already obtained, continues to press her with yet greater urgency, finally affirming, that Merlin had warned him of immediate danger; and that, in fact, if she does but look around her, she may see her foes approaching. She gazes with astonishment as she beholds the distant mountains crowned with armed men, and the Saxon banners floating in the breeze; and alarmed not only for her own fate, but for that of her lover, and hurt, at the same time, by his injurious suspicions, she resigns herself at length to his direction, and they hasten from the bower.

Fully confiding in him whom she deemed to be her faithful Arthur, they journey on together, be-

guiling the way with interesting converse, when, as the evening approaches, they are met by Cador, a youth of great promise, and one of the confidential friends of the British prince; who, on first perceiving them at a distance, had assumed an attitude of defiance; but, as soon as he descries the well-known armour of his beloved lord, he drops his spear, and hails him with rapture. He states, that having only lately heard, whilst on the farthest coast of North Wales, that Lancelot was preparing to lead the British forces against the enemy, he had resolved instantly to join them, and was, for this purpose, pressing forward, when, not many hours ago, as the morning dawned, he had encountered a Saxon knight who defied him to combat, and that, after a sharp contest, he had slain him. Hengist impatiently inquires the name of the warrior who had fallen, and being shown his buckler, immediately recognizes it as that of his brother. Filled with grief and fury, and forgetting the character which he had assumed, he bids Cador take the reward of his valour, and plunges his sword to the hilt in his bosom. Inogen, shocked and astonished at the deed, attempts to fly, but Hengist restrains her, and pushing forward his steed, they enter, as

night comes on, a dark and dismal forest, where nothing is heard save the screech of the night-owl, the croak of the toad, and the howl of the wolf. Overcome with terror, the unhappy maiden faints, and her stern companion, apprehensive that he is about to lose his prey when just within his grasp, tries every means to recover her. She revives, and makes another effort to escape; but, again detaining her, he endeavours to induce the belief that Cador had become a traitor to the British cause, that the buckler had belonged to a noble Briton, and that he had conspired to yield her charms a prey to the Saxon. She treats the tale with the utmost contempt; and on beholding himself, notwithstanding the form he bears, and all his wiles to excite compassion, an object of aversion and horror, he determines no longer to postpone the gratification of his purpose, and, throwing aside his armour, he attempts to get possession of her person by force. Fortunately the piercing shrieks which she now utters are heard by one ever ready to succour the distressed; for the forest happens to be that into which Valdemar had been carried from the pursuit of Arthur by the frenzy of his horse. The Dane, awakened by her cries, starts from his

sleep, and perceiving, by the glimpses of the moon, which had by this time risen, the gleam of arms, and the well known lineaments of Arthur's face, he rushes on him with indignant fury, branding him, as he unsheaths his weapon, as a stain to knighthood and a dishonour to his country.

Instantly a murky darkness shrouds the moon, the thunder rolls in dreadful peals, and the most vivid lightning traverses the gloom, whilst the spirits of the night, shrieking through the storm, endeavour to prevent the deadly feud, calling on them to forbear imbruing their hands in kindred blood, nor suffer the fates to forewarn them in vain. Heedless, however, of every thing but the gratification of their own mutual rage, they pierce each other, stript as they are of their defensive armour, with innumerable wounds; and the result, forming the hinge on which the destiny of the British hero turns, it would be injustice not to give in the animated language of the poet himself:

The combat 's o'er—the shrieks of death resound;
The tempest rolls away; and on the ground
Brave Valdemar lies breathless: by his side
Stern Hengist sinking, thus in fury cried:
"Such agonizing pangs as these I feel,
Keen as the searchings of this deadly steel,

Ye hags of darkness, be it yours to know
In Nifleim's gloomy depth, th' abode of woe!—
Ha! is it thou, whose erring hand destroys
My life, and blasts my hope of promised joys?"
(For now the moon her splendid course resumed,
And her bright train th' ethereal arch illumed.)
"But 'tis enough! thy death 's thy folly's meed;
Not meanly foil'd, nor unrevenged, I bleed.
High be my seat in Odin's lofty hall!
No warrior lives to boast of Hengist's fall."
On Valdemar's deep wounds he bends his eyes
With joy malignant—grimly smiles and dies*.

B. vi. p. 204.

* "Olaus Magnus concludes his account of the military exercises of the old Scandinavians in the following manner: 'Tales erant, ut eis nullus labor insolitus, nullus locus asper, aut arduus erat, non armatus hostis formidolosus, non mors ipsa errorem eis incutere valuit; adeo ut quandoque in duello morientes soluto in risum ore per summam doloris dissimulationem spiritum reddiderint.' L. 15. c. 16.—Quintus Curtius relates (l. 7. c. 10.) that Alexander, having condemned to death some Sogdian prisoners, the inhabitants of a country adjacent to ancient Scythia, was surprised at their testifying great joy by dancing and singing, and demanded the reason of it. They informed him, that to perish by the ignoble (the same sentiment prevailed among the Goths) was disgraceful; but to be restored to their forefathers by so illustrious a conqueror caused them to celebrate their fate by dancing, and *singing* their *customary* songs. This peculiar mode of defying or welcoming death strongly resembles the ferocious contempt which the North American

It is only necessary to add, as the concluding event of this book, that Inogen, the instant she is

Indians display at its approach. Many instances of the kind are given by Bartholine. He mentions (l. 1. c. 5.) a Danish princess, who, though her husband was slain before her face, and her son transfixed with spears, neither grew pale at the approach of death, nor changed the serenity of her countenance; but with her last breath resolutely declared that the shedding her blood should cause the destruction of her enemies. A warrior being taken prisoner, and offered his liberty, rejected it; but gratefully acknowledged his enemy's generous indulgence, in permitting him, according to his request, to be burnt alive with some of his particular friends. Another endures unmoved the sharpest torments; answers with great composure his enemies' interrogatories, and talks with the same cheerfulness as if sitting at a banquet. Another, while his intestines were pulling out, is said not to have uttered a single groan. Bartholine quotes in a different chapter (l. 1. c. 10.) the epicedium, which he sung while suffering the most grievous torments It is much in the same style with Lodbroc's well known ode, and like that, in several places, greatly resembles the death-song of a Canadian savage. It appears probable, that the Norwegians, (vide Mallet's Hist. of Denmark, v. 1. c. 11.) in the tenth and eleventh centuries, discovered that part of America, and made frequent voyages to it. To suppose that so peculiar a mode of setting death and their enemies' cruelty at defiance originated from those adventurers who settled there, and in process of time might have been incorporated with the original inhabitants, would be too

freed from the embrace of Hengist, by the appearance of the Danish monarch, bounds away through the forest, terror giving wings to her speed.

We now return, at the opening of the *seventh* and last book, to the hero of the poem, whom we had left at the close of the fifth eagerly pursuing the unfortunate Valdemar, until that chieftain and his infuriated steed were lost, as night came on, in the shades of Celidon. Arthur, now finding every effort to overtake his enemy for the present unavailing; gives up the pursuit, determined that, when morning dawns, the forest shall no longer conceal

hazardous a conjecture. A similarity between the customs of barbarous nations is no proof of their being descended from the same race of people; yet where the resemblance is singular and striking, as in the above and following instance, it may not appear unworthy notice, though no particular inference can be drawn from it. The old Scythians, according to Herodotus (l. 4.) made cups of their enemies' skulls, and carried their *scalps* about them, as marks of their valour and emblems of victory. It is well known that the Indians in North America consider the latter in the same light. The Goths, who are generally allowed to be descended from the ancient Scythians, being no less *polished* than they were, and somewhat more so than the Canadian nations now are, neglected the scalps of their enemies, but fashioned, like their ancestors, their skulls into cups, as more durable and elegant trophies of their military renown."—HOLE.

him from his vengeance. In the mean time, himself and his courser being nearly exhausted by their exertions, he anxiously looks round for a place of shelter and repose, and, at length, meets both beneath the friendly thatch of a shepherd.

> Deep in a vale, adjacent to the wood,
> A humble dome, a straw-roof'd cottage stood;
> There dwelt a peasant and his gentle wife—
> Unknown to sorrow flow'd their peaceful life;
> In rural cares their fleeting hours were spent;
> Their labour pleasure, and their wealth content.

He is received by this lowly but honest couple, as soon as their first fears and astonishment are subdued, with the utmost simplicity and kindness. They are sitting at their evening meal, and invite their guest, whom they yet view with mingled awe and admiration, to partake of it. The scene is one on which the poet seems to dwell with complacent delight; and he has brought before us a picture that, in point of domestic sweetness and natural beauty, has seldom been excelled, and which, in some of its features, reminds us of that exquisitely tender passage at the close of the sixth Iliad, where the child of Hector is represented as shrinking with

terror from his dazzling armour and nodding crest. Of Arthur, who had just succeeded in allaying the apprehensions of his new friends, it is said—

His helm unbraced, how mild his features shone!
Soft as the radiance of the setting sun.
The children, frighten'd at the armour's blaze,
Cling round the mother, and in terror gaze.
While smiles benignant brighten'd o'er his face,
He clasp'd their tender hands with gentle grace,
And thus address'd them: "Every fear remove,
Ye lovely objects of connubial love!
Curst be the wretch who wrongs your tender years,
And fills the harmless shepherd's eye with tears."—
Embolden'd by the hero's words advance
The infant pair; ofttimes his weighty lance
They vainly strive to lift, and, half afraid,
Touch the keen edge of his destructive blade.
Now mid the helm's white plumes their fingers stray,
And with its sculptured forms delighted play.
The mother frowns and chides; whilst in her eyes
Joy conscious springs, and her feign'd wrath belies.
And now the cheerful fire is raised; the board
With choicer viands spread; while Britain's lord
To each fond child beside him placed imparts
The grateful cates, and wins their little hearts.
With added joy the parents' bosoms glow,
And blessings on their noble guest bestow;
And form the wish they never felt before,
That fate had granted them an ampler store

Of Fortune's favours; but the wish how vain!
Souls fraught with honour idle pomp disdain.
They mark the efforts of the heart alone;
And willing minds all other wants atone.
Oh Hospitality, thou power benign!
Though others bow not at thy sacred shrine,
Yet may'st thou never from this realm depart,
But find a temple in each British heart!—B. vii. p. 213.

Invigorated by repose, the prince rises early in the morning, and after taking leave of the kind cottagers, who follow him with their blessings and prayers, he enters the wood in pursuit of Valdemar, calling upon his name, and defying him to combat. At length, wearied by fruitless search, he is about to quit it, when he is met by a knight wearing on his helmet a wreath of laurel mixed with cypress, and whom, to his surprise, he immediately discovers to be Cradoc. The chief informs him that he and Lionel had lately encountered and defeated the Saxons, led on by Ulfin, on the banks of the Avon, but that Guendolen, the faithful and beloved mistress of his friend, had perished during the action. She had followed him to the battle disguised as a youthful warrior, and perceiving him, owing to the fall of his horse, exposed to the sword of the exulting Ulfin, she rushed forward to intercept the blow,

and was slain by that merciless chieftain. Arthur asks, though with much anxiety and apprehension, if his friend be yet living; an inquiry which calls forth from the affectionate Cradoc the following tender and sympathising tribute:

> If that may life be call'd, the knight replies,
> In silent anguish, tears, and broken sighs,
> To shun the sight of man, the face of day,
> And wear in lonely shades the hours away,
> He lives; but, ah! with me his fate deplore,
> He lives to friendship and to fame no more.
> To roam the wild, to stem the surging main,
> And mix with warriors in th' embattled plain,
> Be henceforth mine alone: the rage of fight,
> And shouts of heroes give severe delight.
> Then, though they fall, they fall as suits the brave,
> And sweet the sorrow that bedews their grave.
> Of them we think with joy—their acts of fame
> Rise grateful on the soul that glows with kindred flame.
> But may I ne'er again the witness prove
> To the deep sorrows of despairing love:
> To beauty blasted in its opening bloom,
> And valour pining o'er the silent tomb.—B. vii. p. 224.

Arthur compassionately declares, that as soon as he is blessed with the hand of Inogen, who never saw distress without striving to relieve it, it shall be their joint endeavour to share and to soothe the

sorrows of the unhappy Lionel; and saying this, whilst the tear started to his eyes, they issue from the wood together, but had scarcely left its precincts, when they behold on the adjoining heath a female who, from her attitude and manner, appears to be suffering from some sudden calamity. She starts as they approach, and the prince immediately recollecting with joy the features of Ellena, the dear companion of his Inogen, is about to ask her a thousand questions, when she tells him with anguish depicted on her countenance, that she has a dreadful tale to unfold; for that not longer ago than yesterday morning, his Inogen had quitted the enchanted bower in which she had been placed by her father, never to return! She had walked, it seems, as was her custom, to the boundary which encircles her abode, but not returning as the day advanced, her friend had gone in search of her, and ascending the mound which forms a lofty barrier to the magic landscape, she had beheld her at a distance borne off on the courser of a stately knight, whilst at the same moment a storm agitated the air, and, to her inexpressible terror, she heard the demons rejoicing that they had foiled the power of Merlin, and that Inogen was the Saxon's prize. Ellena declares that,

on hearing these exultations, she sunk to the earth senseless, and only recovered her faculties through the humane care of an old shepherd, whom she points out as approaching, and who, she adds, can communicate further particulars, though such as she is apprehensive will rather increase than allay his grief.

The consternation and agony of the prince, which, during this recital, had been in some degree soothed by the hope that Inogen's flight was involuntary, the result of force or fraud, are much augmented by the peasant's tale, who relates that on the preceding evening he had seen a knight and lady on a milk-white courser, crossing the valley with the utmost rapidity; that they were met midway by a young warrior, who appeared to address them in a very friendly manner, when presently the knight plunged his sword into the body of the youth, who instantly fell, whilst loud shrieks were heard. He adds, that the knight and lady were soon afterwards lost to his sight by the intervening wood, and that this morning he had conducted the damsel, whom he had found last night apparently lifeless on the heath, to the spot where the youth had fallen, and that she exclaimed on seeing him,

that his death would prove an additional source of grief to Britain's lord.

Arthur now demands to be led to the fatal scene, and on his way discovers a golden bracelet on the ground which he had formerly given to Inogen. He at first presses it to his lips—then starting from it as if a scorpion had stung him, he flings it away, declaring that it is but too sure a sign of her infidelity. As he says this, he comes within sight of the body of his friend, an object which the poet has, with great skill, connected with a very tender and romantic circumstance of legendary lore:

——— Now Cador's corse he view'd,
With hoary moss, and faded leaves bestrew'd.
In days of old, not yet did we invade
The harmless tenants of the woodland shade,
The crimson-breasted warbler o'er the slain,
While frequent rose his melancholy strain,
With pious care, 'twas all he could, supplied
The funeral rites by ruthless man denied.

B. vii. p. 232.

Kneeling by the clay-cold relics of his friend, he deplores with loud lamentations his untimely fate, and accuses Inogen of being accessary to it; the thought drives him almost to distraction, and he

throws himself in despair on the ground. Cradoc, though sympathising deeply in his distress, endeavours to rouse him, by declaring that he will himself track the destroyer of Cador, and inflict that vengeance which ought properly to flow from the arm of Arthur. The prince starts from the earth at this intimation, and hastily expressing his displeasure, vaults on his steed, and pursues the path which he supposes Inogen to have taken, whilst Cradoc, recommending Ellena to the further protection of the shepherd, follows his unhappy friend.

Inogen in the mean time, on her release from Hengist, having passed through the forest, though not without much suffering and hazard, enters, as the morning dawns, on a champaign country, and, exhausted with fatigue, rests herself beneath a little grove of pines on the brow of a gentle ascent. Hither, very shortly afterwards, arrive Hacon and his warrior minstrels, Oswald and Eric, bearing the body of Sweno, whom they are about to inter. They had just committed the gallant youth to the ground, and were chanting the funeral dirge, when their attention is attracted by a rustling noise, and presently they behold the unhappy Inogen timidly and slowly

advancing from her covert. Hacon demands who she is who has thus dared to intrude on the sepulchral rites, and no sooner is he informed, than exulting at the circumstance, he instantly orders Eric, out of revenge to Arthur, and as an atonement to the manes of his son, to immolate the maiden on the grave of Sweno. The bard, however, whilst in the act of raising his arm to execute the mandate of his sovereign, is suddenly arrested by the voice of a youthful warrior, who is seen rushing towards the spot, and who commands him to refrain from the atrocious deed. Hacon, menacing the youth away, and threatening death in case of refusal, again commissions Eric to deal the fatal blow, who, as he once more rears his weapon for that purpose, is pierced by the spear of the knight, and sinks breathless on the ground. Hacon and Oswald now advance against this protector of injured innocence, who, notwithstanding the death of his courser, and the inequality of the contest, ultimately proves successful. Oswald is first slain, and Hacon, blinded with rage, and reckless of danger, rushes on the knight with redoubled fury, but soon shares the fate of his dependant; an event which, in relation to its immediate consequences,

has drawn from the poet the following very striking apostrophe:

Where now are all thy glories, haughty king!
Thy stately towers, thy halls that wont to ring
With festive joy, or music's lofty strain,
Thy stern-brow'd warriors, and thy wide domain?
Thy days are with the past—the fleeting scene
Shall change, and be as thou hadst never been!
Through thy lone halls shall sigh the breeze of night,
And rust consume the trophies of thy might:
Thy friends shall sink beneath the ruthless sword;
Or yield reluctant to a foreign lord:
On Norway's coast thy deeds be heard no more,
And thy fame wither on a distant shore!

B. vii. p. 243.

The gratitude of Inogen for this timely rescue ascends to heaven in a prayer for the prosperity and happiness of her brave deliverer, who, severely wounded and sinking from loss of blood, has only strength to utter that the joy of saving her is the last happiness which he shall ever know, and faints away. Inogen flies to his assistance, and unbinding his breastplate, is intently endeavouring to stanch the flow of blood, when Arthur unperceived approaches on his panting steed; nor is she conscious of his presence, until, alighting and standing by her side, he pronounces her name in an accent of

reproach. She turns from him with a look of mingled wonder and displeasure, whilst he upbraids her for her falsehood, in thus mourning over a stranger knight, and in having by her causeless hate occasioned the death of his lamented Cador. Aroused by this unmerited accusation, she charges him with cruelty and dissimulation, tells him that the love she once cherished for him she dismisses for ever, and, seizing one of the weapons which lay scattered on the ground, declares that should he dare to approach her, she will instantly turn it against herself. Horror-struck, he stands gazing upon her for some time in speechless agony, and at length, the power of utterance returning, he takes an everlasting farewell, when the thunder rolls over their heads, and, through a sky more than usually bright and serene, a dark cloud is seen advancing, and the form of Merlin, as it dissolves at their feet, rises gradually before them. He bids them return thanks to Heaven, explains the mistakes under which they had alternately laboured, and pronounces that Valdemar and Hengist having perished by mutual wounds, the deep-laid schemes of hell had been completely baffled; that, in fact, as he informs them, the ob-

ject of the weird sisters had been overthrown by the very sorcery which they had exercised to secure it; that had not Arthur's mind been estranged by delusion, had not Inogen scorned his passion, and he resigned his suit, with such skill had the sisters constructed their enchantments, neither his valour, nor her fidelity, could have saved them from their power. But that power, he adds, is now lost, for, driven to the central caves of Hecla, and there condemned to darkness and to chains, no further will they be allowed to molest either him or Inogen. Then perceiving how much the latter was distressed by the fate of the generous youth who, to all appearance, perished in protecting her, he unbinds his casque, and shows them the features of young Ivar, announcing at the same time that his wounds are not mortal, and following up the declaration by instantly restoring him to health and vigour. The mutual joy of the parties is then beautifully described, and with the union of Arthur and Inogen, and an admirable exhortation from the lips of Merlin, the poem concludes.

The critical analysis which has now been given of Mr. Hole's 'Arthur," and the numerous passages which have been quoted from it, will, I should

imagine, have enabled the reader to form a pretty accurate judgment as to the plan and execution of the work. It will, I think, be found, if I have not greatly deceived myself, to have exhibited in the construction of its fable no common share of skill and ingenuity; in the formation of its characters, a bold and discriminating pencil; and in the departments of scenery and mythology, where the tact and talents of the poet are not less importunately demanded, a rich and excursive imagination.

That it has, however, failed to attain a similar degree of excellency in a few other particulars of considerable if not of equal importance, is not meant to be denied. It must, for instance, be allowed, that the range of incident and adventure, taking the fertility of the subject into view, is too confined, and that the versification is frequently of a character not calculated to win upon the general ear. It is to this latter circumstance, perhaps, that we may, in a great measure, attribute the neglect into which this otherwise beautiful poem has fallen; for in the laudable effort to give greater freedom and continuity of harmony to the structure of rhymed verse, Mr. Hole has been induced to run one line

into another so often, and to such a length in succession, as materially to weaken the peculiar though limited music of the couplet, whilst at the same time, it fails to impart, what he has so anxiously wished to obtain, the energy and unshackled march of blank verse.

There are not wanting, however, as the quotations I have selected will sufficiently prove, numerous passages uninjured by this attempt, and of singular sweetness and melody; and which, exhibiting at the same time those qualities of a still higher nature that I have just pointed out, cannot fail, I trust, to attract attention, and to acquire for this almost forgotten poem that permanent station among the classical productions of our country which it so justly merits.

No. XX.

" Go," proudly pace the historic hall that rung
To social mirth when deeds of hardihood were sung.
— — " And lo!" the veteran fame
Of armour that superior pannels claim:
Vizors high burnish'd once, as glory play'd
Around the leaders of the wild crusade;
The rusted cuirass, and the dented shield;
Bows that perhaps were bent on Cressy's field;
Hauberks that clasp'd, where furies urg'd their work,
Lancastrian heroes, or the chiefs of *York;*
And targets, crusted deep with sanguine scales;
And sable casques, that sigh to rifted mails;
While, colourless, above the dusky door,
A banner sheds its argent rays no more.

And not the hall alone, array'd with arms,
Of *other times* renew'd the heroic charms.
Glimmer'd above the hall, the golden room,
Where mantled in the dance the virgin's bloom;
While a long gallery, on its eastern side,
Projected picture-shadows, far and wide,—
" And the huge" court, with relics of the chase,
" Still" shows in genuine light the " far-famed" race.

POLWHELE.

THERE are few details more gratifying than those which relate to the manners, customs, and economy

of domestic life in days long gone by, and fortunately the annals of the Cliffords of Craven abound in documents of this kind, more especially during the last century of their existence in that district.

From three inventories of family effects, dated 1572, 1591, and 1643, and from various account and household books, accurately copied, and often curiously commented upon, by the historian of Craven, I shall, therefore, now proceed to cull such articles, and offer such remarks, either original or selected, as may seem best calculated to throw light, either upon the characters of the lords of Skipton as individuals, or upon the habits and usages of their times, dividing the subject, with a view to perspicuity, into the departments of DOMESTIC ECONOMY, and INN-DOOR and OUT-DOOR AMUSEMENTS.

Under the first of these heads, that of *Domestic Economy*, it may be remarked, that the earliest of the inventories relating to this subject, though dated only 1572, and taken immediately after the death of the second earl of Cumberland, may be considered, from the greater part of the articles being mentioned as old and much worn, as representing very accurately what was the interior of Skipton

castle at a much higher period. "There were," says Whitaker, speaking of the evidently decayed state of the furniture in 1572, "not improbably figures in the arras which had frowned on Richard the Third, and even on black-faced Clifford, two tyrants themselves, as savage as ever grinned in old tapestry *."

The inventory of 1572 opens with an enumeration of the *wardrobe* of the earl, in which, as the usual dress of a nobleman of that age consisted of a doublet and hose, with a cloak, or sometimes a long or short gown with sleeves, we find an abundance of articles of this description, and formed of the most costly materials, such as velvet, satin, and sarcenet, of various colours, and richly covered with furs and gold and silver lace. Show and splendour, indeed, appear to have been the objects almost uniformly aimed at, at this time, in the decoration of the person; but by dividing this catalogue of male attire into the heads of *ordinary habit*, *dress habit*, and *garter robes*, we shall best be able to appreciate that luxury of apparel in which the lords of Skipton delighted to indulge.

* History of Craven, p. 330.

It appears, then, that their *ordinary* habit consisted of the gown and jacket or jerkin, made of black or tawny chequered velvet, or black satin. Of the items, however, constituting this part of the inventory, several are mentioned as being very old, or decayed, evidently indicating that the wardrobes of this age descended from father to son; and, indeed, such was the richness of the material of which even the common garb of a nobleman of these days was composed, and so hereditary was it as to form and decoration, that it suited neither the pride nor the economy of the age to suffer such habiliments to pass into inferior hands.

The *dress* habit, in fact, though more showy in appearance, was not in reality much more expensive. It consisted generally of white or richly-coloured velvets, and the five following articles from this part of the catalogue will sufficiently point out its usual style.

"Item, one cremesyn sattan gowne, garded with cremesyne vellvett, and laid with fayre lace of golde, cs.

"Item, one shorte gowne of purple vellvett, with pomell lace of silver, xlvis. viiid.

"Item, one sleveless jackett of clothe of golde,

edged with p'chment lace of gold enamelled blewe, xlvi*s.* viii*d.*

" Item, one doublet of cremesyn velvett, embrothered with golde, and lyned with lynnynge cloth, with a p'r of hosen of crem' vellvett of the same, embrothered, lx*s.*

" Item, one dublet of whit sattan, embr'd with sylv' and lyned with very fine lynnyne, and a p'r of hose of whit velvet suitable to the same, xlvi*s.* viii*d* *."

The taste for expenditure in dress appears, indeed, to have gone on increasing with the Clifford family; for in 1632, sixty years after this inventory of the second earl was taken, we have the following description of a single suit made for lord Clifford, which, as there is reason to suppose it differed little from the luxury of his brother peers, presents us with a striking idea of the magnificent manner in which the nobility of the age of Charles the First were accustomed to clothe themselves.

" For 13 yards of bezar-culler broade tabie, at 22*s.* the yard, 14*l.* 17*s.*—For a yard and ¼ of tafety, for lyning the doublett, 1*l.* 4*s.*—For 395 oz. ¾ of gould and silver lace, plated, clouded, and whipt, in compass, rouning by measure to 38 dozen, at 5*s.*

* Hist. of Craven, p. 327.

6*d*. the oz. 108*l*. 17*s*. 4*d*.—For 6 dozen of buttons, gould and silver, 1*l*. 5*s*.—For 6 yards of gallon lace, and 1 of collers, 6*s*. 5*d*.—For 18 oz. and ¼ of collered silk, 1*l*. 17*s*.—To Macalla, for canvas and stiffening callicoe to interlyne the cloake, holland for the hose, fustian for pocketts; hookes and eyes, &c. 1*l*. 9*s*.—For making suite and cloake, 9*l*. 10*s*. —For a p'r of perle-culler stockings, 1*l*. 16*s*.—For a paire of garters and roses, and 3 dozen of pointes suitable, all of rich gold and silver thrid, without mixture; one pair of gloves trim'd suitable, and a hatband stringed suitable, all of rich gold and silver thrid, without mixture, 13*l*.—For 1 long button, a loope for the cloake, with gold and silver head, 2*s*. —The whole charge of this suite, and the furniture, is 154*l*. 4*s*. 9*d**."

Reverting, however, to the inventory of 1572, we next meet with a group of articles descriptive of the *Garter robes* of the first earl of Cumberland, and which, as Whitaker has observed, cannot but lay strong hold on the imagination, and carry it back to the scenes

> Where throngs of knights and barons bold
> In weeds of peace high triumphs hold.

* Hist. of Craven, p. 279.

"Item, one kyrtle of cremesyn velvett, lyned with whyte sarsenet, and a hode for knyght of garter to weare at Seynt George feast, vi*l.*

"Item, one robe of blewe velvet, lyned with sarcenet. The garter imbrothered thereon, and a yard of blewe silke and golde tyed at sholders, for the seide S. George's feast, vi*l.*

"Item, one hole horse-harness for a trapper, sett with whit and blew, and enameled, and one covering of black vellvett, with a garde of gold, and enameled whyt and blewe, sutable for the same, xiii*s.* iv*d.*

"Item, one oth' harnesse of red vellvett, cont'g vi. pieces; and one other harnesse of black velvett, imbrothered with silver gilted, cont'g vii. piece, xiii*s.* iv*d.*

"Item, iiii peice of clothe of tussaye, for covering of a courser at a *tryumphe*, edged with a frynge of red sylke and gold, liii*s.* iv*d.*"

I have added the last *item*, as the word *triumph* is used precisely in the manner of Milton in the quotation just given from L'Allegro, that is, in the sense of show, or mask, or revel, and as Shakspeare has explained it in the following passage:

> And now what rests, but that we spend the time
> With stately *triumphs, mirthful shows,*
> Such as *befit the pleasures of the court* *.

It is probable that these trappings may have contributed, as the topographer of Craven suggests, to the magnificence of the Champ de Drap d'Or.

Of female apparel, the notices which this inventory affords us are somewhat scanty, being confined to a short account of the wardrobe of the lady Eleanor Brandon, the first wife of the second earl of Cumberland, and which is described as being in a chest in the great chamber in the high lodging, evidently meaning that at the upper end of the long gallery which had been built for her reception on her marriage. It consists of six *gowns*, two of which, from the value annexed to them, must have been dresses of great richness, namely,

One gown of black velvett, layed with powmet laice, vi*l.* and

One gowne of cloth of tynsell, garded with blacke velvet, xiii*l.* vi*s.* viii*d.*; two others were of black and purple satin, and two of black damask, of which last, one, made to open at the breasts, is called a nurse's gown, and was probably that used

* Hen. VI. p. 3. act v. sc. vii.

by lady Eleanor when she nursed her only daughter, afterwards countess of Derby. There are also five *kirtles* of cloth of gold, crimson damask, and purple tissue; two pair of sleeves of black velvet and cloth of gold, two girdles of cloth of gold and crimson, two pair of velvet shoes, green, and red and white, and a border of cloth of gold, ornamented with pictures. This attire, probably, remained untouched after the decease of "the lady Eleanor's grace;" for her husband's second wife, being altogether of a domestic and unostentatious character, was not likely to imitate the costume or covet the robes of her royally-allied predecessor.

Our subject now conducting us from the dress of the proprietors of Skipton Castle to that of their mansion, we are next treated with a list of the furniture of their bed-chambers, which though sufficiently magnificent as far as it goes, is yet materially wanting in many of the accommodations of modern days; for we find neither glasses, carpets, nor chairs, but the beds are of down, the testers of black, purple, and tawny velvet, pinked with gold, and decorated with the family arms, and the curtains of silk, with rich fringes of the same,

mingled with gold. We have also cushions, stools, and cupboards, the latter, in all probability, for the purpose both of wardrobe and toilet, together with an enumeration of counterpanes, blankets, bolsters, and pillows, and, lastly, the mention but of eight mattresses for the household servants, a proof that, as the menials of every description amounted to nearly forty in number, those of an inferior cast must have slept on straw.

In the days of the Cliffords of the sixteenth century, *arras* was the usual covering for the walls of the apartments in the castles and castellated mansions of our nobility. This, which was often extremely rich and gorgeous, was moveable, and only hung up when the apartments were inhabited. Of such a piece of furniture, and of *carpets*, which were then used, not to cover floors, but tables and cupboards, we might expect a somewhat copious notice in the inventory of Skipton Castle; and accordingly we meet with a pretty long list of them, in which the opening article,

"A vi peice hanginge of ladies of Femynye,"

strongly reminds us, as Whitaker remarks, of the language of our elder poetry, the term *Femynye*

being used, both by Gower and Chaucer, as synonymous with the country of the Amazons: thus the latter says in his Knyht's Tale,

> He conquer'd all the regne of Femince
> That whileom was ycleped Scythia.

"Ladies of Femynye, therefore," the Doctor adds, "are the Amazons. Nymphs, in the language of this age, were ladies; as 'The Lady of the Lake,' in the Princely Pleasures of Kenelworth. Perhaps Milton is the last who used the word in this sense:

> And ladies of the Hesperides *."

The subjects of a few other suits of tapestry are thus mentioned,

A vi peice hangynge of distruc'un of Troye.

A tenth peice hangynge of the storie of David.

A one peice hangynge of Adam and Eve.

The hall, which I shall notice more fully in a subsequent inventory, appears to have been hung with an arras of sixteen pieces, and amongst the carpets are mentioned four long ones for tables of *oversee*, that is, of *forcign* work. It may be added, that there was a sumptuousness and picturesque grandeur in

* Hist. of Craven, p. 329, *note*.

the tapestry of old times, which nothing connected with wainscoting, or modern papering, or staining, can supply.

After a detail of the furniture of the kitchen, larder, pantry, buttery, and out-houses, such as may be said to differ little from that in present use, there is mention made in the cellar of a small portion of wine remaining after the burial of the lately deceased earl, amounting in value to only thirty-six shillings and eight-pence; nor need we wonder at this, for we are told that "five hoggsheads of red, whyt, and claret wyne," were consumed at his lordship's funeral, a striking instance of the extraordinary efforts which our ancestors made on these melancholy occasions to banish and to drown their grief.

Of the *plate* included in this inventory, which is estimated at the rate of about five shillings per ounce, being equal to one pound of the present currency, the articles are not numerous. The table-service appears to have consisted of twenty-four silver plates, the dishes being of pewter, then considered of such value as to be hired by the year, even in noble families. "Two *great* salts" are also mentioned, "with one cover, havynge knop-

pes, duble gilt," and weighing twenty-six ounces each. One of these was placed in the centre of the table, and gave rise to a somewhat invidious distinction; for as I have elsewhere remarked, "the rank and consequence of the visitors were marked by the situation of their seats above, and below, the salt-cellar; a custom which not only distinguished the relative dignity of the guests, but extended likewise to the nature of the provision, the wine frequently circulating only above the salt-cellar, and the dishes below it being of a coarser kind than those near the head of the table *."

For a purpose less objectionable, but peculiar also to the times, we find catalogued under this head a silver *basin* and *ewer:* these were handed round to the guests with napkins and water, in order that they might wash their hands before dinner; a custom which is now with more propriety transferred to the close of the same meal.

Wine, before glass came into general use, which did not take place until half a century after this

* Shakspeare and his Times, vol. i. p. 74 and 75; where in proof of this uncourteous custom, I have quoted instances from Shakspeare, Dekkar, Hall, Jonson, Massinger, and Cartwright.

period, was usually drank out of bowls; and we have here enumerated two nests of silver bowls, double gilt and embossed, with covers, and accompanied by two standing cups, on the covers of which stood the figures of boys, one with a shield, and the other treading on three eagles. This list of plate, somewhat scanty for such an establishment, closes with the mention of three round silver candlesticks—certainly a remarkably small number; "but our ancestors," observes Whitaker, "were not profuse of light: three silver candlesticks in the hall, or great gallery, at Skipton, must have spread darkness visible *."

Passing by the account of corn and grain in the garners at Skipton, and of cattle and sheep on the domains, as offering nothing worthy of particular notice, we next reach a part of the inventory which throws a strong light on the manners of the age. It is a detail of the

"Ord'nance and munyc'ons at Skipton, with other furniture for the warrs."

The number and distributions of this formidable apparatus throughout almost every part of the castle

* Hist. of Craven, p. 331, *note*.

of Skipton is singularly great and curious, and reminds us of the description which the chief chronicler of this period has given us of similar stores. "As for the *armories* of sundrie of the nobilitie," he says, "they are soe well furnished within some one baron's castle, that I have seene iii score corslets at once, beside culverynes, hand gunnes, bowes, and sheaves of arrowes, the verie sight whereof appalled my corage *."

It would seem, however that the lords of Skipton, not content with appropriating one or more apartments to these weapons of warfare, considered their castle, in fact, as but one vast *armorie;* for not even the chambers of the females, as we shall perceive, were exempt from this unlady-like furniture.

In the *port-lodge,* in the *port-ward,* and on the *leads* of the castle, we might expect to meet with, and we find, cannon, arquebusses, culverines, &c.; but why they should have a place in the cellar, in the larder, in the ewrie, and, above all, in the nursery and Mrs. Conyer's chamber where "three brasses with three chambres" are noted down, it would be difficult to conjecture. "A modern fine

* Holinshed, v. i. p. 85. ed. 1577.

lady," as the historian of Craven very appositely expresses himself on this occasion, "would think cannon in her chamber something like Slender's bears," which as he said, "women could not abide, for they were very ill-favoured, rough things*."

It is in the gallery, however, and the apartments immediately connected with it, that the principal *armorie* seems to have been established; and if we recollect the tumultuary times in which many of the Cliffords lived, their border wars with Scotland, and their deep concern in the bloody conflicts between the two houses of York and Lancaster, it will not be surprising to learn, that they found it necessary to accumulate a large stock of the materials and implements of warfare. They appear, indeed, from the quantity of saltpetre preserved in their store-house, and the number of pairs of iron-moulds marked in the inventory, to have manufactured their own gunpowder, and cast their own balls; and the following brief and classed enumeration of some of the armour and weapons collected in the gallery, in the low tower at the end of it, in the middle chamber of the gallery, and in what was called the New Work, will, with a few incidental observations, afford us a

* Hist. of Craven, p. 334, *note*.

striking picture of the warlike attitude which they were compelled to maintain.

In the first place then, we have a list of *seventy-eight* CORSLETS, furnished with caps, gorgets, and vomebraces; next follow *sixty-two* SPEARS and LANCES with the accompaniment of greaves and gauntlets, *sixty* BACKS and BREASTS of armour; *forty-four* LEAD MALLETS, a deadly weapon which had probably been used by Henry lord Clifford, the shepherd, on the Field of Flodden, for in the old metrical narrative of this battle, it is said

> The Morrish pikes, and *mells of lead,*
> Did deal there many a dreadful thwack.

Thirty-two BATTLE-AXES, many of which had, doubtless, been wielded with unsparing havoc during the contention of the rival roses. *Thirty-two* ARQUEBUSSES, a species of musket, often made of cast-iron, and so heavy that it was usually discharged on a portable rest. *Twenty-five* pieces of CANNON of various kinds, such as *facons*, *diculverons*, &c. *Twelve* RACKS for stringing CROSS-BOWS. *Three* IRON SLINGS with chambers, an instrument somewhat similar to the balista of the ancients, and which, as Whitaker conjectures, had

in all probability been used by the first earl of Cumberland in repulsing the attacks of the Pilgrimage of Grace. *Three* of the SEVEN SISTERS, pieces of Scottish ordinance which, there is every reason to suppose, had fallen into the hands of Henry, the shepherd lord, as a part of the spoil of Flodden Field; for Holinshed tells us in his description of this engagement, that "all the Scottish ensigns were taken, and a two and twentie peices of great ordinance, among the which were seaven culverines of a large assize, and very fair peices. King James named them, for that they were in making one verie like to another, 'the Seaven Sisters*.'" *Two* BRIGANTINES; these are mentioned as being covered with black velvet, one having a cap covered with the same material, and the other a helmet or morion with white nails. "They seem," observes Whitaker, "to have been for the use of the lords themselves;" and he then adds a remark which brings to our recollection much of what has been recorded of the character and habits of this great and chivalric family: "How frequent with the old writers of romance," says he, "is the figure of a

* Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 1493, as quoted by Whitaker.

black knight traversing a forest; and how completely must it have been realized by the Cliffords within their own domains *!"

The inventories which follow this of 1572 are comparatively scanty. That of 1591, taken towards the latter end of the life of earl George, the celebrated navigator, cannot be expected, from the short period which had elapsed, to add much of what is novel. In the *drawing-chamber*, however, are mentioned a few fresh articles which convenience or fashion had introduced; such as *table-cloths* of green cloth fringed with silk, eleven *buffets*, five covered with crimson velvet, five with green velvet, and one with cloth of gold; *cushions of Turkey work*, and *andirons* of copper. In the best chamber, or *chamber of estate*, we find enumerated for the first time, a *large carpet* for a *foot-cloth*, and "*one gret glass* gilt, with litel curtain of sarcenet for same." *Pictures* also had come into vogue, for thirty-six are noticed as being in the wardrobe. It would appear, however, that the literary taste of the family had greatly degenerated, for the *library* of the Cliffords is described as occu-

* Hist. of Craven, p. 334, *note*.

pying the "high closet," and consisting but of "1 bowke of bocas. 1 greatt owld bowck. 1 great bowke or grele for singing, and 1 trunk of wickers covert with letter with bowcks and scrowles in."

To the inventory of 1643, drawn up during the siege of the castle in the great rebellion, we are indebted for a very interesting description of the furniture of the hall, which had been dismissed in that of 1572 with but a single line, namely,

"v boards furnished with formes and one cubbord to remain."

We are now told that "in the great hall," were, "Imprimis, 7 large peices of hangings, with the earle's armes at large in every one of them, and poudered with the severall coates of the house." "Five long great tables on standard frames, 6 long forms, 1 short one, 1 court cupbard, 1 fayre brass lantern, 1 iron cradle with wheeles for charcoale, 1 almes tub, 1 great auncyent clock, with the bell, weights, &c. 20 long pikes, 1 great church Bible, 1 booke of Common Prayer, 2 laced cloth cushons for the steward."

On this truly graphical catalogue, such an amusing commentary has been given by the learned and accomplished vicar of Whalley, that it would

be almost injustice to attempt any disquisition on the subject in any other words than his own.

It "holds up," as he justly declares, "a very complete and vivid representation; so that a good painter, with some help from fancy, might give an interior view of the old hall at Skipton. But let us examine the particulars. The court cupboard *, I am persuaded, is the same which has been already noticed, as ordered to remain in the great hall, in 1572. The fayre brass lantern was probably suspended at the upper end, to give light to the

* "One of this description yet remains. It is about five feet high, rather more than four in width and two in depth. The sides are fluted pannels of Henry 8th's time. In front are three doors and two drawers; on one of the uppermost doors are the arms and supporters of the family, on the other the garter: between them a beautiful gothic tabernacle. It was evidently made in the interval between 1527, when the first earl was installed knight of the garter, and 1542, when he died. Court cupboards, the side-boards of our ancient nobility, were constant appendages to the high table in the hall. See Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet, act i. scene v. 'Away with the joint-stools, remove the court cupboard.' Capulet's hall was on this occasion to be converted into a ball-room, and the court cupboard stood in the way."

high table. The iron cradle for charcoal proves that this hall had no fire-place, but was warmed, like some college halls at present, by a central fire in a moveable grate, the vapour of which escaped through a cupola above. The almes tub was probably in or near the screen below, where the poor received a stated dole of oatmeal; a primitive and laudable practice, continued in some old families within my recollection. The great auncient clock with the bell was probably over the screen, where the hall bells of colleges are generally found at present.

"The Bible and Book of Common Prayer might probably be removed out of the chapel, which was much exposed to the enemy's fire, that the garrison might at least perform their devotions without danger.

"With respect to 'the laced cushons,' for the steward, the great hall seems to have been the place where he presided on court-days, and where I suppose he was seated, like Mr. Vellum, when he held his courts, in the largest elbow-chair in the house *.

* See Addison's Drummer, act v. scene i.

259

"The outline of the old hall was the same with the present, and something less than sixty feet long *."

In the residue of the inventory of 1643 occur a few articles which mark the progress of luxury and household accommodation. *Chairs* and *floor-carpets* are no longer rarities, and we have now both a *billiard* and a *music-room*, the former containing not only a board for the game, but numerous pictures and engravings and sixteen maps, and the latter a portrait of the countess of Cumberland, and a statue of her grandfather Burleigh, by Stone; whilst dispersed through the apartments may be remarked a variety of musical instruments, such as *lutes* and *theorbocs*, a *gettorne*, a payre of *organs*, and a *harpsicon*, pretty clearly indicating what the account books confirm, that the lady of the last earl had both a taste for, and a practical skill in music.

From these account books, of which the historian of Craven inspected four for the years 1606, 1634, 1637, and 1638, we learn many curious par-

* Hist. of Craven, p. 342.

ticulars relative to the provisions and house-keeping expenses of the family. The Cliffords were, it seems, by no means adepts in proportioning their expenditure to their income; the former almost constantly exceeding, and that to a considerable amount, the produce of the latter; a disparity which compelled them to have a regular title in these books for the receipt of money from *lands sold.*

Yet this excess was certainly not owing to the dearness of the necessaries of life, for butcher's meat and fuel were cheap; venison was furnished in profusion from their own parks, and of fish they had an ample supply either from their own sources, for the earls of Cumberland had, at this time, as chief lords of the Percy fee, a share in the fishery of Malham Water, or in presents from the neighbouring gentry. Such, however, was the hospitality of the lords of Skipton, and such their great expenses in dress, in journeys to their various castles, and in visits to London, that we cannot be much surprised at the result. How chargeable was travelling at this period will be evident from the two following items, of which the first is also a curious proof of

the then great imperfection of roads, for the countess of Cumberland, we find, was *eleven* days in going from London to Londesborough !

" 1640. Disbursed in my lady's journey from London to Londesbro', being eleven days with 32 horses, lxviii*l.* xviii*s.* ix*d.*

" 1642, May 9. Delivered to his lordship for his journey from London to the court at York 50*l.*"

Of the gigantic scale on which cookery was carried on at Skipton, a pretty adequate idea may be formed from the statement, that though coals and much peat were consumed at the castle, yet, in addition to these, 1600 loads of ling *per annum*, pulled upon the neighbouring moors, were used for heating the ovens. " These," we are further told, " were not like the diminutive ovens of the present day; but vaults of stone, capable of holding a flock of sheep, before they baked them; and they were seldom unemployed." It is added, that, " when a part of the Clifford family resided at Grafton in Northamptonshire, not only pasties of red deer venison were sent thither by express from Skipton; but carcasses of stags, two, four, or more, at once, were baked whole, and despatched to the

same place *." We subsequently learn, that three bushels of wheat and twelve pounds of pepper were used for baking two stags, and that the making of venison pasties, which were structures of such an enormous size as to look like castles in pastry, required so much time and skill, that "the office of pasty-baker was distinct from that of the cook or baker of the family."

The articles of *wine*, *sugar*, and *tobacco*, must have been attended with a prodigious expense; for though wine was cheap, yet such was the vast consumption of claret, sack, and muscadine, that Whitaker concludes the upper servants must have shared with their masters in the first at least †. Of the *union* of *white wine* and *sugar*, we meet with several items which would seem to indicate that the visitors at Skipton castle had as great a partiality for this composition as the celebrated sir John Falstaff himself; and when we discover that this production of the western world was then so dear that a fat wether would not have purchased two pounds of it, we may readily conceive

* Hist. of Craven, p. 310, *note*. † Ibid. p. 309.

that the general use of such a delicacy would materially swell the annual account. Nor was *tobacco*, which seems to have been lavishly used at Skipton, less costly, for the finest sort was then 18*s.* per pound, and a single bill for this article was found among the family papers, amounting to 36*l.* 7*s.* 8*d.* a sum equal in value to about 150*l.* of our present currency!

Another source of considerable expense must have arisen from the circumstance, that nearly all their garden vegetables, even those which we now esteem of the most common kind, were imported at a very extravagant price from Holland; thus by an item in 1595, we are informed that two shillings were "paid for vi cabishes, and some caret rootts bought at Hull," and by another in the same year, that a messenger was sent to the above seaport for two ropes of onions.

It is somewhat singular that whilst among the evidences of the Cliffords no account is given of any of the *festivals* occurring in their own immediate family, there should yet be found treasured up in these same evidences a minute detail of the marriage feasts of some of their distant re-

latives or intimate friends, such as the Cliftons, and the Neviles of Chevet *.

As these, however, of which Dr. Whitaker has preserved several full-length portraits, were undoubtedly similar to what had often been set forth in the castles of Skipton and Brougham, I shall select a part of one of them, with the corresponding commentary of the historian, as affording some very curious illustrations of the hospitality and domestic arrangements of the day.

This fête, at which the Cliffords were present, was given on the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter of sir John Nevile, with Roger Rockley, Esq. on the 14th of January, 1526, being the 17th year of Henry the Eighth; and the memorial of it opens with an enumeration of the dress of the bride and bridegroom, which, it is remarkable, was nearly if not altogether black, the former being clad in black satin, and the latter in a gown of black

* "Sir John Nevile, of Chevet, high sheriff of Yorkshire, 19 Hen. VIII. married Elizabeth, daughter of ———, a widow of sir Thos. Tempest; and had issue Elizabeth, married to Roger Rockley, Esq. and Mary, married to sir Gervase Clifton." Vide Thoresby's Ducatus Leodiencis, p. 183.

velvet, richly trimmed with skins, and with a jacket and doublet of black satin.

Then follows a detail of the expenses of the week for wine, malt, wheat, flesh, and fish, amounting to 86*l.*; the wine, of which three hogsheads are put down, costing not more than sixpence per gallon, about double the price of strong malt liquor in the same year: a circumstance, observes Whitaker, "not accounted for by the absence of taxation, but by the perfection of the French vineyards, and the extreme imperfection of English husbandry at this time." The arrangement for the dinners, both on flesh and fish-days, I shall give verbatim.

"*For the first course at dinner.*

"First, brawn with mustard, served alone, with malmesey; Item, frumetty to pottage; Item, a roe roasted for standart; Item, peacocks, two of (*i. e.* upon) a dish; Item, swans, two of a dish; Item, a great pike on a dish; Item, conies roasted, 4 of a dish; Item, venison roasted; Item, capon of grease, 3 of a dish; Item, mallards, 4 of a dish; Item, teals, 7 of a dish; Item, pyes, baken with rabits in them; Item, baken oringe; Item, a flampett; Item, stoke fritters; Item, dulcetts, 10 of a dish; Item, a tart.

"*Second course.*

"First, martens to pottage; Item, for a standart, cranes, 2 of a dish; Item, young lamb, whole roasted; Item, great fresh sammon gollis; Item, heron sewes, 3 of a dish; Item, bytters, 3 of a dish; Item, pheasants, 4 of a dish; Item, a great sturgeon goil; Item, partridges, 8 of a dish; Item, stints, 8 of a dish; Item, plovers, 8 of a dish; Item, curlews, 8 of a dish; Item, a whole roe baken; Item, venison baken, red and fallow; Item, a tart; Item, a marchpane; Item, gingerbread; Item, apples and cheese, stewed with sugar and sage.

"*For night.*

"First, a play, and streight after the play a mask; and when the mask was done, then the bankett, which was 110 dishes, and all of meat; and then all the gentlemen and ladyes danced; and this continued from Sunday to the Saturday after.

"*For Fridays and Saturdays.*

"First, leich brayne; Item, fromety to pottage; Item, whole ling and haberdine; Item, great guils of salt salmon; Item, great salt eels; Item, great salt sturgeon guils; Item, fresh ling; Item, fresh

turbut; Item, great pike; Item, great guils fresh salmon; Item, great ruddo; Item, baken turbuts; Item, tarts of 3 several meats.

"*Second course.*

"First, martens to pottage; Item, a great fresh sturgeon goil; Item, fresh eel roasted; Item, great brett; Item, salmon chins broiled; Item, roasted eels; Item, roasted lampreys; Item, roasted lamprons; Item, great burbuts; Item, salmon baken; Item, fresh eel baken; Item, fresh lampreys baken; Item, clear gilley; Item, gingerbread."

To this list of fish, is to be added as mentioned in the bill of provisions for the week, one *seal*, and one *porpoise*. Sewers, seneshalls, marshals, carvers and cup-bearers, attended in magnificent profusion, whilst a knight, sir John Burton, acted as steward, and sir John Nevile's brother, Mr. Stapylton, with a servant, and the bridegroom himself with his servant, waited in the hall.

"Of wild-fowl," observes the commentator, "the catalogue is curious. The crane, the heron sewe, the bittern, the curlew, and the stint, or tringa cinclus. Of tame fowl, beside the swan, of which five would have bought an ox, we have the peacock,

and the capon of grease, that is, fat capon, as hart of grease is called *cervus* de crapitudine. The goose and tame duck are not mentioned; neither is the woodcock.—The same is to be observed of the grouse, which in the immense extent of the Yorkshire moors must have abounded. The catalogue of fish is equally curious; for beside the kinds generally in use at modern tables, which *are* mentioned, and the trout, which is not, we have the royal sturgeon, then apparently very common. The silence of the bill of fare as to the carp favours the opinion, that it was introduced into England rather later than this time. Then there appear haberdines, of which I know not what they were; the rudd, i. e. the cyprinus orfus, yet found in the pools of Holderness; and above all, the seal and porpoise. Eels were sometimes roasted; a mode of cookery prescribed long after by Isaac Walton. I have also to learn what were 'martens to pottage,' whether the bird or the quadruped; for those who could eat porpoises might have endured the sweet mart, if not its stinking relative the pole-cat. Tarts were plainly meat pies. What flampets and leich brayne may have been I leave to the skilful in old cookery to discover.

'Marchpayne,' which the fair Dowsabell was skilled in preparing, was a kind of biscuit (here it was made in part of gingerbread) much used in old desserts. 'Save me a piece of Marchpane,' says the servant, (Romeo and Juliet, Act i. Sc. v.) when the tables were taken away. Their merriment was persevering enough to have subdued modern constitutions, for the dancing continued a whole week: on the wedding-night was first a play, and next a mask; after which followed a 'banket' of 110 dishes. This was in order. In the passage above referred to is a curious scene of bustle and confusion in clearing the hall after dinner for the maskers. 'Away with the joint-stools—remove the court cupboard—look to the plate, Antony and Potpan!' And when the mask is over, old Capulet says, 'Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone; we have a trifling foolish banket toward.'

"After such dinners as had preceded these entertainments, we may presume that the 110 dishes of the 'banket' might be called comparatively trifling, and would somewhat resemble a modern table in lightness. Pike was the only fish served up with the flesh dinners. The arrangement of the first and second course, with respect to fish, &c., seems to

have been indiscriminate. Not a vegetable appears. Apples were introduced with the cheese, and stewed with sugar and sage *."

The last item which I shall mention, relative to the domestic economy of the Cliffords, will place one of the familiar accommodations of modern life in a very interesting point of view:

"1633-4. To captayne Robinson, by my lord's commands, for writing letters of news to his lordship for a half year, *5l.*"

It would appear from this intimation, that, previous to the invention of printed newspapers, the nobility and opulent gentry were in the habit of pensioning persons in London, for the purpose of collecting and sending to them, in written letters, the news of the day. I know, indeed, scarcely any privation which would occasion such a blank in modern society as the sudden and total suppression of newspapers.

It now only remains to take some notice of the *amusements* which beguiled the hours of the lords of Skipton; and of these, which may properly enough be arranged under the heads of INDOOR and

* Hist. of Craven, pp. 306-7-8-9.

Outdoor Diversion, I shall commence with that branch of the former which, from the talent or apparatus required for its exhibition, may be considered as the most important, namely, the *dramatic entertainments and minstrelsy* that so often cheered the halls, or awakened the echoes, of Brougham, Londesborough, and Skipton.

Fortunately a few of the memoranda which allude to these festivities have been collected from the papers of the family, and brought before us in the following order:

"1521. Payd to the French Wheyn mynstrell, iiis. iv*d.*; mynstrell of Newer Daye, vi*s.* viii*d.*

"1595. To lord Willowby's men playing at this hows twice, xxx*s.*

"1609. Payd to the musitioners which were appointed to play at Londesbr. at the play the 12 Marche, sir —— Hutton and divers others being there, iiii*s.*

"1609, 27 April. Given to the waites of Halifaxe, who plaied in the court, sir Step. Tempest being there, ii*s.*

"Given to a company of players, my lord Vawses men, in reward not playing, because it was Lent, and therefore not fitting, x*s.*

" 1614. Given to my lord Wharton his players, who played one playe before my lord and the ladies . . . .

" 1619. Given to 15 men that were players, who belonged to the late queene, xiii*s.* iv*d.*

" Sept. 28. Given to a companie of players, being prince Charles's servants, who came to Londesbro' and played a play, xi*s.*

" 1624. Gave to a set of players, going by the name of the kings players, who played 3 times, iii*l.*

" 1633. To certain players itinerants, i*l.*

" 1635. To a certeyne company of *roguish* players, who represented 'A New Way to pay Old Debts,' i*l.*

" To Adam Gerdler, whom my lord sent for from York to act a part in 'The Knight of the Burning Pestell,' v*s.*"

On these articles, which throw a strong light on a very prominent part of the domestic amusements of the age, Dr. Whitaker has given us a comment so rich in just remark with regard to the dramatic and histrionic merit of past and present times, that it would be an injury to my readers not to insert it.

" There is no proof," he observes, " to be drawn from their papers, that the Cliffords maintained a

company of minstrels or players as a part of their establishment. Yet, why they did not, as well as lord Willoughby, lord Wharton, and lord Vaux, all their inferiors, it would not be easy to discover. Of the dramatic power of these vagrants, who strolled about the country from one nobleman's house to another, and were rewarded for each entertainment with a few shillings, it is impossible to form any high idea. They were probably of no higher rank, or greater talents, than those who are now content to amuse a country village in a barn. Dramatic *composition* was at its height before dramatic *representation* had emerged far above barbarism. That elegant but too often licentious amusement will never attain to any very high degree of excellence, till a wealthy and luxurious age has made the rewards of it a national object, which again will often not take place till the powers of dramatic composition, which usually reaches its acme a little before that period of society, are on the decline. It follows, that the highest gratification in this walk will be obtained by a judicious combination of the dramas of one period with the performance of another, from want of which, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Shakspeare, it is more than

probable, never conceived the full force of some of their own greatest characters. Meanwhile, the rant or the buffoonery of strollers would pass for fine acting in the halls of Londesborough and Skipton; and intellectual gratification, though very imperfect, might contribute to suspend the orgies of intemperance, to awaken the latent sparks of feeling or sentiment, and to soften the general ferocity of manners*."

Of those diversions which, as requiring only a few members of a family for their performance, are still more strictly entitled to the appellation of *indoor* or *fireside* amusements, there are only three or four notices to be found in the printed inventories of the Cliffords. The first and second of these are dated 1619, and, consequently, relate to Francis the fourth earl; they run as follows:

"Given to my lord to play at tables in the great chamber, vs.

"Paid to his lordship's losses at shovelboard, xs."

Tables, so named from the French and Latin, differed little, if at all, from the modern game of backgammon; but *shovel-board*, now superseded

* Hist. of Craven, p. 318, *note*.

by the use of billiards, was the pastime and chief ornament of every old hall, and doubtless of that at Skipton castle. As it consisted in pushing or *shoving* pieces of smooth money along a very polished surface to certain fixed marks, the currency of the day so employed was often distinguished by an epithet corresponding with this occasional application of it; thus, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the era of the invention of shovel-board, the silver groats of that monarch were called *shove-groats;* and when the smooth broad shillings of Edward the Sixth came into being, they, from a like cause, were denominated *shovel-board shillings*. That this board was sometimes a piece of furniture of magnificent dimensions, and worthy of the most splendid baronial hall, is evident from what Dr. Plot has told us of that at Chartley in Staffordshire, which was more than thirty feet in length, and consisted of two hundred and sixty pieces *.

Whether the ladies at Skipton castle ever partook of this diversion cannot now be ascertained;

* Natural History of Staffordshire, p. 383. For a copious and minute description of this board, and the mode of playing at it, see my "Shakspeare and his Times," vol. i. pp. 306, 307, 308.

but as they had a somewhat similar amusement of their own, though under a different name, it is probable they did not. This was called *trol-my-dames* or *pigeon-holes*, two of the boards for which are mentioned, in the Skipton inventory of 1643, as being in lady Frances' closet.

This game, which consisted in rolling small ivory balls through arches resembling pigeon holes, and placed at one end of the machine, has been thus recommended by a physician of some celebrity in his day, as a proper *in-door* diversion for his female patients: "The ladyes, gentle woomen, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable," says the doctor, "may have in the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, intoo the which to troule pummits, either wyolent or softe, after their own discretion: the pastyme *troule in madame* is termed*."

It appears from the *Winter's Tale* of Shakspeare, that, in his day, the boards for this game were carried round the country for sale; for Autolycus, in answer to the query of the clown as to who had robbed him, replies, "A fellow, sir, that I have

* Dr. Jones on Buckstone Bathes, as cited by Farmer. Vide Reed's Shakspeare, vol. ix. p. 326.

known to go about with *trol-my-dames*." Act iv, Sc. 2.

The time, however, which these domestic amusements consumed at Skipton was trifling, when compared with that which was given to the *out-door* diversions, or *sports of the field*. That the pleasures of *hunting* formed a great part of the serious occupation of the Cliffords of Craven there can be no doubt. They seem, indeed, to have pursued this diversion with more than common enthusiasm, to have been extremely jealous of their rights and privileges concerning it, and to have carried it on with a preparation, state, and train of attendants truly imposing. "Their vast domains," remarks sir Egerton Brydges, speaking of this family, "and all the wild splendour of the feudal habits, which they exhibited, fill the imagination with the sentiments and the figures of a rich romance. I see them still pursuing their manly sports over the picturesque and magnificent solitudes of Craven; I see them afterwards presiding with courteous state at the hall of hospitality, unweakened by effeminate luxuries, and unsophisticated by the rivalry or artifices of commerce and manufactures*."

* Censura Literaria, vol vi. p. 395.

. It is scarcely possible, indeed, after such a description, to look upon these great huntings in Arc and Wharfdale, upon the immense parks and forests through which they ranged, and which have since disappeared, without experiencing some slight feelings of sorrow that they no longer exist.

Of the vast extent of Craven, which was then tenanted by the deer of the lords of Skipton, some estimate may be formed from the number of keeperships belonging to the family, and which amounted, in 1609, to thirteen; namely, to those of *Birks*, *Grossington*, *Old Parke*, *The Hawe*, *Threshfield*, where mention is made of a buck famous in its day, called "the Great Buck of Threshfield," *Brodshawe*, *Craco-Fell*, *Thorpe-Fell*, *Carlton Park*, *Barden*, *Longstrother*, *Littondale*, and *Skipton*.

As to the apparatus required for this manly diversion, it is worthy of remark, that of the stud belonging to the second earl, and which consisted of about fifty horses, geldings, and mares, a few are designated, in the inventory of 1572, by the names of individuals of the family, or by those of its friends, such as *Grey Clifford*, *White Dacre*, *Sorell Tempest*, *Bay Middleton*, &c.; a custom, observes Whitaker, much more noble than the contemptible

and nonsensical manner of denominating race horses at present. It brings to the recollection "saddle White Surrey for the field to-morrow*."

We have also, in the same inventory, a very curious enumeration of what extra-equipage was then thought necessary for a long and distant chase in Craven. Thus, after a list of some items of horse furniture, and of various riding hats, with a morion covered with crimson velvet, and intended as a light skull-cap for the defence of the head in hunting, follows the mention of *one trussing bedd for the field, in two trounks of rede cloth, with my lord's armes on, frynged with rede silke, and lyned with rede sarcynet; one bedd of downe, and a bolster thereto belongynge, and one matteress;* articles which being placed under the head of my lord's apparel, and not classed with the munition of the castle, were evidently meant for the accommodation of hunting parties, and which, it has been justly remarked, might be used in an ordinary house where it might be necessary to spend the night, and where every convenience might be wanting. After a hard day's chase in Longstroth-dale, for instance, it would be too much for a wearied train of men and horses to

* King Richard III. Act 5. Sc. 3.

return to Skipton. In this case, my lord would betake himself to his trussing bed, and his servants to the haymow *.

Of the other out-door diversions, with the exception of a few intimations relative to *hawking* and *fishing*, there is no mention. In reference to the first it is stated, that in 1614, a leash of hawks cost sixteen pounds, and that sixty dozen of pigeons were killed at a time for hawksmeat; and with regard to the second, that Malham water and the fish-ponds at Skipton furnished the chief opportunities for its exercise. These latter were situate in a deep and very beautiful glen at the foot of the northern wall of Skipton Castle, which from its battlements to the torrent which washes its base measured not less than two hundred feet. They formed a part, indeed, of the pleasure-grounds of the Cliffords, to which this romantic dell, somewhat intruded upon perhaps by the *topiary* works of the days of Henry the Eighth, was exclusively appropriated.

The account which has now been given of the manners, habits, and domestic economy of the Cliffords of Craven will have presented us with many

* Whitaker's Hist. of Craven, p. 327, *note*.

striking and interesting views of their magnificence and hospitality; features which did not perish with the male branches of the family, but, as we shall see in the following number, were maintained with even additional splendour and utility, by the celebrated heiress of their property.

[*To be continued.*]

No. XXI.

The Ladye sought her lofty halls,
Where many a bold retainer lay:—
Courteous as monarch the morn he is crown'd,
Generous as spring-dews that bless the glad ground;
Noble her blood as the currents that met
In the veins of the noblest Plantagenet—
Such were her mood and her strain.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE death of Henry, fifth earl of Cumberland, without male issue, terminated a series of family litigation which had, with all its customary effects of alienated affection and ill-will, existed for eight-and-thirty years; and at length, in her fifty-fourth year, the daughter and sole-surviving child of George earl of Cumberland succeeded to the estates of her forefathers, under the title of

ANNE, BARONESS CLIFFORD, FOURTEENTH LORD OF THE HONOUR OF SKIPTON.

This accomplished, munificent, and virtuous heiress of the Cliffords was born at Skipton Castle on the 30th of January, 1589. Under the eye of

her good and amiable mother, Margaret, countess of Cumberland, she enjoyed every advantage which precept and example could afford, and no daughter, perhaps, was ever more sensible of the obligations which she owed to maternal care. She never, indeed, throughout her long life spoke of this parent but in terms of enthusiastic veneration for her virtues and talents, and usually with the epithet of *my blessed mother.*

It appears that at the age of eleven years she was under the tutorage of Samuel Daniel, the celebrated poet and successor of Spenser in the laureatship; for, in an original book of accounts discovered by Dr. Whitaker among the Clifford papers at Skipton Castle, and filled with memoranda relative to her education from 1600 to 1602, occur, under the first of these dates, and in the hand-writing of the bard, four metrical lines, imploring for his pupil the years of Nestor, and happiness at her life's end, a prayer which, as we shall hereafter see, was almost literally fulfilled.

These two years were spent by lady Anne in London, under the immediate care of her governess, Mrs. Tayler, a woman of polished manners and high attainments; and here, whilst she imbibed a

love of literature, poetry, and history, from her able tutor, she acquired also a knowledge of French, and was taught the accomplishments of music and dancing.

We discover, likewise, from this interesting collection of memoranda, what is of yet greater importance, that, during her sojourn in the capital, she continued to cultivate those habits of benevolence and piety which she had learnt from her mother's example; for though her income, owing to the narrow circumstances in which lady Margaret had been placed by the neglect of her lord, was so small that she was frequently obliged to borrow, yet we find, notwithstanding, that nearly one-fourth of the numerous articles of expenditure contained in this account book was devoted to purposes of charity.

It is highly gratifying to be informed, from the same authority, that conduct such as this procured her many friends. Her aunt, lady Warwick, often sent her small sums of money packed up in little silver barrels, and, being greatly attached to her, had introduced her to queen Elizabeth, by whom she had been admired as a child of great promise. She visited also her and the countesses of Northum-

berland and Derby, and lady Scroope, in their own coaches, and not unfrequently received from them, and others, presents of gold trinkets, besides venison, once a whole stag at a time, and fish and fruit.

It was at the close of this early residence in London, when she was but thirteen years old, that Daniel addressed to her a poetical epistle, from which, as possessing considerable merit in a moral and admonitory point of view, I shall beg leave to extract a few lines.

" TO THE LADY ANNE CLIFFORD.

With so great care doth she that hath brought forth
That comely body, labour to adorn
That better part, the mansion of your mind,
With all the richest furniture of worth
To make ye as highly good as highly born,
And set your virtues equal to your kind.
She tells you how that honour only is
A goodly garment put on fair deserts,
Wherein the smallest stain is greatest seen,
And that it cannot grace unworthiness;
But more apparent shews defective parts,
How gay soever they are deck'd therein.
She tells you, too, how that it bounded is
And kept enclosed with so many eyes,
As that it cannot stray and break abroad
Into the private ways of carelessness;
Nor ever may descend to vulgarise

Or be below the sphere of her abode:
But, like to these supernal bodies set
Within their orbs, must keep the certain course
Of order, destin'd to their proper place:—
Such are your holy bounds, who must convey
(If God so please) the honourable blood
Of Clifford, and of Russel, led aright
To many worthy stems, whose offspring may
Look back with comfort, to have had that good,
To spring from such a branch that grew s' upright:
Since nothing cheers the heart of greatness more
Than the ancestor's fair glory gone before."

One of the most pleasing features in the character of this justly celebrated woman, both in her youth and old age, was her gratitude to, and affection for, her preceptors. She ever delighted to recal them to her recollection, and to associate their existence, as it were, with her own. Thus, in a whole-length picture of her at Appleby castle, we behold a small portrait of her tutor Daniel; and in the side leaves of the great family picture at Skipton castle, where she is likewise drawn at full-length, one compartment exhibiting her at the age of thirteen, and the other in middle life, over the first of these we again perceive the head of Daniel, and accompanied by that of her governess, Mrs. Anne Tayler. In the same leaf, also, she has contrived,

by a representation of her library, to acquaint us with the favourite authors of her early days, among which we find Eusebius, St. Augustine, sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, Godfrey of Boulogne, the French Academy, Camden, Ortelius, and Agrippa on the Vanity of Occult Sciences; whilst in the second of these leaves we as distinctly learn what were the chief studies of her maturer age, by the books which are there depicted being wholly confined, with the exception of one on distillations and excellent medicines, to the Bible, Charron on Wisdom, and some pious tracts.

She was, indeed, throughout life a great and persevering reader, deriving from this source some of her dearest consolations; for "whenever her eyes began to fail," relates Dr. Whitaker, "she employed a reader, who marked on every volume or pamphlet the day when he began and ended his task; many books so noted yet remain in the evidence room at Skipton *."

Whilst on this subject, I may add that her affectionate recollection of him who had been a chief instrument in inspiring her with a love of reading

* Hist. of Craven, p. 313.

was still further evinced on her coming into possession of her long-disputed property; for shortly afterwards she placed over the remains of the bard, who had slept unhonoured for half a century in the parish church of Beckington in Somersetshire, a monument at her sole expense, and accompanied by the following inscription:

"Here lies, expecting the second coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the dead body of SAMUEL DANIEL, Esq.; that excellent Poet and Historian, who was Tutor to the Lady ANNE CLIFFORD in her youth, she that was daughter and heir to GEORGE CLIFFORD, Earl of CUMBERLAND; who in gratitude to him erected this monument to his memory, a long time after, when she was Countess Dowager of PEMBROKE, DORSET, and MONTGOMERY. He died in Octob. an. 1619."

It would appear, notwithstanding, that the early years of lady Anne were, from her own account, not passed without incurring numerous perils both from accident and disease, for, whilst enumerating in her Memoirs the mercies which had been vouchsafed to her, she adds, "I must not forget to acknowledge, that in my infancy and youth I have escaped many dangers, both by fire and water, by

passage in coaches and falls from horses, by burning fevers and excessive extremity of bleeding, many times to the great hazard of my life; all which, and many cunning and wicked devices of my enemies, I have escaped and passed through miraculously; and much the better by the help of the prayers of my devout mother, who incessantly begged of God for my safety and protection."

It was, however, only to her maiden state, and to her last but long widowhood, that this munificent heiress of the Cliffords could, in her closing days, look back with perfect satisfaction and thankfulness; for her married life was one of almost continued vexation and disappointment. Her first lord, Richard Sackville earl of Dorset, was indeed a man of cultivated talents and splendid habits, a competent judge and liberal rewarder of literary merit, but he was, at the same time, extremely licentious in his morals, and inordinately profuse in his expenses. By this nobleman, to whom, with all his faults, she appears to have been strongly attached, the countess had three sons, who died young, and two daughters, Margaret and Isabel, who married the earls of Thanet and Northampton.

She lost this husband of her youth on the 28th of March, 1624, and it tells highly to her honour, and affords, likewise, a strong proof of her unshaken regard for his memory, that she educated and portioned all his illegitimate children. The character, indeed, which she has left of him in her MS. must be considered as touched with the pencil of tenderness itself; for it appears from the same authentic source, that she had had considerable dissensions with him, in consequence of refusing to abide by the award of king James, and sell her claims of inheritance for a sum of money. "This first lord of mine," she says, in a spirit of affectionate retrospection, "was, in his own nature, of a just mind, of a sweet disposition, and very valiant in his own person. He had a great advantage in his breeding by the wisdom and devotion of his grandfather, Thomas Sackville, earl of Dorset, and lord high treasurer of England, who was then held one of the wisest men of that time; by which means he was so good a scholar in all manner of learning, that, in his youth, when he lived in the university of Oxford, (his said grandfather being at that time chancellor of that university), there was none of the young

nobility, then students there, that excelled him. He was also a good patriot to his country, and generally well beloved in it; much esteemed of by all the parliaments that sate in his time, and so great a lover of scholars and soldiers, as that with an excessive bounty towards them, or indeed any of worth that were in distress, he did much diminish his estate, as also with excessive prodigality in housekeeping, and other noble ways at court, as tilting, masquing, and the like; prince Henry being then alive, who was much addicted to those noble exercises, and of whom he was much beloved *."

About eight years previous to the death of her first lord, and not long after her marriage with him, she was, on the 24th of May, 1616, deprived of her good, and, on her own part, almost idolized mother. She had parted with her only seven weeks before, on the road between Penrith and Appleby, and this last interview was cherished by her through life with such fond and regretful remembrance, that very soon after the means were in her power, and when she was countess dowager of Pembroke, she erected a pillar on the spot, with the following inscription,

* Lady Pembroke's Summary.

commemorative of the circumstance, and connected, in the pious spirit of her lamented parent, with an annual benefaction to the poor.

"This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c., for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of £4 to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone-table placed hard by. Laus Deo!"

There is something, it must be owned, peculiarly pleasing in this act of filial piety, and it has drawn forth from a deservedly popular poet of the present day a few lines remarkable for the pensive sweetness of their expression, and worthy indeed of the subject.

Hast thou through Eden's wild-wood vales pursued *
Each mountain-scene, majestically-rude;
To note the sweet simplicity of life,
Far from the din of Folly's idle strife:
Nor there awhile, with lifted eye, revered
That modest stone which pious PEMBROKE rear'd;

* The Eden is the principal river of Cumberland, and rises in the wildest part of Westmoreland.

Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,
The silent sorrows of a parting hour;
Still to the musing pilgrim points the place,
Her sainted spirit most delights to trace *?

Very soon after the decease of her first lord, the countess had the misfortune to catch the small-pox, by which her life was endangered, and her face so scarred, that she is said to have declared her determination, in consequence of this loss of personal attraction, never to marry again. It had been fortunate for her had she adhered to this resolution; but, with a frailty of purpose of which she had soon reason to repent, she was induced, in the year 1630, to re-enter the pale of matrimony with Philip, earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, a connexion by which her existence was embittered for many years.

It is scarcely possible indeed to assign any other motive for this step than what may be inferred from a passage in her own Memoirs, where, speaking of this second marriage, she says, it "was wonderfully brought to pass by the providence of God, for the crossing and disappointage of the envy, malice, and sinister practices of her enemies;" a declaration which, as leading us to conclude that she had sought

* Rogers's Pleasures of Memory, Part 2d.

protection from her union with this nobleman, would place him in a very different light from that in which he has been represented by lord Orford and Mr. Pennant, the former terming him a *memorable*, and the latter a *brutal simpleton*.

The picture also which the countess, herself an excellent judge, has given of the intellectual character of the earl of Pembroke, must be considered as perfectly incompatible with these appellations; for though she acknowledges his want of education, she speaks in the most decided terms of the mental activity with which nature had endowed him. "He was no scholar at all to speak of," she says, "for he was not past three or four months at the university of Oxford, being taken away thence by his friends presently after his father's death, in queen Elizabeth's time, at the latter end of her reign, to follow the court, as judging himself fit for that kind of life when he was not passing fifteen or sixteen years old: yet he was of *a very quick apprehension, a sharp understanding*, very crafty withal, and of *a discerning spirit*, but extremely choleric by nature, which was increased the more by the office of chamberlain to the king, which he held many years. He was never out of England but

some two months, when he went into France with other lords, in the year 1625, to attend queen Mary at her first coming over into England to be married to king Charles, her husband. He was one of the greatest noblemen of his time in England in all respects, and was throughout the realm very well beloved *."

It unfortunately happens, that whatever difference of opinion may be entertained with regard to the mental, there can be none as to the moral character of lord Pembroke, for he appears, from every account, to have been profligate in his private habits, and unprincipled in his public life. His treatment of lady Anne was such as certainly to merit one of the epithets by which he has been described, that of brutal; and the result was, that after enduring nineteen years of domestic misery and dissension, she was obliged to separate from him. Of the tyranny to which she was subjected by this arbitrary peer, a striking proof has been brought forward by Mr. Park from the Harleian MS., where, in a letter to her uncle, the earl of Bedford, dated Ramosbury, January 14, 1638, she implores him

* Lady Pembroke's Summary.

to speak earnestly to her lord that she may be allowed to go up to town for a few days, promising to return thither again whensoever her lord appoints it; and she adds in a postcript: "Iff my lorde sholld denie my comming, then I desire your lordship I may understand itt as sone as may bee, that so I may order my poore businesses as well as I can, withe outt my once comming to the towne; for I dare not ventter to come upe withe outt his leve; let he sholld take thatt occasion to turne mee outt of this howse, as hee did outt of Whitthall, and then I shall nott know wher to put my hede. I desire nott to staye in the towne above 10 dayes, or a forttnight att the most *."

We learn, in fact, from another letter in the same collection, addressed to the countess dowager of Kent, and dated Appleby Castle, January 10, 1649, that she was so restricted in her pecuniary allowance as to be obliged to pawn some of the most favourite and valuable articles in her possession; for, after acknowledging a loan from the countess, and returning the sum, she beseeches her ladyship to deliver up "a little cabinett and Helletropian

* Harl. MS. 7001.—Park's Royal and Noble Authors, vol iii. p. 173.

cupe." The letter closes in a manner which strongly paints her love of books, and how soothing and permanent was the consolation which she derived from their aid. She sends her love and service to worthy Mr. Selden, and adds, "she should be in a pitiful case if she had not exelentt Chacer's booke to comfort her; but when she read in that, she scorned and made light of her troubles *."

From these troubles she was delivered very shortly afterwards by the death of the earl of Pembroke and Montgomery in January, 1649. Her married years had been, with few intervals, a state of mortification and sorrow; for though both her husbands had led a life of gaiety and even splendour, it was gaiety such as she could not partake, and splendour such as she could not but despise. In the first of these connexions, formed in the fervor of youthful fancy and affection, love for a time might sweeten the cup of disappointment; but in the second, there was nothing to relax the fetters of domestic coercion. "It was my misfortune," she says, speaking of these partners of her days, "to have contra-

* Royal and Noble Authors, apud Park, v. iii. p. 174.

dictions and crosses with them both; with my first lord, about the desire he had to make me sell my rights in the lands of my ancient inheritance for a sum of money, which I never did, nor never would consent unto, insomuch as this matter was the cause of a long contention betwixt us, as also for his profuseness in consuming his estate, and some other extravagances of his; and with my second lord, because my youngest daughter, the lady Isabella Sackvil, would not be brought to marry one of his younger sons, and that I would not relinquish my interest I had in five thousand pounds, being part of her portion, out of my lands in Craven: nor did there want divers malicious illwillers to blow and foment the coals of dissension betwixt us; so as in both their life times, the marble pillars of Knowle in Kent, and Wilton in Wiltshire, were to me oftentimes but the gay arbour of anguish, insomuch as a wise man that knew the insides of my fortune, would often say that I lived in both these my lord's great families, as the river of Roan or Rodanus runs through the lake of Geneva, without mingling any part of its streams with that lake; for I gave myself wholly to retiredness as much as I

could in both these great families, and made good books and virtuous thoughts my companions, which can never discern affliction, nor be daunted when it unjustly happens: and by a happy genius I overcame all these troubles, the prayers of my blessed mother helping me therein *."

It was in her second widowhood, and very shortly after the death of her lord, that she began that career of munificence, hospitality and utility, which has not undeservedly thrown so much splendour and veneration round her memory. She had now, indeed, the means of adequately carrying her plans into execution, for to an income already great were added the product of two large jointures; and, taking up her abode in the North, she set about the work of repairing the castles of her ancestors with an enthusiasm which nothing could repress. Her friends, indeed, cautioned her against rebuilding her castles whilst Cromwell remained in power, under an apprehension, that as soon as they were completed, he would issue orders for their demolition. "Let him," she replied, "destroy them if he will; he shall surely find, as often as he does so,

* Lady Pembroke's Summary.

I will rebuild them, while he leaves me a shilling in my pocket *."

As early as July, 1649, she visited Skipton and Barden for a few days, and, returning to the former place in the February following, continued there for nearly a twelvemonth, occupying the only parts of the castle which had not been rendered uninhabitable; namely, the long gallery and adjoining apartments. Here, in holding courts, fixing boundaries, and giving orders for immediately necessary repairs, she passed her time; but it was not until October, 1655, that she commenced the restoration of the *old* castle, which had been little better than a mass of half demolished walls and rubbish since the year 1648. Her task was completed in about three years, and the following inscription over the entrance into the modern fabric, remains as the record of her labours.

"This Skipton Castle Was Repayred By The Lady Anne Clifford, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, Dorsett And Montgomerie, Baroness Clifford, Westmorland, And Vescie, Ladye Of The Honour Of Skipton, In

* Royal and Noble Authors, apud Park, v. iii. p. 166.

CRAVEN, AND SHERIFFESSE BY INHERITANCE OF THE COUNTY OF WESTMORELAND, IN THE YEARES 1657 AND 1658, AFTER THIS MAINE PART OF ITT HAD LAYNE RUINOUS EVER SINCE DECEMBER 1648, AND THE JANUARY FOLLOWINGE, WHEN ITT WAS THEN PULLED DOWNE AND DEMOLISHED, ALMOST TO THE FOUNDATION, BY THE COMMAND OF THE PARLIAMENT, THEN SITTING AT WESTMINSTER, BECAUSE ITT HAD BEEN A GARRISON IN THE THEN CIVIL WARRES IN ENGLAND.

"Isaiah, chap. lviii. v. 12. God's Name Be Praised."

The verse to which we are referred at the close of this inscription runs thus: "*Thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations, and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in;*" and certainly no one was ever better entitled to the application of this text than her whom we are now commemorating. In fact, the restoration of Skipton castle was but the commencement of her exertions in this way; for, in the very year of its completion, she began the repair of Barden Tower, which having been neglected by the last two earls had fallen into ruin; and here likewise, as upon almost every other edi-

fice which she rebuilt, she left an inscription commemorative of her title and her labours, and concluding with the same verse from Isaiah; so that, as hath been appositely remarked, there is scarcely any English character which has been so frequently and so copiously recorded in stone and marble as the countess of Pembroke *

This queen of the North, as she was often termed, now passing from Yorkshire into Westmoreland, her castles of Brougham, Appleby, Brough, and Pendragon, three of which had long lain in a dilapidated state, again reared their dismantled heads. Pendragon celebrated for the romantic origin of its name, and not less so for the wild grandeur of the scene around it, and which, at the command of Roger de Clifford, had opened its gates in 1337 to receive Edward Baliol on his expulsion from Scotland, was completely restored by her in 1661, after having been unroofed for a hundred and twenty years; but the walls, being twelve feet thick, had resisted the assaults of time and weather, and only required once more to be covered in, in order to last for centuries. But, alas! such is the insta-

* Whitaker's Craven, p. 312.

bility of all human projects, scarcely ten years had elapsed from the death of lady Pembroke, when in Westmoreland three of these castles were destroyed by her grandson, Thomas earl of Thanet, Appleby alone being preserved!

The liberal and munificent spirit of the countess, however, was not confined to the restoration of her castles; she, who had frequently declared that she would not "dwell in ceiled houses whilst the house of God laid waste," was as diligent in repairing the churches as the fortified mansions of her ancestors. It is said that not less than seven of these ecclesiastical structures rose from their ruins under her care and direction, and among them Skipton church, whose steeple, which had been nearly beaten down during the siege of the neighbouring castle, was rebuilt by her in 1655. She also endowed two hospitals, and might be considered, indeed, as through life, the constant friend and benefactress of the industrious poor.

With these pleasing features of charity, philanthropy and beneficence, was mingled in the disposition of lady Anne an uncommon share of occasional dignity and firmness of spirit; for whilst she was singularly kind and condescending to her

inferiors, whilst she conversed with her alms-women as her sisters, and with her servants as her humble friends, no one knew better how, in the circle of a court or the splendour of a drawing-room, to support their due consequence and state; and with what dauntless independency of mind she could repel the encroachments of corrupt power, the following memorable reply, addressed to sir Joseph Williamson, secretary of state to Charles the Second, and who had written to nominate to her a member for the borough of Appleby, will sufficiently show.

"I have been bullied by an usurper; I have been neglected by a court; but I will not be dictated to by a subject: your man shan't stand.

"ANNE, DORSET, PEMBROKE, and MONTGOMERY*."

Dr. Campbell, in his "Philosophy of Rhetoric," speaking of the spirit to be derived to composition from concinnity of expression, adduces this brief but energetic answer of lady Anne, as one of the

* This anecdote was first introduced by lord Orford into the periodical paper entitled "The World," No. 14, April 5, 1753, and afterwards repeated in his Royal and Noble Authors.

strongest illustrations of the precept. "If we consider the meaning," he remarks, "there is mention made of two facts, which it was impossible that any body of common sense, in this lady's circumstances, should not have observed, and of a resolution, in consequence of these, which it was natural for every person who had a resentment of bad usage to make. Whence then results the vivacity, the fire which is so manifest in the letter? Not from any thing extraordinary in the matter, but purely from the laconism of the manner. An ordinary spirit would have employed as many pages to express the same thing, as there are affirmations in this short letter. The epistle might in that case have been very sensible, and withal very dull; but would never have been thought worthy of being recorded as containing any thing uncommon or deserving a reader's notice*."

Nothing, indeed, can more strikingly prove to what compressed and high-toned eloquence indignation of mind may give rise than this famous epistle; for the general style of lady Pembroke was minute, diffuse, and often languid; of which

* Philosophy of Rhetoric, vol. ii. pp. 263, 264.

we have a curious specimen in the manuscript folio of her writing preserved in the Harleian Collection, No. 6117, and from which, under the title of "A Summary of the Records, and a true Memorial of the Life of me the Lady Anne Clifford," &c. I have more than once had occasion to quote.

Long life, a gift only valuable when connected with mental peace and enjoyment, and the consciousness of utility to others, was granted to the countess of Pembroke, who for twenty-six years after the death of her last husband undeviatingly pursued a course which, whilst it ministered to her own happiness, showered blessings on all around her. She died on the 22d of March, 1676, in the eighty-eighth year of her age, and was buried, at her express desire, by the side of her beloved mother in the church of Appleby.

On the 14th of the following month her funeral sermon was preached within the same edifice by Dr. Edward Rainbow, bishop of Carlisle, from a text in the Proverbs of Solomon very appositely alluding to one of the chief employments of her latter days, her architectural restorations: "Every wise woman buildeth her house." To this worthy dignitary, indeed, who has executed his task *con*

amore, and at great length, we are indebted, amongst other things, for a striking picture not only of the natural powers of her understanding, but of the extraordinary extent and versatility of her knowledge. After commenting on the former, and telling us that she had "a clear soul, sprightful, of great understanding and judgment, faithful memory and ready wit," he adds, "she had early gained a knowledge, as of the best things, so an ability to discourse in all commendable arts and sciences, as well as in those things which belong to persons of her birth and sex to know. She could discourse with virtuosos, travellers, scholars, merchants, divines, statesmen, and with good housewives in any kind; insomuch, that a prime and elegant wit, Dr. Donne, well seen in all humane learning, is reported to have said of this lady, 'that she knew well how to discourse of all things from predestination to slea-silk:' meaning, that although she was skilful in housewifery, and in such things in which women are conversant, yet her penetrating wit soared up to pry into the highest mysteries. Although she knew wool and flax, fine linen and silk, things appertaining to the spindle and the distaff, yet 'she could open her mouth with wis-

dom,' and had knowledge of the best and highest things, such as 'make wise unto salvation.' If she had sought fame rather than wisdom, possibly she might have been ranked among those wits and learned of that sex of whom Pythagoras or Plutarch, or any of the ancients, have made such honourable mention. But she affected rather to study with those noble Bereans, and those honourable women, who searched the scriptures daily; with Mary, she chose the better part, of learning the doctrine of Christ *."

Educated during one of the most magnanimous periods of the English monarchy, under the eye of a pious and sensible mother, and early accustomed to privations, disappointments, and self-denial, lady Pembroke preserved an almost heroic firmness and purity of conduct; and when, under the dissolute reign of Charles the Second, it was her lot to fall on degenerate days and godless tongues, she stood uncontaminated by the scene around her, and was, perhaps, the most exemplary female character of that age. Repeatedly had she been solicited, we are told, to go to Whitehall after the Restoration,

* Vide Royal and Noble Authors, apud Park, vol. iii. p 169.

but she constantly declined it, saying, " that if she went thither she must have a pair of blinkers, lest she should see such things as would offend her in that licentious court *." It was on her own estates, in the halls of her ancestors, that, at such a time, she could alone hope to preserve her dignity and independency, could alone hope, through the medium of charity, hospitality, and personal influence, to be useful to her country and her kind. And here, as the historian of Craven in very forcible language has remarked, " equally remote from the undistinguishing profusion of ancient times, and the parsimonious elegance of modern habits, her house was a school for the young, and a retreat for the aged; an asylum for the persecuted, a college for the learned, and a pattern for all †."

Her love of literature, indeed, and especially of poetry, was one of the most pleasing features in her character. We have seen that she erected a tomb and wrote an epitaph in honour of the poet Daniel, her friend and tutor, and she paid a further and still more disinterested tribute to genius

* Granger's Biographical History of England, vol. ii. p. 54. Ed. 1775.

† Hist. Craven, p. 313.

by a similar mark of respect to the memory of our admirable Spenser, over whose grave in Westminster Abbey, when more than thirty years had passed without any record of the kind, she placed a handsome monument with a suitable inscription.

Ancestral and filial affection, too, which latter never burnt brighter in any bosom than in that of lady Anne, drew from her several other commemorative tributes of regard: she repaired, for instance, and re-inscribed the tombs of her ancestors at Skipton; she built a monument over the ashes of her father at the same place, and beside the pillar I have already mentioned on last parting with her mother, she erected a statue of that beloved parent at Appleby. Few individuals, indeed, have ever shown stronger marks of gratitude for past love and services than the countess of Pembroke; and, as a striking proof of the assertion, it merits to be told, that when age had broken down her faithful servants, she suffered them not to feel its too frequent attendants, poverty and neglect, but gave them wherewith to close their days in ease and independency.

Of a character thus firmly good, and often great, yet at the same time highly original, and frequently

eccentric, it might naturally be expected that the personal manners and appearance would offer some indications; and, accordingly, the few particulars of the kind which have been handed down to us by tradition, or which may be deduced from her portrait, are of this description. In her person she was tall, upright, and dignified, and, if we may judge from her picture at Knowle, with features more indicative of decision and intellectual acuteness than of feminine sweetness and reserve. In her manners and dress it is probable that she rather cherished than shunned peculiarity, for bishop Rainbow has told us, that she was "of a humour pleasing to all, yet like to none; her dress not disliked by any, yet imitated by none." This latter appears to have been after her second widowhood, and when she resided in the North, generally of black serge. Yet these singularities, though somewhat affected, perhaps, are but as dust in the balance, when weighed against what has been uniformly affirmed of this excellent woman, that *her charities were almost boundless.*

I have thus closed a biographical and historical sketch of the House of Clifford from its first establishment in Craven to its extinction in the same

district, a period of four hundred years, during which we have seen it not only implicated in events of the first national importance, but presenting us, in the history of its own members, with traits of character and vicissitudes of fortune of the most interesting and singular description. It has furnished us, in fact, with many striking features of the manners and customs of our forefathers, and with many extraordinary details of incident and adventure; and, above all, with many moral and prudential lessons, forming altogether a picture alike calculated to gratify the imagination and to improve the heart.

No. XXII.

——— Immortal friends! well pleased on high
The Father has beheld you, while the might
Of adverse Fate with bitter trial proved
Your equal doings. AKENSIDE *.

ONE of the most pleasing, and, at the same time, most interesting circumstances in the early life of Milton, and during the period of his travels on the continent, is his interview with the celebrated Galileo. "There it was," he says, speaking of Italy in his speech for unlicensed printing, "that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought †."

It is probable that the attention of our immortal countryman had been peculiarly directed to this illustrious victim of bigotry and superstition, by the compassionate sympathy of Hugo Grotius, who,

* With slight alteration.

† Prose Works, vol. i. p. 313.

during the very month in which the poet was introduced to him by lord Scudamore, then our ambassador at the court of Paris, thus mentions Galileo in a letter to his friend Vossius. "Senex is," says he, "optime de universo meritus, morbo fractus, insuper et animi ægritudine, haud multum nobis vitæ suæ promittit; quare prudentiæ erit arripere tempus, dum tanto doctore uti licet *." "This old man, to whom the universe is so deeply indebted, worn out with maladies, and still more with anguish of mind, gives us little reason to hope, that his life can be long; common prudence, therefore, suggests to us to make the utmost of the time, while we can yet avail ourselves of such an instructor †."

Little could be wanting to induce Milton to visit, and, with reverential awe, to offer an unfeigned homage to this truly memorable sufferer in the cause of science. Shortly, therefore, after reaching Florence, he sought out his abode, and found him at his seat near Arcetri, in Tuscany. Galileo in 1639, the period of Milton's visit, was seventy-five years of age; he had been twice imprisoned by the Inquisition at Rome, for the supposed heresy of his

* Grotii Epist. 964.

† Hayley's Life of Milton, 4to. p. 37.

philosophical opinions in defending the system of Copernicus, and his last liberation in December 1633, after a confinement of nearly two years, was on the express condition of not departing, for the residue of his life, from the duchy of Tuscany.

Let us now place before our eyes the picture which tradition has left us of this great and much-injured character, when, at the close of a life of persecution, when "fallen on evil days and evil tongues," the youthful Milton stood before him.—Not only was he suffering from the natural pressure of advancing years, but he was infirm from sickness, and had, a very short time before Milton was admitted to his presence, become totally blind, from a too intense application to his telescope, and consequent exposure to the night air. Yet this, the greatest calamity which could have befallen a person thus engaged, he bore with christian fortitude, with the piety, indeed, of a saint, and the resignation of a philosopher. He permitted it not, in fact, either to break the vigour of his spirit, or to interrupt the course of his studies, supplying, in a great measure, the defect by constant meditation, and the use of an amanuensis. Nor, though the first astronomer and mathematician of any age or

country, had he confined himself to these pursuits; his learning was general and extensive; both theoretically and practically he was an architect and designer *; his fondness for poetry was enthusiastic †, and he played upon the lute with the most exquisite skill and taste. To these varied acquisitions in science, literature, and art, were added the blessings of an amiable disposition; for though keenly sensible of the injustice of his enemies, whose malevolence and oppression, indeed, have scarcely had a parallel, he was yet cheerful, affable, and open in his temper, and his aspect, we are told, was singularly venerable, mild, and intelligent.

That such a man, though living in an age of extreme bigotry, should be an object of ardent attachment to those who best knew him, may be readily conceived. We shall not be surprised, therefore, to learn that he was enthusiastically beloved by his

* A manuscript treatise by Galileo on Military Architecture, in twenty-three chapters, is still existing in the library at Milan.

† Galileo wrote, when young, Considerations on the comparative merits of Tasso and Ariosto; an essay which, not having been printed in any edition of his works, was thought to have been lost, until lately discovered by Serassi.—See Black's Life of Tasso, 4to. vol. i p. 375.

pupils, and that when visited by Milton, Vincenzo Viviani, his last and favourite disciple, then a youth of seventeen, was attending upon him with all the zeal of the most affectionate son. So great, indeed, was the veneration entertained for him by this young man, who subsequently became his biographer, and a mathematician of great celebrity, that he never during the remainder of his life, and he reached the age of eighty-one, subscribed his name without the addition of the "scholar of Galileo;" and had constantly before him, in the room in which he studied, a bust of his revered master, with several inscriptions in his praise *.

How must Milton have been interested and affected by the spectacle which opened to his view on entering beneath the roof of Galileo; how deeply must he have felt and penetrated into the feelings of the characters then placed before him; the sublime fortitude and resignation of the aged but persecuted astronomer, and the delighted love and admiration of his youthful companion! It is, indeed, highly probable, that the poet's deep-rooted abhorrence of bigotry and oppression was first im-

* Fabroni Vitæ Italorum.

bibed on beholding this illustrious martyr of intolerance. There can also be little doubt but that the conference which, on this occasion, took place between the philosopher and the bard, led, as the Italian biographer of Milton has remarked *, to those ideas in the Paradise Lost which approximate to the Newtonian doctrine of the planetary system. It can also admit of less, that, when Milton, old and deprived of sight, was composing his immortal poem, he must often have recalled to memory this interview with the blind and suffering Galileo, under feelings of peculiar sympathy and commiseration; and with the same christian patience and firmness which so remarkably distinguished the great Florentine, he could truly say,

> ——————— I argue not
> Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
> Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
> Right onward †.

* "In Firenze certamente egli apprese dagli Scritti e dalle Massime del Galileo invalorite gia né di lui Seguaci, quelle Nozioni filosofiche sparse poi nel Poema, che tanto si uniformano al Sistema del cavalier Newton." Rolli, Vita di Milton, 1735.

† Sonnet to Cyriack Skinner.

Independent of a succinct annunciation, in the eighth book of his poem, of the system of the universe as taught by Galileo, he has twice by name distinctly alluded to him: thus in the first book, when describing the shield of Satan, he says, its

> ——————— broad circumference
> Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
> Through optic glass the *Tuscan artist* views
> At evening from the top of Fesolé,
> Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
> Rivers, or mountains in her spotty globe.

And again in his fifth book:

> ——————— As when by night the glass
> Of Galileo, less assured, observes
> Imagined lands and regions in the moon.

It is somewhat remarkable that Milton, who appears to have been well acquainted with the Copernican theory of the world as taught, and, I may say, indeed, demonstrated by Galileo, should have hesitated a moment in his choice between the system of his great contemporary and that of Ptolemy; —yet this dubiety, this trimming, as it were, between the ancient and modern doctrines, is but too apparent in his sublime account of the creation, and interrupts in some measure the satisfaction of the

philosophical reader. "If Pliny in regard to Hipparchus," says a pleasing and popular writer, "could extravagantly say, '*Ausus rem Deo improbam annumerare posteris stellas*,' what would that historian of nature have said, had it been foretold him, that in the latter days a man would arise who should enable posterity to enumerate more new stars than Hipparchus had counted of the old; who should assign four moons to Jupiter, and in our moon point out higher mountains than any here below; who should in the sun, the fountain of light, discover dark spots as broad as two quarters of the earth, and by these spots ascertain his motion round his axis; who, by the varying phases of the planets, should compose the shortest and plainest demonstration of the solar system? Yet these were but part of the annunciations to the world of a single person, of Galileo, of unperishing memory * !"

This great and good man died at Arcetri, near Florence, in 1642, three years after Milton's visit, and in the same year which gave birth to sir Isaac

* Adams's Lectures on Natural and Experimental Philosophy, v. ii. p. 477.

Newton, who, as hath been well observed, took up from Galileo the thread of astronomical science, and carried it from world to world, through regions as yet unexplored and unknown *.

I have been drawn into these notices of Galileo by reading a very interesting little effort of imagination, entitled "The Dream of Galileo, or the Pleasures of Knowledge," professedly a translation from the German, and which having been originally published in a voluminous periodical paper now very scarce, I have much pleasure in again bringing before the public eye. It would appear from the moral of this ingenious contribution, which is written with much pathos, and includes the mention of some of the most important astronomical discoveries of the Florentine sage, that the usual equanimity of his temper had occasionally been broken in upon, by the ignorance and persecuting spirit of his opponents; a result not to be wondered at, when we recollect the history of his life, and which, indeed, he must have been more than mortal altogether to have escaped.

* Eulogy of Galileo, by father Frisi. See Monthly Review, old Series, v. liv. p. 556.

"Galileo, whose labours in the cause of science had given him so fair a claim to immortality, was now living at Arcetri in Tuscany, and enjoying a peaceful and honourable old age. He was already deprived of the noblest of his senses, but he still rejoiced at the appearance of the spring; partly on account of the nightingale, and the sweet fragrance of the reviving blossoms; and partly on account of the lively recollection which he still retained of the pleasures that were past.

"It was in the last of these seasons which he lived to enjoy, that Viviani, the youngest and most affectionate of his scholars, carried him out to the fields at Arcetri. He perceived that he was advancing too far for his strength, and therefore entreated his conductor, with a smile, that he would not, in defiance of the prohibition, carry him beyond the boundaries of Florence; for you know, added he, the solemn engagement which I was obliged to come under to the Holy Inquisition. Viviani set him down immediately, to recover his fatigue, upon a little mount, where being still nearer to the plants and flowers, and sitting as it were amidst a cloud of fragrance, he recollected that ardent desire for

liberty, which had seized him once at Rome, upon the approach of the spring; and he was about to discharge upon his barbarous persecutors the last drop of bitterness which he had in his heart, when he checked himself suddenly with this expression: 'the spirit of Copernicus must not be provoked.'

"Viviani, who was totally ignorant of the dream to which Galileo here alluded, begged for an explanation of these words; but the old man, who felt that the evening was too cool and moist for his weak nerves, insisted upon first being carried back to the house.

"You know, he began when he had refreshed himself a little, with what severity I was treated at Rome, and how long my deliverance was delayed. When I found that all the powerful intercessions of my illustrious protectors, the Medicean princes, and even the recantation to which I had descended, remained wholly without effect, I threw myself down in despair upon my bed, full of the most melancholy reflections upon my fate, and of secret indignation against Providence itself. So far, I exclaimed, as thy recollection extends, how blameless has been thy course of life! With what unwearied labour and zeal for thy employment hast

thou explored the labyrinths of a false philosophy, in search of that light which thou canst not find! Hast thou not exerted every faculty of thy soul to establish the glorious temple of truth, upon the ruins of those fabrics of prejudice and error which were reared by ignorance, and sanctified by time? Didst thou not, as soon as nature was satisfied, retire with reluctance from the social board, and deny thyself even the slightest indulgence which could interfere for a moment with intellectual pursuits? How many hours hast thou stolen from sleep, in order to devote them entirely to wisdom? How often, when all around thee lay sunk in careless and profound repose, hast thou stood shivering with frost, while employed in contemplating the wonders of the firmament? or when clouds and darkness concealed them from thy view, hung over the midnight lamp, anxious to contribute by thy discoveries to the glory of the Deity, and the instruction of mankind? Poor wretch! and what is now the fruit of thy labours? What recompense hast thou obtained for all thy efforts to glorify thy Creator; and all thy endeavours to illuminate mankind? only that the anguish occasioned by thy sufferings should gradually exhaust all moisture from thine eyes;—only

that those faithful allies of the soul should be more enfeebled every day;—and that now these tears, which thou canst not restrain, should extinguish their scanty light for ever!

"Thus, Viviani, did I speak to myself; and then threw an envious glance upon my persecutors. These wretches, exclaimed I, who hide their ignorance under mysterious forms, and conceal their vices in a venerable garb; who sanctify their indolence, by imposing on the world the inventions of men for the oracles of God, and join to pursue, with unrelenting fury, the sage who raises the torch of truth, lest their luxurious slumber should be broken by its splendor; these vile ones, who are only active for their own pleasures, and the corruption of the world; who laugh at misery in their gilded palaces; whose life is only one round of dissipation; how have they robbed merit of all, even of glory, the most precious of its rewards! With what blind devotion do the people bow to them, whom they cozen so shamefully of the fruits of their possessions, and provide for themselves the most luxurious entertainments from the fat of their herds, and the produce of their vineyards! And thou, poor wretch! who hast hitherto lived only to God and thy own

vocation, who hast never permitted a single passion to spring up in thy soul, but the pure and holy passion for truth; who hast proved thyself a priest more worthy of the Deity by discovering the various wonders of his works from the fabric of an universe, to the structure of a worm; must thou be deprived of the only comfort for which thou hast pined and languished so long? of that comfort which is not withheld from the beast of the forest, and the fowls of heaven?—of liberty? What righteous and impartial hand deals out the blessings of life! thus to suffer those who are unworthy to plunder their betters, and engross every thing to themselves.

"I continued to complain till I fell asleep; and immediately a venerable old man seemed to approach my bedside. He stood and beheld me with silent satisfaction, while my eye was fixed in admiration upon his contemplative forehead and his silver locks. 'Galileo,' said he, at last, 'what you now suffer, you suffer on account of the truths which I taught you; and the same superstition by which you are persecuted would also have persecuted me, had not death procured my eternal freedom.' 'Thou art Copernicus,' exclaimed I; and before he could answer, caught him in my arms. How sweet, Viviani,

are those bonds of alliance established among us by nature herself! but how much sweeter are the alliances of the soul! How much dearer and nearer to the heart, than even the bonds of brotherly affection, are the eternal ties of truth! With what a charming presentiment of that glorious moment when the sphere of our activity shall be infinitely enlarged, and our faculties exalted and rendered equal to a free participation of all the treasures of knowledge, do we hasten to meet a friend, who is introduced to us by wisdom!

"'See,' said the old man, after returning my embrace, 'I have resumed the garb of flesh which I formerly wore, and will now be to thee, what I shall be hereafter—thy guide. For in that world where the unfettered spirit labours continually with unweared ardour, rest is only a change of employment: our own investigation into the mysteries of the Godhead is interrupted only by that instruction which we give to those newly arrived from the earth; and I am to be the first instructor of thy soul in the exalted knowledge of the eternal power.' He led me by the hand to a descending cloud, and we took our flight into the immeasurable extent of heaven. I saw here the moon, Viviani,

with her mountains and valleys; I saw the stars of the Milky Way, those of the Pleiades, and that of Orion; I saw the spots of the sun, and the moons of Jupiter: all that I first saw here below I there saw more clearly with unassisted eyes, and wandered in heaven among my discoveries, full of the sweetest self-congratulation, like some friend of the human race, who wanders upon earth among the fruits of his beneficence. Every hour of my labours here was there fruitful of the highest happiness; of a happiness which never can be felt by him who enters futurity destitute of knowledge. And therefore, Viviani, old and feeble as I am, will I never give over my search after truth; for he who spends his life in the godlike employment will find my joy spring up for him hereafter, from every object on which he turns his eyes,—from every conjecture which he had laboured to confirm,—from every doubt which he had endeavoured to remove,—from every mystery he had attempted to discover,—and from every error he had assisted to dispel. All this I felt in those moments of exultation; but the recollection that I felt it is all that remains; for my soul, too much oppressed with happiness, lost every single pleasure in the ocean of them all.

"While I thus gazed and wondered, and lost myself in his greatness whose omnipotence and wisdom created the whole, and whose love, ever active, upholds and supports it, I was raised by the conversation of my guide to still higher and more exalted conceptions. 'Not the limits of thy senses,' said he, 'are also the limits of the universe. Numerous, indeed, is the host of suns whose lustre is apparent even to thy view, although from such an inconceivable distance; but there are many thousands more which you cannot discern, shining through the endless expanse of ether; and each of these suns is peopled as well as each of the spheres which surround them, with sensible beings and with thinking souls; wherever there was space sufficient for their motions, there worlds were commanded to roll; and wherever intelligent beings could be happy, there intelligent beings were produced. In the whole immensity of the Eternal's existence, there is not a single span to be found which the provident Creator has not furnished with life, or at least with matter serviceable to life; and through all this countless multiplicity of beings, down even to the smallest atom, reigns the most inviolable regularity and order; all is maintained by eternal laws, in

ravishing harmony, from earth to earth, from heaven to heaven, and from sun to sun; the matter for contemplation to an immortal sage is as unfathomable as eternity itself, and as inexhaustible the spring of his enjoyments. But why, Galileo, should I thus speak to you at present? Such enjoyments cannot be comprehended by a spirit still fettered to a sluggish companion, which can proceed no farther in its labours than that companion is able to go along, and scarcely begins to carry itself aloft, before it is forcibly dragged back to the dust.'

" 'It may not be able to comprehend these enjoyments in all their godlike fulness and perfection; but surely, Copernicus,' exclaimed I, 'it knows them in their nature, and in their essence. For what joys does not wisdom procure us, even in this sublunary life? What rapture is not felt by the soul, even in this frame of mortality, when the dark and doubtful twilight of its understanding begins to give place to the dawn of science, and the secret splendour extends wider and wider, till the full light of knowledge at last arises and displays before the enraptured eye regions full of eternal beauty? Call to mind, thou who hast penetrated

so far into the mysteries of God, and the plan of his creation,—call to mind that glorious moment when the first bold conception arose within thee, and summoned together all the faculties of thy soul to comprehend, to fashion, and to arrange it; but when all the noble harmony was completed, with what intoxicating feelings of love didst thou not review the labour of thy soul, and feel thy resemblance to that eternal Being whose sublimest conceptions had been copied by thee. Yes, my guide, even here below wisdom is rich in celestial joys; had she not been so, could we, from her bosom, have looked with such indifference on all the vanities of the world?'

"The cloud which supported us had sunk again to earth, and now it rested, as I thought, upon one of the hills in the neighbourhood of Rome. The great metropolis of the world lay before us; but, full of the deepest contempt for its glories, I stretched out my hand from my elevation and said, Let the proud inhabitants of these palaces think as they will of their own importance, because their limbs are robed in purple, and their table loaded with gold and silver, and heaped with the luxuries of

Europe and the Indies; but the sage looks down upon these wretches as the eagle upon the silk-worm enclosed within its web; for in their souls they are only prisoners who cannot abandon the leaf to which they cling; while the sage wanders on the mountains of liberty, and sees the world under his feet, or soars aloft upon the wings of contemplation, converses with the Deity, and walks amongst the stars.

"While I was thus speaking, a serious solemnity over-clouded the countenance of my guide; his fraternal arm dropped from my shoulder, and his eye darted a threatening glance, even to the inmost recesses of my soul. 'Wretch!' cried he, 'is it then for this end that you have tasted upon earth of these pleasures of heaven? That your name has been rendered great among the nations? That every faculty of your soul has been exalted, in order to be exercised with more freedom and perseverance in the knowledge of truth through the ages of eternity? And now that you are thought worthy to suffer persecution;—now that your wisdom should turn to your advantage,—and your heart be as richly adorned with virtue as your spirit has hitherto been

with knowledge,—now is every spark of gratitude extinguished, and your soul murmurs against your God?'

"Here I awakened from my delightful dream, saw myself cast, from all the glories of Heaven, down to my dark and solitary dungeon, and watered my couch with a flood of tears. Then through all the darkness which surrounded me, I raised my eye, and spoke thus: Oh God full of love! has the Nothing which owes its existence to thee presumed to censure thy holy ways? Has the dust which received a soul from thee ascribed to the account of its own deservings what was only the gift of thy mercy? Has the wretch whom thou hast nourished in thy bosom, and to whom thou hast given from thy own cup so many cordial drops of happiness, has he forgotten his obligations to thee? Strike immediately his eyes with blindness; let him never again hear the voice of friendship; let him grow gray in this dismal dungeon. With a willing spirit will he submit to it, thankful for the remembrance of the pleasures that are past, and happy in the expectation of futurity.

"It was my whole soul, Viviani, which I poured forth in this prayer; but it was not the murmur of

discontent, but the voluntary resignation of gratitude, which was heard and attended to by that God who still reserved me for so much happiness; for do I not live here in freedom? And has not my friend, this very day, carried me forth among the flowers of the spring?

"Here he felt for the hand of his scholar, in order to give it a grateful pressure; but Viviani seized upon his, and carried it with veneration to his lips *."

After this well imagined scene, which paints in such affecting colours the genius and character of the great Tuscan astronomer, I must beg once more to call the attention of my readers to the interview which I have described in the prior part of this paper, as having taken place between the sage of Arcetri and our immortal Milton, and to request their indulgence for the following slight attempt to commemorate it under another, and, perhaps, a more acceptable form.

* The Bee, or Literary Weekly Intelligencer, conducted by James Anderson, LL.D. vol. ix. p. 179, et seq.

SONNET.

The west'ring sun had shed his farewell ray
On Arcetri, as Milton with deep awe,
Ent'ring th' abode of Galileo, saw
That great and god-like man in act to pray;—
The beams of heaven glowed on his tresses gray,
But his shrunk eye-balls sought their light in vain:—
"Father," he cried, "thy son shall not complain,
But spare, he prays thee, spare his mental day!"—
O, be it mine! exclaim'd the youthful bard,
When fallen on evil days, to copy thee,
And, whilst contending for truth's fond regard,
Ask light from heaven, nor heed what men decree!—
It shall be thine, a seraph-voice replied,
Pass but a few short years, and be your fates allied!

I shall close this paper, and with it the *Mornings in Spring*, by an attempt to complete a poem from the pen of Collins, of which only a small fragment has descended to us. The task is undoubtedly an arduous one, and in some degree a presumptuous one; but I have been so much struck with the only four lines of this poem which time hath spared, as to disregard the hazard which must necessarily accompany the effort to finish a design from so great a master.

In a letter from the late laureat, Thomas War-

ton, to Wm. Hymers, A. B. of Queen's College, Oxford, that accomplished scholar relates, that on a visit to Collins at Chichester, with his brother, Dr. Joseph Warton, in Sept. 1754, the lamented poet, after showing them his "published Ode on the Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland, produced another "of two or three four-lined stanzas, called the Bell of Arragon; on a tradition that, anciently, just before a king of Spain died, the great bell of the cathedral of Sarragossa, in Arragon, tolled spontaneously. It began thus:

> The bell of Arragon, they say,
> Spontaneous speaks the fatal day, &c.

"Soon afterwards were these lines:—

> Whatever dark aerial power,
> Commissioned, haunts the gloomy tower.

"The last stanza consisted of a moral transition to his own death and knell, which he called 'some simpler bell.'"

This letter, which was originally published in a periodical work entitled "The Reaper," I have reprinted in the last number of the selection which I gave to the public in 1811, under the appellation of "The Gleaner," adding, as a note at the close of that paper, the following remarks:

"Of this exquisite poet, who, in his genius, and in his personal fate, bears a strong resemblance to the celebrated Tasso, it is greatly to be regretted that the reliques are so few. I must particularly lament the loss of the ode entitled The Bell of Arragon, which, from the four lines preserved in this paper, seems to have been written with the poet's wonted power of imagination, and to have closed in a manner strikingly moral and pathetic. I rather wonder that Mr. Warton, who partook much of the romantic bias of Collins, was not induced to fill up the impressive outline*."

I have only to express a hope that what is now offered, with a view of supplying the defect, may be deemed not altogether unaccordant with the character of the poetry which it aims to emulate.

THE BELL OF ARRAGON.

1.

The bell of Arragon, they say,
Spontaneous speaks the fatal day
When, as its tones peal wild and high,
Iberia's kings are doom'd to die.

* The Gleaner, No. 187, vol. iv. p. 485.

2.

Whatever dark aerial power
Commissioned, haunts the gloomy tower,
So deep the spell, each starts with fear
That strange unearthly sound to hear.

3.

O'er me, when death his arm hath flung,
May no such awful knell be rung;
But, breathing mild a last farewell,
Toll sad, yet sweet, some simpler bell!

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

00094257

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 06 February, 2016